

## Mansions In Heaven

John Mellencamp

The old paper mill stinks up the beaches  
As I walk along the ocean shore.  
I'm just a plain man, thoughts full of creases,  
Haven't accomplished much, but I dream of more.

Mansions in heaven; I see myself walking with the King.  
The angels are descending to wrap me up in red velveteen.

I don't control much of my home life.  
I'm not an old man, but I'm not young anymore.  
Haven't kept in contact with any of my good friends,  
So I live with strangers and sleep on another man's floor.

Mansions in heaven; I see myself walking with the King.  
The angels are descending to wrap me up in red velveteen.

As I pack my suitbag, 'cause soon I'll be leaving;  
Going back to the Earth, which is where I come from.  
Withstood the heartache,  
Kept on believing;  
It ain't winning or losing,  
Just the singing of the song.

Mansions in heaven; I see myself walking with the King.  
Mansions in heaven.

The old paper mill stinks up the beaches  
As I walk along the ocean shore.