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." I say you're running out of battery You're running out of battery And I don't see no bunny Around here 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 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