

2 Measures of Intro

I hear a lot about sinners
Don't think that I'll be a saint
I might go down to the river
Cause the way that they sky opens up when we touch
Yeah, it's makin' me say

That the way you hold me, hold me, hold me
Feels so holy, holy, holy, holy, holy
Oh God!
Runnin' to the altar like a track star.
Can't wait another second
Cause the way you hold me, hold me, hold me
Feels so holy.