

# Celibate Good Times

Vaux

The preacher said it's hot as hell  
Got the devil on his window sill, going down  
His t-shirt read "the boys won't tell"  
But if you want to watch there's a tape he'll sell, going round  
So pray it's him, not me  
There are saints that should be hung  
Forget the cross whorship the gun  
Bang bang  
I hope your hell is hot enough  
Forget the cross whorship the gun  
You're at the gates and almost home  
Bang bang  
I hope your hell is hot enough  
The preacher said i'm gonna fail with three days left til he posts bail, going down  
So grab your shit no time to pack  
At the end, no coming back to this town  
You can see through lies  
He's scared for his life  
When will he know.

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