

Eagle Beach

White Reaper

New friends like fires and charmers
And charmers only live to be free
But I could never see, what that had to do with me
I never met one

Well I'm going out to the party
With a buckle on my belt
To sing songs about heaven
To the devil himself

We can win the lottery, darling
You can be all over TV
Hey, I just wanna be
A real good pair of your blue jeans
But you never leave the house when you're wearing me

So I'm going out to the country
And I'll smile and I'll wave
With a handful of roses
For the good looking graves
And maybe I'll shake hands with a preacher
Who will tell me I'm saved
Sayin' la la la la la la la la la

So I'm going out to the country
And I'll smile and I'll wave
With a handful of roses
For the good looking graves
And maybe I'll shake hands with a preacher
Who will tell me I'm saved
Sayin' la la la la la la la la la