

# Heaven South

Brad Paisley

Beer battered chicken, sweet ice tea  
Night crawlers, crickets and a Zebco 33  
Old Glory waving at you  
As you're driving by the court house  
And it's just another day in Heaven South

A little country angel like you've never seen  
Took a pair of scissors to a pair of jeans  
You pick her up on Friday  
And you pucker up and kiss her on the mouth  
And it's just another day in Heaven South

Drive down Main Street and everybody's there  
Subwoofers booming like cannons in a square  
Sign says "no cruising" but nobody cares  
I got a girl to put my arm around  
It's just another day in Heaven South

Oh, oh, oh  
It's just another day in Heaven South  
Oh, oh, oh

There's a bunch of lawn chairs in the living room  
There's a UFC fight on pay per view  
Gonna fry up beer steaks, got fireworks for afterwards tonight  
Gotta make a little run for beer and ice

Down on Main Street and everybody's there  
Subwoofers booming like cannons in a square  
Turn on the news you'd think the world ain't got a prayer  
If you turn it off and look around  
It's just another day in Heaven South

Eggs on the griddle, coffee in my cup  
Farmer on a tractor, kids on a bus  
Old Glory waving as they raise her up above the court house  
And it's just another day in Heaven South  
Oh, it's just another day in Heaven

Oh, oh, oh  
It's just another day in Heaven South  
Oh, oh, oh  
It's just another day in Heaven South  
Oh, oh, oh  
It's just another day in Heaven South  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh