

There's a Hilton in the sky
For all the good fen when they die
The elevators never stick
The banquets don't serve plastic chicken
Only grade A prime
And you're guaranteed a real good time
That just goes on and on
If you're good enough to go to Heaven-Con

It's membership by invitation only
And all the hotel rooms and meals are comps
The wet-bar in the consuite is a freebie
And all femme-fen are ready for a romp
The bathtubs are all filled with girls and Jell-O
And every author waits your beck and call
They ask for your advice on their new novels
And ask for autographs out in the hall

There's a Hilton in the sky
For all the good fen when they die
The panels never start till three
No one disturbs you when you're sleeping
All the filk songs rhyme
And you're guaranteed a real good time
That just goes on and on
If you're good enough to go to Heaven-Con

There's mirrors on the ceiling in each bedroom
And 3-D videos on every wall
And levitators waiting at your elbow
For the times when you're too drunk to even crawl
The dealer's room extends eternal credit
They just forget to send the bills along
And when you make your way into the filkroom
You find you've been immortalized in song

There's a Hilton in the sky
For all the good fen when they die
The bidding parties never end
And all the other fen are friendly
Boredom is a crime
And you're guaranteed a real good time
That just goes on and on
If you're good enough to go to Heaven-Con