

Streets, The "Heaven for the Weather"

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I want to go to heaven for the weather
But hell for the company
I want to go to heaven for the weather
But hell seems like fun to me

There's something in the sun this day, I feel it
Or maybe it's just my hay fever
The weeds are green, the sky is shining
But it'll soon be night which is nicer
But then cracks peel back and hell bends the room
And the devil gestures to you
You've never seen such a Beelzebu
And he's telling you to make up your bean about what's
left of your evening
About whether to flake out or f*cking stay out
What do you make of this doubt?
The devil wants to know if you're going down or up
Easy - I know what my speech should be

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The devil beams a big beaming grin
The sort which leads you up the streets of sin
He holds up paperwork - sign the line
Let's clash with madmen, grime is fine
It sounds all hectic, you're having cold feet
Things are getting out of hand, you make an
embarrassing retreat
Let's ride the Valkyrie, commit a bit of sin
Turn rock to rubble, punch me in the chin
I simply, Lucifer, refuse to wind up on fire with low-life
liars
Then you're destined for the world without chores and
sweating -
The eternal hell of boredom in heaven

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You tell the devil in no uncertain terms
You'll never be evil, you'll never be turned
What is this evil? And who decides this?
When left to devices some humans try shit
This is the reason we should all be tied up?
We're just normal people exploring our minds
We don't go around here putting poison in wine
But we enjoy what we like which is not always right
People are intricate, people aren't swines
Let's screw the rules up and rely on our minds
Sign on the line
You sign on the line
He clutches the wine and tips it in cyanide

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