

## 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

