

The Beautiful South, The Gates

Woman goes to heaven, it's not important when
'Cause as soon as she arrives God has to send her down again
'You've got an extra five years to clean up after men'
'I mean no disrespect God, but you better make it ten'

Well if heaven's an improvement I won't mind the extra squeeze
I've got a few more birds down there God, after losing bees
Trying to lose their bees

So don't be shocked who queue-jumps or who just calmly waits
A certain type of behaviour the guest list just creates
No time for lively discussion
No time for televised debates
The well-meaning soon become the well meant
It's the hard sell or hell at the gates

Alcoholic finds himself outside the pearly gates
I've only got one worry God, a few outstanding slates
Any tab you used to have's been passed to so called mates
And after they've paid-up they're off to the land of empty crates

Heaven is a glass, neither half empty nor half full
So do us all a favour God and give that thing a pull
Give that thing a pull

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Model turns up hours late, he had to get it right
If you're gonna look cool in heaven wear something more than white
Vanity's close to arrogance, just slightly more polite
Fashion show a jumble sale at a slightly different height

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