

A Small Slice of Heaven

The Lightning Seeds

The voice of reason
is rhyming with treason today.
The laughing devil
is chasing the angels away.

The dog is barking,
the baby`s crying,
the rainy days are multiplying,
she says it`s time to make decisions,
then turns on breakfast television.

Life`s a trial,
but who did you leave behind,
when a small slice of Heaven`s all,
you could ever hope to find.

[But] the opera isn`t over
until the fat lady sings,
[then] she walks into town
and pawns her eternity ring.

She`s leaving home
with a dream in her pocket,
and a photograph in a silver locket.
The party`s over, she aint stopping,
she`s sick of lying, through with crying.

Life`s a trial,
but who did you leave behind,
when a small slice of Heaven`s all,
you could ever hope to find.

She`s leaving home
with a dream in her pockets,
and a photograph in a silver locket.
The sky is open, the clouds are fading,
and that small slice of heaven`s waiting