

Electrics

"Get To Heaven"

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There's John my good old buddy,
You mean the world to me.
If it wasn't for your wisdom
I don't know where I'd be.
And even though we're miles apart,
Remember what I said

CHORUS:

Get to heaven half an hour before
The devil knows you're dead.
A fine man that you are indeed
I've never met your match.
The seconds keep on ticking
By the big hand on my watch
And you won't last forever here
When all is done and said,
Get to heaven half an hour before
The devil knows you're dead.

To all you great musicians
Who play the mean guitars
Who would have thought
Ten years ago
That we would have come this far
I've loved making the music
I've loved the way you played

CHORUS:

Get to heaven half an hour before
The devil knows you're dead.
A fine man that you are indeed
I've never met your match.
The seconds keep on ticking
By the big hand on my watch
And you won't last forever here
When all is done and said,
Get to heaven half an hour before
The devil knows you're dead.

To all you different people
We've met from time to time.

For everthing you've given us
The rhythm and the rhyme.
For letting us invade your homes
And giving us a bed...

CHORUS:

Get to heaven half an hour before
The devil knows you're dead.
A fine man that you are indeed
I've never met your match.
The seconds keep on ticking
By the big hand on my watch
And you won't last forever here
When all is done and said,
Get to heaven half an hour before
The devil knows you're dead.

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