

# Sam Hell

## Helmet

Sam invents the you you wanna see  
Don't believe in predestiny  
Bacon you never need to bring home  
Sam Hell gets you redeemed by grace alone Sam's the Mayor of First Avenue  
Nothing goes on he doesn't want to  
A wife that wears his 'in' stocking hat  
She's known for making good, gravy and cat, a catHeart attack time to eat and pay  
The cellulite won't wash away  
You never knew if you'd been dead or just old  
Sam Hell never gets that cold

Lyrics provided by

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