

Cake, Sheep Go To Heaven

I'm not feeling alright today
I'm not feeling that great
I'm not catching on fire today
Love has started to fade
I'm not going to smile today
I'm not gonna laugh
You're out living it up today
I've got dues to pay

And the gravedigger puts on the forceps
The stonemason does all the work
The barber can give you a haircut
The carpenter can take you out to lunch
Now but I just want to play on my panpipes
I just want to drink me some wine
As soon as you're born you start dyin'
So you might as well have a good time

(ah no) Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats...go to hell
(ah no...ah yea...ah right)

I don't wanna go to Sunset Strip
I don't wanna feel the emptiness
Bold marquees with stupid band names
I don't wanna go to Sunset Strip

I don't wanna go to Sunset Strip
I don't wanna feel the emptiness
Bold marquees with stupid band names
I don't wanna go to Sunset Strip (hey)

And the gravedigger puts on the forceps
The stonemason does all the work
The barber can give you a haircut
The carpenter can take you out to lunch
Now but I just want to play on my panpipes
I just want to drink me some wine
As soon as you're born you start dyin'
So you might as well have a good time

(ah no) Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats...go to hell (ah)

(sheep go to heaven, goats go to hell in background)
Gooo to Hell

Gooo to Hell

Gooo to Hell

Gooo to Hell

Gooo to Hell (ah nah)

(fades)