I don't know the reason why I seem to need a release I can't stand to beg for favors like a child on his knees But I won't go on a minute 'til I get me some peace On the road to Armageddon

I done things, I'd be ashamed to see in black and white There are times I miss distinctions over wrong and right But I'm gonna get an answer when I get there tonight On the road to Armageddon

It's the wrong world
I must be on the wrong planet
I been checkin' it out

It's the wrong world
I must be on the wrong planet
I been checkin' it out

It's the wrong world
I must be on the wrong planet
I been checkin' it out

It's the wrong world
I must be on the wrong planet
And I know what it's all about

Mr. and Mrs. Universe in their cabin in the sky
She's a little bit of heaven, he's one hell of a guy
And like all suburban couples, they may have a spat
But that is that it's back to normal and it's your night to feed the cat

Let us raise a glass and we'll drink a toast And the devil will dance with the holy ghost And the good and the wicked, the strong and frail They will all join hands at the end of the world

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