

Judgement Day

The Pretty Things

What you gonna do on judgement day
Time runs out, baby, and you can't stay
Screamin' and cryin', you got to go,
hey St.Peter, won't you open the door
Yes, I'm coming, Yes, I'm coming
Yes, I'm coming, and it's like my time ain't long

When I die you can bury me dead,
the tombstone-women set my face and head,
Fold my arms across my chest,
And tell my friends that I'm gone to rest
Yes, I'm coming, Yes, I'm coming
Yes, I'm coming, and I know my time ain't long

Now, when I'm dead, drafted in my grave
You gonna be sorry that you treat me like a slave
And there's no one to take my place
And you gonna cry your blues away
Yes, I'm coming, Yes, I'm coming
Yes, I'm coming, and it's like my time ain't long