

# Holy Smoke

## Errol Blackwood

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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