

## **Bad Examples "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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