

Quietdrive

"Straight To Your Heaven"

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Straight to your heaven
The steam is rising off the river
The night takes a big bite from the moon
The passion's burning in fever
And an angel's warming dope in a silver spoon
Straight to your heaven...
Tonight the gallows birds are happy
Whistling the devil's weary blues
They don't need a goddamned penny
They're just twisting away in pointed shoes
Go straight to your heaven...
Fish headed guys came off a picture
Bosch with his dreampipe blessed them all
They're dancing tango with a vulture
Gay spirits riding for a fall
Go straight to your heaven...
Lord came down with some angels
Up there He was sad and bored
He drank a cocktail with a stranger
And then hit the road in the Devil's ford
Go straight to your heaven...

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