

I don't want to die and go on off to paradise There are more fun places here that I can patronize And you my friend aren't born again You're dead already

If I can't go to heaven let me go to LA Or the far West Texas desert or an Oregon summer day If we build a Utopia will you come and stay? Shangri-La La La La La La La La La...

St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go I love my friends in hell, as above and so below When the rapture comes, if you don't mind I'll be waiting down here and sweating

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Accumulating cumulus in our backyard My puzzle pieces fooling heaven bit by bit Beneath this jigsaw sky I sit And wonder wonder where do I fit?

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