

Jet Set Roger

"Two Fingers"

Visit "[Two Fingers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'll see you at the Weighing-In,
When your life's sum-total's made
And you set your wealth in Godly deeds
Against the sins you've laid.
And you place your final burden
On your hard-pressed next of kin:
Send the chamber-pot back down the line
To be filled up again.

And the hard-headed miracle worker
Who bathes his hands in blood,
Will welcome you to the final nod ---
And cover you with mud.
And he'll say, "You really should make the deal,"
As he offers round the hat.
"You'd better lick two fingers clean ---
He'll thank you all for that."
As you slip on the greasy platform,
And you land upon your back,
You make a wish and you wipe your nose upon the
railway track.
While the high-strung locomotive,
With furnace burning bright,
Lumbers on --- you wave goodbye ---
And the sparks fade into night.

And as you join the Good Ship Earth,
And you mingle with the dust ---
You'd better leave your underpants
With someone you can trust.
And when the Old Man with the telescope
Cuts the final strand ---
You'd better lick two fingers clean,
Before you shake his hand.

Visit [Jet Set Roger](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.