

Congregation

Foo Fighters

And I met the seventh son
He came for everyone
The day he heard the lightning in the fieldI've heard him clear his throat
A fork within the road
That night the tallahatchie took the wheelI've been throwing knives to see just where they'll land
Now my world is in your handsSend in the congregation
Open your eyes, step in the light
A jukebox generation
Just as you wereThe 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 groundI've been going through life making foolish
plans
Now my world is in your handsSend in the congregation
Open your eyes, step in the lights
A jukebox generation
Just as you wereJust as you were
Just as you wereAnd you need blind faith
No false hope
No false hopeDo you have blind faith?
No false hope
No false hope
Where is your blind faith?
No false hope
No false hopeOpen your eyes
Open your eyes
Step into the light!Open your eyes
Step into the light!The sound becomes
Congregation
A congregation
A congregationAnd thereIn the singing like a blue bird in the round

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