

Take Off Your Shoes

Sinéad O'connor

I bleed the blood of Jesus over you
I bleed the blood of Jesus over you
And over every fucking thing you do
Seven times I bleed the blood of Jesus over you
Take off your shoes--you're on hallowed ground
Take off your shoes--you're on hallowed ground
Even you can't lie when I'm around
Take off your shoes--you're on hallowed ground
Behold, at the last lamplight
At the very end of your street
I'm whispering something
"Come closer to me, come closer to me."
I say you're running out of battery
You're running out of battery
And I don't see no bunny
Around here
If you believed at all in your breviary
If you believed even in just the ghost of me
You wouldn't now be so surprised to see me
In vanity you took the name of me

You brought me into infamy
And now you're so surprised to see me
And now you're so surprised to see me
Behold, at the last lamplight
At the very end of your street
I'm whispering something
"Come closer to me, come closer to me."
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You're running out of battery
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