

Redneck Heaven

Billy Ray Cyrus

Take me to redneck heaven when I'm dead and gone
Where my southern roots are buried and Van Zandt still lives on
Where some smokey poolroom's standin' with Jesus on the wall
Take me to redneck heaven when the good Lord comes to call
Comes to call comes to call

Mother Mary ridin' proud on the dashboard of my truck
To remind me to count my blessings and to pray for just a little luck
Brother Levi waits for me and the local seven eleven
Just in case I don't make it there send me to redneck heaven

Take me to redneck heaven...

There I was walkin' on the sawdust streets of gold
And I saw Conway Twitty and there was Keith Whitley
Before I could say Hank Williams I turned around
And I was face to face with the king of rock and roll

You can have your streets of gold sawdust'll do just fine
And about those singing angels just give me Patsy Cline
If I could only meet the king I'll feel I've rolled a seven
Gimme swingin' doors instead of pearly gates take me to redneck heaven

Take me to redneck heaven...