

Lisa Loeb & Nine Stories

"Hallelujah"

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I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played, and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do you?
Well it goes like this:
The fourth, the fifth
The minor fall and the major lift
The baffled king composing Hallelujah

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

Your faith was strong, but you needed proof
You saw her bathing on the roof
Her beauty in the moonlight overthrew ya
She tied you to her kitchen chair
She broke your throne, and she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

Well maybe there's a God above
But all I've ever learned from love
Is how to shoot somebody who outdrew ya
And it's not a cry that you hear at night
It's not some one who has seen the Light
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

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