

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