

Rufus Wainwright, "Hallelujah"
Originally Recorded by Jeff Buckley

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 for the major lift,
the baffled king composing hallelujah.

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
hallelujah, hallelu-----jah.

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; she cut your hair;
and from your lips she drew the "Hallelujah."

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
hallelujah, hallelu-----jah.

Maybe I've 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, hallelu-----jah.

There was a time you let me know
what's real and going on below,
but now you never show it to me, do you?

I remember when I moved in you;
the Holy Dark was moving too,
and every breath we drew was "Hallelujah."

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
hallelujah, hallelu-----jah.

Maybe there's a God above,
and all I ever learned from love
was how to shoot at someone who outdrew you.

It's not a cry you can hear at night;
it's not somebody whose seen the light;
it's a cold and it's a broken "Hallelujah."

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
hallelujah, hallelujah.

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
hallelujah, hallelu-----jah.