

Bad English

"Hey St. Peter"

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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

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