

# **Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine "God Saint Peter And The Guardian Angel"**

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Kids are playing gangster wars  
They don't believe in Santa Claus  
The baseball bats are soft of course  
The blood is just tomato sauce

As icebergs go, it's just the tip  
The start of the apprenticeship  
A short, sharp Glasgow, kiss me quick  
Karate chop and Kung fu kick

And in the wings the grannies wait  
Doing things that grannies hate  
Queuing to accumulate  
A pittance from the welfare state

Then back home on a forty four  
Put the chain on, lock the door  
Cross another five bar gate  
Sit and wait

Don't open the door don't talk to strangers  
You've not met before  
Your guardian angel will watch over you  
If your guardian angel has got nothing to do

In space no one can hear you scream  
Because no one's really listening  
Saint Peter's got his gates to clean  
And God's too busy saving queens

To ever get down off the fence  
And give the meek their inheritance  
So it's only common sense  
To get yourself some self-defense

Don't open the door don't talk to strangers  
You've not met before  
Your guardian angel will watch over you  
If your guardian angel has got nothing to do

Don't open the door don't talk to strangers  
You've not met before

Your guardian angel will watch over you  
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And so we leave this nursery rhyme  
This grizzly gruesome pantomime  
From the cradle to a life of crime and back again  
And now it's time to say goodbye

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