

Congregation

Foo Fighters

And I met the seventh son
He came for everyone
The day he heard the lightning in the field I've heard him clear his throat
A fork within the road
That night the tallahatchie took the wheel I've been throwing knives to see just where they'll land
Now my world is in your hands Send in the congregation
Open your eyes, step in the light
A jukebox generation
Just as you were The voice upon the stage
Is a heart inside a cage
And it's singing like bluebird in the round
There's mystery in this wood
And ghosts within these roots
And a tangle deep beneath this southern ground I've been going through life making foolish
plans
Now my world is in your hands Send in the congregation
Open your eyes, step in the lights
A jukebox generation
Just as you were Just as you were
Just as you were And you need blind faith
No false hope
No false hope Do you have blind faith?
No false hope
No false hope
Where is your blind faith?
No false hope
No false hope Open your eyes
Open your eyes
Step into the light! Open your eyes
Step into the light! The sound becomes
Congregation
A congregation
A congregation And there In the singing like a blue bird in the round

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>