Holy Smoke

Bob Zurke

You made your bed, that's where you lie
No pearly gates when you die
We tried to teach, you didn't learn
You're going down, you're gonna burn

Fast at passing judgment and your quick to cast a stone
Hypocrite taking shit, leave me alone
Thump the book and twist the word
You're setting sinners straight

Point your finger, wag your tongue
Then pass around the plate
I've made my bed that's where I'll lie,
Won't see the gates when I die

And I've been told I'll never learn,
I'm going down I'm gonna
Screaming demons all hell broke loose
And other dark remarks

You say that's Satan's waiting for me
But I don't give a fuck
If words and music tick you off
Then you're the one who's sick

But I think it fucking followers that really make you tick
As far as I can tell I'm going to hell
As far as I can see, you're coming with me
You made your bed that's where you'll lie

No pearly gates when you die
We tried to teach, you didn't learn
You're going down, you're gonna burn
Holy smoke! is this a joke?

I mean man you're on the move,
Shut 'em up and shut 'em down
If you don't approve
Cuss and curse and stuff your purse

And tell me where I'm goin'
Holy cow, man, don't stop now, man,
Your bank account is growin'
You made you're bed that's where you'll lie

No pearly gates when you die
We tried to teach, you didn't learn
You're going down, you're gonna burn
You made you're bed that's where you'll lie

Thanks God I've got a place to sleep
No pearly gates when you die,
Why should I worry now or cry
You know I'm not concerned

You're going down, you're gonna burn

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