Sambora Richie "Church Of Desire (sambora)"

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Woke up in a cold sweat

In the middle of the night

Seems like a lifetime

When you're wondering who's wrong or right

One confession would resurrect the truth

Revenge or forgiveness for sins between me and you

Now we dance with the devil down lonely

street, lonely street

Looking for a window in the house of tears

Living in hell, I pray the rain disappears

I'm headed for a breakdown

And the fever runs higher

As I kneel at the altar I can feel your fire

In the church of desire

Church of desire

You never find a reason why love falls from grace

Some kind of voodoo, like a spirit you can't embrace

There's a voice in the mirror, and a ghost in my heart

That relives the passion before we were torn apart

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