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## Hallelujah

Reference number PT0617

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?

It goes like this,  
The fourth, the fifth.  
The minor fall, 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 you.  
She tied you to a kitchen chair.  
She broke your throne, and she cut your hair.  
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, hallelujah.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah.

Maybe I have been here before,  
I know this room, I've walked this floor,  
I used to live alone before I knew you.  
I've seen your flag on the marble arch,  
love is not a vict'ry march.  
It's a cold and it's a broken hallelujah.

Hallelujah, hallelujah.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah.

There was a time when you let me know  
what's really going on below,  
but now you never show it to me, do you?  
And remember when I moved in you,  
the holy dove was moving too.  
And ev'ry breath we drew was hallelujah.

Hallelujah, hallelujah.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah.

Maybe there's a God above  
and all I've ever learned from love  
was how to shoot at someone who outdrew you.  
And it's not a cry you can hear at night,  
It's not somebody who has seen the light,  
It's a cold and it's a broken hallelujah.

Hallelujah, hallelujah.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah.