

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