

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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