

# 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, &quot;hey, dude!  
Welcome to heaven...we've got this glass of milk for you.&quot;  
(chorus)  
I said, &quot;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.&quot;

Well, satan came a-running, said, &quot;hey, that boy is mine!&quot;  
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