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The 88 ''Go To Heaven''

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Went to hell in my Sunday clothes Fell asleep with a bloody nose As for where I was going No one knows

Then you walked up and I could tell There's no blood and there's no hell And I felt like singing, "If I fell"

Go to heaven Where you are Keep your wishes In a jar When you're willing Hang them on a star

I can't tell if I need you Well I could tell you that I love you Yes, I could tell you that I love you I thank God that I know you I want to tell you that I love you I want to tell you that I love you And I always will

I was sleepin' and I was slow But you told me So now I know Turn me on just like a radio

Go to heaven Leave your skin Pick a number Pick and grin Take a picture So they know where you've been

Was it a poem or song that said Isn't it hard to forget Let's forget

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