St. Peter

Adam Sweeney

Everyone come together
Making no kind of sense
And these thoughts that I cling to
They're gonna harm my defense

Well, Iâ€™ll throw rocks at the devil
With my faith wearing thin
But I won't scream down St. Peter
When he don't let me in

I will work like a pack horse
Every hour of the day
I will drink like a preacher
Oh, make these spirits go away

I will sing like an angel
With an ear for of sin
But I won't scream down St. Peter
When he don't let me in

So when I'm gone will you miss me?
Yeah, I'm sure that you will
When I'm far from the terror
And the lies and the kill

Yes, but there is nothing so deadly
As the forces of right
Or some fool with a shotgun
In a house painted white

So ain't it hard now, my brother
To try and do what you should
When the shameless and the wicked
They dress the same as the good

My intentions are honest
Though my chances are slim
So I won't scream down St. Peter
When he don't let me in

So everyone come together
Making no kind of sense
Yes, and these words that I cling to
Can only harm my defense

Well, I've embraced imperfection
It's alright not to win
So I won't scream down St. Peter
When he don't let me in

Yeah, I won't scream down St. Peter
When he don't let me in

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