

Go To Heaven

The 88

Went to hell in my Sunday clothes
Fell asleep with a bloody nose
As for where I was going
No one knows

Then you walked up and I could tell
There's no blood and there's no hell
And I felt like singing, "If I fell"

Go to heaven
Where you are
Keep your wishes
In a jar
When you're willing
Hang them on a star

I can't tell if I need you
Well I could tell you that I love you
Yes, I could tell you that I love you
I thank God that I know you
I want to tell you that I love you
I want to tell you that I love you
And I always will

I was sleepin' and I was slow
But you told me
So now I know
Turn me on just like a radio

Go to heaven
Leave your skin
Pick a number
Pick and grin
Take a picture
So they know where you've been

Was it a poem or song that said
Isn't it hard to forget
Let's forget