

Glimpse Into Hell

[Melissa McClelland](#)

There's a place in the back of the stall
Where the plaster's so thin there's a crack in the wall
And if you bend to the ground
And squint really well
They say that you're bound to catch a glimpse into hell
As the smoke clears away for the view
All the people are waiting lined up in the pew
And the sermon begins
And he's gritting his teeth
'Cause the music's kicked in with a pulsating beat
Good folks and sad blokes
Sunday afternoon
Hymn notes and cheap pokes
In the back of the dark empty room
There's a sickening smell to this room
Of whiskey stained breath and the cheapest perfume
There's a girl in her bra
And sex in your pants
And she's sucking a straw as she begs you to dance
Downtown and down low
Sunday afternoon
Highlights and high hopes
An old rusty cross on the roof
They come to this place to abide
Shuffling to each side
The better extreme
A flash and the wink of an eye
A 'Hail Mary' and sigh
An angel's bad dream
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