

Shriekback

"Paradise"

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"eureka," cried the holy ones
"we'll fry the bastard sinners' sons
so clap your hands and throw your guns
the end's in sight-we've almost won"

and tonight we'll sleep in paradise
tonight we'll sleep in paradise
tonight we'll sleep in paradise
tonight we'll sleep in paradise

we put our faith in instant god
just add incense blood and sod
salvation in the name of fraud
as television saints applaud

it's raining it's poiring
the righteous are roaring
and loudly ignoring
the points the others made
a tisket a tasket
your head's in a basket
they bend down to ask it
if your soul's been saved

christ came back three weeks ago
i saw him on twelve tv shows
he's sponsored by spaghetios
and mickey d's and michelob

so me my dear i've got a plan
be my girl and hold my hand
don't push me what you think is true
and i will do the same for you
and maybe we'll see paradise
maybe we'll see paradise
maybe we'll see paradise
maybe we'll see paradise

