

Hell As Well

We Three

Pastor, pastor please
Why are you taking off your jeans?
And your best Sunday shoes
To show me what's underneath?
There's still people in the pews
And my mom's in the other room
I don't know what you want me to do
But she told me to listen to you

Pastor, pastor please
I'm only nine you're fifty two
And I thought you didn't believe
That gays could be Christian too
Listen, listen, listen
I swear this won't take long
Cause if you think this is right
Then I'm fine with being wrong

Turning nickels into dimes just to change my state of mind
Turning nothing into something since I was only nine
All the boomers say we're blind
All this shit is in our mind
Go to church on Sunday morning and you should be feeling fine
You should be feeling fine

I did my time in the pews, I took the biblical abuse
I sang the hymns when I didn't even want to
I sat through the sermons
To hear them say my friends would go to hell
But if that's sinning
Then send me straight to Hell as well
Then send me straight to Hell as well

Pastor, pastor please
Why is it that women shouldn't preach
And that there's parts of that book
That you don't like to teach
I'm not the only one confused
Cause my mom's in the other room
She scared of the things you do
And said maybe not to listen to you

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