

Streets

"Heaven For The Weather"

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I wanna go to heaven for the weather
But hell for the company
I wanna go to heaven for the weather
But hell seems like fun to me

There's something in the sun this day, I feel it
Or maybe it's just my hay fever
The weeds are green, the sky is shining
But it'll soon be night which is nicer

But then cracks peel back and hell bends the room
And the devil gestures to you, you you've never seen
such a Beelzebee
And he's telling you to make up your bean
About what's left of your evening

About whether to flake out or fecking stay out
What do you make of this doubt?
The devil wants to know if you're going down or up
Easy, I know what my speech should be

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The devil beams a big beaming grin
The sort which leads you up the streets of sin
He holds up paperwork, sign the line
Let's clash with madmen, grime is fine

It sounds all hectic, you're having cold feet
Things are out of hand, you make an embarrassing
retreat
Let's ride the Valkyrie, commit a bit of sin
Turn rock to rubble, punch me in the chin

I simply, Lucifer refuse to wind up on fire with low life
liars
Then you're destined for the world
Without chores and sweating
The eternal hell of boredom in heaven

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You tell the devil in no uncertain terms
You'll never be evil, you'll never be turned
What is this evil and who decides this?
When left to devices some humans try shit

This is the reason we should all be tied up?
We're just normal people exploring our minds
We don't go around here putting poison in wine
But we enjoy what we like which is not always right

People are intricate, people aren't swines
Let's screw the rules up and rely on our minds
Sign on the line, you sign on the line
He clutches the wine and tips it in cyanide

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