

## Where To Now St. Peter

Ann Wilson

I took myself a blue canoe  
And I floated like a leaf  
Dazzling, dancing  
Half enchanted  
In my Merlin sleep

Crazy was the feeling  
Restless were my eyes  
Insane they took the paddles  
My arms they paralyzed

So where to now St. Peter  
If it's true I'm in your hands  
I may not be a Christian  
But I've done all one man can  
I understand I'm on the road  
Where all that was is gone  
So where to now St. Peter  
Show me which road I'm on  
Which road I'm on

It took a sweet young foreign gun  
This lazy life is short  
Something for nothing always ending  
With a bad report

Dirty was the daybreak  
Sudden was the change  
In such a silent place as this  
Beyond the rifle range  
I took myself a blue canoe