

# Flash And The Pan, Hey, St. Peter

The morning was cold and lonely  
City lights old and grey  
The sun arose trying to smile  
Gave it all away  
The honky-tonk called a stranger  
The stranger couldn't pay the bill  
Made a stand, raised his hand  
Sang a song, no time to kill

I said, Hey (hey), hey, St. Peter  
I've got a tale to tell  
I've just been down in New York town  
It really feels like hell  
It really feels like hell...

Billy was out of fashion  
Manhattan was years ago  
Yesterday he wasted time  
Money was kind of slow  
Billy had friends of glory  
Billy was a friend of fame  
Took a chance, raised his hand  
Sang a song, now he's back in the game

I said, Hey (hey), hey, St. Peter  
I've got a tale to tell  
I've just been down in New York town  
It really feels like hell (hell)  
It really feels like hell

I said, Hey (hey), hey (hey), hey, St. Peter  
Hey (hey), hey (hey), hey, St. Peter  
Hey (hey), hey (hey), hey, St. Peter  
It really feels like hell (hell)  
It really feels like hell...

Hey, St. Peter  
Before you ring your bell  
Just been down in New York town  
Done my time in hell  
Done my time in hell...

I said, Hey (hey), hey (hey), hey, St. Peter  
Hey (hey), hey (hey), hey, St. Peter  
Hey (hey), hey (hey), hey, St. Peter  
It really feels like hell (hell)  
It really feels like hell (hell)  
It really feels like...  
Hell.