

Letters To Cleo, St. Peter

I know what you did. And now he's waiting. He knows what you did too. You're not what you say you are. If you were why was you head down in his car? It's just not the same, try and try I'm still the last to know. You get the sticker and the prize, you let me in - you

showed me how. That honey face complete with pillow case. It just don't become you. Did you listen when he spoke the gospel? You know St. Peter he's a liar, and you're a liar. It's just not the same...