

# Heaven for the Weather

## The Streets

I want to go to heaven for the weather  
But hell for the company  
I want to go to heaven for the weather  
But hell seems like fun to me

There's something in the sun this day, I feel it  
Or maybe it's just my hay fever  
The weeds are green, the sky is shining  
But it'll soon be night which is nicer  
But then cracks peel back and hell bends the room  
And the devil gestures to you  
You've never seen such a Beelzebee  
And he's telling you to make up your bean about what's left of your evening  
About whether to flake out or fecking stay out  
What do you make of this doubt?  
The devil wants to know if you're going down or up  
Easy - I know what my speech should be

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The devil beams a big beaming grin  
The sort which leads you up the streets of sin  
He holds up paperwork - sign the line  
Let's clash with madmen, grime is fine  
It sounds all hectic, you're having cold feet  
Things are getting out of hand, you make an embarrassing retreat  
Let's ride the valkyrie, commit a bit of sin  
Turn rock to rubble, punch me in the chin  
I simply, Lucifer, refuse to wind up on fire with low-life liars  
Then you're destined for the world without chores and sweating -  
The eternal hell of boredom in heaven

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You tell the devil in no uncertain terms  
You'll never be evil, you'll never be turned  
What is this evil? And who decides this?  
When left to devices some humans try shit  
This is the reason we should all be tied up?  
We're just normal people exploring our minds  
We don't go around here putting poison in wine  
But we enjoy what we like which is not always right  
People are intricate, people aren't swines  
Let's screw the rules up and rely on our minds  
Sign on the line  
You sign on the line  
He clutches the wine and tips it in cyonide

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