

Sinead O'connor

"Out Of The Depths (London Sessions)"

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Out of the depths I cry to you, oh, Lord
Don't let my cry for mercy be ignored
If You keep account of sins, oh, who would stand?
But You have forgiveness in Your hands

And I heard religion say You're to be feared
But I don't bite into everything I hear
And it seems to me You're hostage to those rules
That were made by religion and not by You

And I'm wondering will You ever get yourself free?
Is it bad to think You might like help from me?
Is there anything my little heart can do
To help religion share us with You?

For all You're like a ghost in Your own home
Nobody hears You crying all alone
Oh, You are the one, true, really voiceless one
We have our backs turned to You for worship of gold
and stone

Ah, Your sweet window
Ah, Your sweet window

I long for You as watchmen long for the end of night
Oh, oh, I long for You as watchmen long for the end of
night
Oh, ooh, ooh, I long for You as watchmen long for the
end of night
Oh, oh, I long for You

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