

Judgment Day

(Anonymous)

Last night as I lay sleeping, I died, or so it seems.
Then, I went to Heaven but it was only in my dreams.

I dreamed St. Peter met me there at the Pearly Gates.
He said: "I must check your record, so stand right here and wait."

"I see where you drank alcohol and swore quite often too.
Fact is you've done many things that a good man should not do.
We can't have men like you up here; your life was full of sin."

Then, he read the last of my record, grasped my hand and said: "Come In."
He took me to the Big Boss, who said: "Take him in and treat him well."

He worked for the railroads, Sir. He's had his share of HELL!

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