

Saint Peter (Ain't on the job No More)

**Words & Music by Robert L. Force
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**Roll up the window we're being passed by a truck
Roll up the wilndow, the wind's gettin' a little much
I don't want to smell those diesel fumes wracking and ruining my brain
Roll up the window and I'll pass you the joint agin**

**Riding on the North Platte line
Going down the road to spend my time
Singing and dancing and visiting friends
'til they shut down the rides and they pick up the tents**

**Then they put away the elephants and turn off all the lights
And they tack up the notice that everything's all right
Then they send out the generals to hunt the likes of me
For singing of my freedom in the land of liberty**

**'Cause the circus ain't coming to town no more
There'll be no funny strangers around at your back door
They've locked up the sheriffs and the bad man's on the loose
Stealing souls for fool's gold and trampling holy truths**

**Saint Peter ain't on the job no more,
they tore down his gate
and then they put up a store
Bought out his lease,
Changed the numbers on the door
Laid off a thousand angels or more
and made the middle class
Rent their houses to the poor**

**Then they put Saint Peter on the welfare line
Rented him a TV for seven 99
Moved him to a high-rise where he could lose his mind
And told the kids that their grandpas were doing all just fine**

**Yes, the circus ain't coming to town no more
There'll be no funny strangers around at your back door
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Written crossing the Kemerer Pass between Idaho and Wyoming in the spring of 1975

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