Sheep Go To Heaven

Cake

I'm not feeling alright today
I'm not feeling that great
I'm not catching on fire today
Love has started to fade
I'm not going to smile today
I'm not gonna laugh
You're out living it up today
I've got dues to payAnd the gravedigger puts on the forceps
The stonemason does all the work
The barber can give you a haircut
The carpenter can take you out to lunchNow I just want to play on my panpipes
I just want to drink me some wine
As soon as you're born you start dyin'
So you might as well have a good timeSheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats...go to hellI don't wanna go to Sunset Strip
I don't wanna feel the emptiness
Old marquees with stupid band names
I don't wanna go to Sunset StripI don't wanna go to Sunset Strip
I don't wanna feel the emptiness
Old marquees with stupid band names
I don't wanna go to Sunset StripAnd the gravedigger puts on the forceps
The stonemason does all the work
The barber can give you a haircut
The carpenter can take you out to lunchNow but I just want to play on my panpipes
I just want to drink me some wine
As soon as you're born you start dyin'
So you might as well have a good timeSheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats...go to hellSheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats...go to hellSheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats...go to hell

Songwriters
MCCREA, JOHNPublished by