

M

"Good Girls Go To Heaven"

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When the wind is howling through your window pane
It's not the only pain of the night
You're burning up in your bed, you got a fever of love
And there's not an anti-body in sight

Hey Jenny, Jenny, why are you crying? There's a beauty
of a moon in the sky
But I guess when you've been leading such a sheltered
life
You never lift your head and look so high
You don't have a lot, but it's all that you've got
And you can turn it into more than it seems
Just give it a shot, fantasize every movement
And imagine every inch of your dream

No one said it had to be real
But it's gotta be something you can reach out and feel
now
It ain't right, it ain't fair
Castles fall in the sand and we fade in the air
And the good girls go to heaven, but the bad girls go
everywhere
Good girls go to heaven, but the bad girls go
everywhere
Somebody told me so, somebody told me now I know
Every night in my prayer, I'll be praying that the
Good girls go to heaven, but the bad girls go
everywhere
When the sweat is sizzling on your skin in the dark
And you're desperate now for somewhere to turn
Every muscle in rebellion, every nerve is on edge
And every limb has been erotically burned

Hey Johnny, Johnny, why are you shaking?
When a boy should do whatever he can
You've been nothing but an angel every day of your life
And now you wonder what it's like to be damned
You don't have a lot, but it's all that you've got
And you can turn it into more than it seems
Just give it a shot, fantasize every movement
And imagine every inch of your dream

No one said it had to be real
But it's gotta be something you've been wanting to feel
now
It ain't right, it ain't fair
Castles fall in the sand and we fade in the air
And the good boys go to heaven, but the bad boys go
everywhere
Good boys go to heaven, but the bad boys go
everywhere
Somebody told me so, somebody told me now I know
Every night in my prayer, I'll be praying that the
Good boys go to heaven, but the bad boys go
everywhere
Every time I try and dream you, I can't believe how hard
it's been to
Conjure up your face and trace your body in the air
All the seconds go on forever, but the thirds and fourth
ones are even better
Everytime I do it just a little bit longer
Everytime I dream, it's just a little bit stronger than real
life

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