

The Lightning Seeds, A Small Slice Of Heaven

The voice of reason is rhyming with treason today.
The laughing devil is chasing the angels away.

The dog is barking, the baby's crying,
the rainy days are multiplying,
she says it's time to make decisions,
then turns on breakfast television.

Life's a trial, but who did you leave behind,
when a small slice of Heaven's all you could ever hope to find.

The opera isn't over
until the fat lady sings.
Then she walks into town
and pawns her eternity ring.

She's leaving home
with a dream in her pocket,
and a photograph in a silver locket.
The party's over, she aint stopping,
she's sick of lying, through with crying.

Life's a trial, but who did you leave behind,
when a small slice of Heaven's all you could ever hope to find.

She's leaving home
with a dream in her pockets,
and a photograph in a silver locket.
The sky is open, the clouds are fading,
and that small slice of heaven's waiting