

# Ann Wilson, Where to Now St. Peter?

I took myself a blue canoe  
And I floated like a leaf  
Dazzlin', dancin' half enchanted  
In my Merlin sleep  
Crazy was the feelin'  
Restless were my eyes  
Insane, they took the paddles  
My arms they're paralyzed  
So where to now, St. Peter?  
If it's true I'm in your hands  
I may not be a Christian  
But I've done all one man can  
I understand I'm on the road  
Where all that was is gone  
So where to now, St. Peter?  
Show me which road I'm on  
Which road I'm on  
It took a sweet young foreign gun  
And this lazy life is short  
Somethin' for nothin' always endin'  
With a bad report

Dirty was the daybreak  
Sudden was the change  
In such a silent place as this  
Beyond the rifle range  
So where to now, St. Peter?  
If it's true I'm in your hands  
I may not be a Christian  
But I've done all one man can  
I understand I'm on the road  
Where all that was is gone  
So where to now, St. Peter?  
Show me which road I'm on  
Which road I'm on, oh yeah  
Where to now  
Where to now, St. Peter?  
Where to now  
Where to now, St. Peter?  
I took myself a blue canoe