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 coctail with a stranger and then hit the road in the Devil's ford Go straight to your heaven...