

Hellsong

Urthboy

Even your grandma and your grandad
Distant relatives you never knew you had, never kept
tabs
To their far-fetched friends either ends of the map
Whatever goes, everybody knows that
And all the party crowd, every week they turn it out
They work their fingers to the bone, they deserve it
now
And when the big tune drops hear the floor shout
When we get the call out, we all out

According to the people
The people that resemble
Disciples of the temple

We're all going to hell
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We're all going to hell

We'll be joined by agnostic and atheists
And loop cuckoo cults across the Earth's radius
The brightest of the bright will be coupled with the
shadiest
Workaholics condemned to pens with the laziest
The passive and the ropable, no hoper and the
Notable, forgettable and uh, the quotable
The centre of attention to barely audible
Not even any privileges for the laudable
What Ben Lee meant, with we're all in this together
On the high road to hell we're birds of a feather
Nothing can unite us like endeavours to the nether
Bureaucrats lobbying Lucifer with a letter
I swear that satan will get sick of it quick
Leavin the evilest of evil even thinking to quite
To the tune of Kenny G playin saxophone licks
Thinking hell has really gone to ish

According to the people
The people that resemble
Disciples of the temple

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The Gallagher brothers are hanging with the brothers
Grimm
Church choir mingling with them that never sung a hymn
The pope and all the endlessly devoted under him,
fellas
That lived to the fullest to them that died wondering
And all the underlings/ up to the chief
Execs, the celibates that never had great sex
Are getting cosy with the X X X, the devil accepts all
Creatures great and small (yes he will take your call)

Booking agent, label rep and manager
Professional promoters hard to pick from amateurs
They hard to pick from anarchists who're hard to pick
From lawyers that are lining up for damages (isn't it
all fabulous!)
Whatever happened to happily ever after
Obama and Bin Laden, gathering clouds darken
It's not the way it was supposed to be
"don't stand so close to me"

Everybody c'mon
All in the fold
I see a bright
Future for all
Everybody c'mon
All in the fold
I see a bright
Future for all

We're all goin to hell (4x)