

## 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

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