

Bad Examples, Hey St. Peter

Bad Examples

Cheap Beer Night

Hey St. Peter

I pulled into memphis, i could not slow down
My brakes were gone, i wrecked the car...fire on the ground
Then my car exploded and the flames licked my chin
And my life flashed before my eyes like an x-rated film
Like a poison arrow my soul shot through the sky
Landed there at heaven's gate, much to my surprise
And an angel with a halo walked up and said, "hey, dude!
Welcome to heaven...we've got this glass of milk for you."
(chorus)

I said, "hey st. peter, won't you open up your gate...

I hear the devil calling, now please don't make me late.

He's got loud guitars, alcohol, cheap jamaican whores...

I don't want to stay in heaven no more."

Well, satan came a-running, said, "hey, that boy is mine!"

He had a john hiatt t-shirt and trouble in his eye

Then the devil on cloud 7 and st. peter on cloud 4

Played a hand of poker, and the winner gets my soul

Chorus

Well the last thing i remember, satan held two jacks
And i woke up in the back of a memphis ambulance
And i do not know for certain which cards st. peter held
So i'm breaking all ten commandments to make sure i go to hell

Chorus