

The 241ers "Ronnie Goes To Heaven"

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Oh, Lord, I see a light
I hear broad gates throwing back their bolts
Feel arms of welcome open wide
Oh, Lord, the light is so bright
And I don't know what it means
I don't know what it means

It means rows of shiny fighter jets
And shelves for Nancy's china sets
BODs and candy jars and war (bloody war)
And so much more

Oh, Lord, you are too good to me
Your hands are warm and your grip is firm
Your light is so bright that I can't see
Oh, Lord, is this the promised land?
I pray that you will lead the way
And hold on tightly to my hand

Believe me, son, I'll hold you tight
And guide you through the blinding light
To the death of all the union shops
And a noose for Mikhail Gorbachev
Our streets our free of pesky beggars
You'll dine with Marcos and Noriega
Your slickest schemes and your darkest dreams are
coming true
You're gonna get what you deserve

Oh, Lord, the light's so bright
I don't mean to criticize
But it's really starting to hurt my eyes
Oh, Lord, your grip is just a little too tight
If you could loosen it just a touch
You don't have to be so rough

"Rough," you say? You've made my day
Wait'll you see what's on the way
Welfare cuts and Contra funding
Gonna learn you, boy, about pain and suffering

Oh no, what's happening?

No, no, it's all a bad dream
My God, what have I done?
Something has gone wrong

Yes, yes, it's all as planned
Ron my boy you are now a man
You'll learn and burn anew each day
To the deepest rungs away
And Heaven's grace may trickle down someday

Oh, Lord, how could I have been so wrong?
My father weren't you with me all along?
Oh, Lord, I want to go back
Purge memory kill history
Dream unilateral attack

Hush, my son, you have done me so proud
Smiling simpering sold my bag
Across your nation raised my flag
My son, now off to bed with you
I'll wake you when the others have arrived
It won't be long now
They will follow you

They will follow you
Hello, John Paul, it's been too long
It's really great that you've come along

They will follow you
Mr. Falwell, what a surprise
Settle in and dry your eyes

They will follow you
Maggie, Henry, Mommy dear
Welcome home, there's room for many more

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