

David Ford "Scream Down St. Peter"

Visit "[Scream Down St. Peter](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Everyone come together,
Making no kind of sense,
And these thoughts that I cling to,
They're gonna harm my defence.

I throw rocks at the devil
With my faith wearing thin,
But I won't scream down St. Peter
When he don't let me in.

I will work like a pack horse,
Every hour of the day.
I will drink like a preachers,
Oh make these spirits go away.

I will sing like an angel
With an ear full of sin,
But I won't scream down St. Peter
When he don't let me in.

So when I'm gone, will you miss me?
Yeah, I'm sure that you will.
When I'm far from the terror
And the lies and the kill.

Yeah but there's nothing so deadly
As the forces of right,
Or a fool with a shotgun
In a house painted white.

So ain't it hard now, my brothers,
To try and do what you should,
When the shameless and the wicked,
They dress the same as the good.

My intentions are honest,
Though my chances are slim,
So I won't scream down St. Peter
When he don't let me in.

So everyone come together,
Making no kind of sense,

And these words that I cling to
Can only harm my defence.

I've embraced imperfection,
It's alright not to win,
So I won't scream down St. Peter
When he don't let me in.

Visit [David Ford](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.