

Quimby, Straight To Your Heaven

straight to your heaven

The steam is rising off the river
the night takes a big bite from the moon
The passion's burning in fever
and an angel's warming dope in a silver spoon
Straight to your heaven...

Tonight the gallows birds are happy
whistling the devil's weary blues
They don't need a goddamned penny
they're just twisting away in pointed shoes
Go straight to your heaven...

Fish headed guys came off a picture
Bosch with his dreampipe blessed them all
They're dancing tango with a vulture
gay spirits riding for a fall
Go straight to your heaven...

Lord came down with some angels
Up there He was sad and bored
He drank a cocktail with a stranger
and then hit the road in the Devil's ford
Go straight to your heaven...