Where to Now St. Peter?

Ann Wilson

I took myself a blue canoe
And I floated like a leaf
Dazzling, dancing
Half enchanted
In my Merlin sleepCrazy was the feeling
Restless were my eyes
Insane they took the paddles
My arms they paralysedSo where to now St. Peter
If it's true I'm in your hands
I may not be a Christian
But I've done all one man can
I understand I'm on the road
Where all that was is gone
So where to now St. Peter
Show me which road I'm onWhich road I'm on
It took a sweet young foreign gun
This lazy life is short
Something for nothing always ending
With a bad reportDirty was the daybreak
Sudden was the change
In such a silent place as this
Beyond the rifle rangeI took myself a blue canoe

Songwriters
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