

David Ford "St Peter"

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Everyone come together
making no kind of sense
and these thoughts that i cling to
theyÂ're going to harm my defence
iÂ'll throw rocks at the devil with my faith wearing thin
but i wonÂ't scream down st peter when he donÂ't let
me in

i will work like a pack horse
every hour of the day
i will drink like a preacher
oh make these spirits go away
i will sing like an angel with an ear for a sin
but i wonÂ't scream down st peter when he donÂ't let
me in

so when iÂ'm gone will you miss me?
yes iÂ'm sure that you will
when iÂ'm far from the terror
and the lies and the kill
but there is nothing so deadly as the forces of right
or some fool with a shotgun in a house painted white

so ainÂ't it hard now my brother
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 wonÂ't scream down st peter when he donÂ'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
iÂ've embraced imperfection itÂ's alright not to win
but i wonÂ't scream down st peter when he donÂ't let
me in
i wonÂ't scream down st peter when he donÂ't let me in

