

Falling out of Heaven

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Heavenly predicament

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In response to the question "where did we come from?"

Did we fall out of heaven to get where we are?
Did we drop from a cloud or shoot from a star?
Seems like we came from so very far
Makes me wonder who we really are

Is paradise run to be bigger and better?
Does it break the rules or follow the letter?
Is it a first place act with class not survival?
Or a big white tent, a higher religious revival?

In the lost and found of paradise who will I see?
People I love, faces from my memory
Are they filed in alphabetical rooms or in big open halls?
What will I find within paradisaical walls?

Does it shut down at midnight or stay open late?
What secrets lie behind those pearly gates?
Is everything served on bright silvery plates?
And nary a soul is rude or irate

Is the doorman St, Peter or sweet grandma Nelle?
Will angels be singing, their choruses swell?
What will be Act I in heaven, pray tell?
If it's so great why'd they say some angels fell
When another one makes it do they really ring a bell?
I guess we have to wait to find out, oh well

To ponder the afterlife in heaven while in life here on earth
In this confined time zone we arrive after birth
If we don't remember the before, how can we understand the after?
The angels are probably cracking up there with laughter
At how we question how we got here or got there.
While spinning our wheels on our blue ball in the air

When we get to the root of the great ever after
Will we take courses in miracles or be climbing the rafters?
Into these questions the infinite I conduct my analysis
Until I get stuck in eternity paralysis

So best to live on with nary a thought
Whether the gates have been paid for or heaven is bought
Cause in all reality it'll all be for naught
God'll do what he wants to, not what he should do or ought to
And stop thinking so much of what we've never been taught
And focus instead on how the love bug could get caught

As it was in the beginning is now and is then
(And if that ain't confusing - I could say it again)
I'll see you all when we leave the earthly pen
And dwell within the heavenly glen
And fall back to earth to do it again and again.