

Hell in a Handbasket

Voltaire

Oh and now the end is near,
And I face that final curtain.
So goodbye to strife,
This is the last dance of my life.
Lord of this I'm certain.

I've been a sinner.
I've been a saint.
Done both good and evil deeds.
Oh, but in the end, I was good to my friends
and that's good enough for me.

Oh good lord, they say all souls you forgive.
Well if that's true then why,
Does there need to be a hell?
Hey, what's that sulfur-y smell?
Now I can feel, the fire, creepin' up my thigh.

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
It's a Bohemian Rhapsody.
Oh, Galileo, Mama Mia, scaramouche, scaramouche.
Oh, Beelzebub's got a devil put aside for me.

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
With my flesh they'll make a feast.
I'm gonna be there in that number.
That's 666 the number of the beast.

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
Well at least I'll have a view.
Oh I will see the fire, through the rusty razor wire.
Oh don't you worry, I saved a seat for you.

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
And I might like it that way.
No this ain't no lie, I'd rather be Kentucky Fried
Than live and kicking in Jersey any day

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
I'd pray if I had the guile.
No this ain't no fib, I'd rather be a splatter on the Devil's bib.
'Cause on my knees repentent ain't my style.

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
Oh please don't pray for me.
No I don't need to be saved, of the devil I ain't afraid.
There ain't nothin he can do that ain't already been done to me.

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
And I'll have good company too.
'Cause If I was so bad, than there's no need to be sad.
'Cause everybody else will be there too (including you).

Oh, oh good Lord, I only ask you forgive
The self-righteous who deceive
When your words they twist,
We both know Hell don't exist,

Except in the minds of the poor fools who believe

(He does a scat)