

# Tennessee Mountain Top

Kid Rock

Palm trees and beautiful hips  
Man it dosen't get any better than this  
Sun settin' like fire on the Viper Room  
Old Lemmy holed up at the bar  
And Johnny Depp pickin' on an old guitar  
Man I wish old Keith would've taught em how to keep it in tune

I came here lookin' for love  
But all I found was sex and drugs  
Strung out, broke down, homesick and thinkin' of you

There ain't nothin' like a Tennessee mountain top  
Some straight shootin' neighbors that don't name drop  
With a preacher man prayin' for peace but still packin' a gun  
Singing karaoke in a double wide  
With smoke so thick it'll burn your eyes  
Oh oh, my sweet Lord I'll warn ya  
Fall in love with an angel  
You'll end up in California

High tide I felt so alive  
Until I spent six hours on the 405  
In a jacked up rocky ridge straight rollin' coal  
But then I, I turned up the radio  
And hear a bunch of... that's got no soul  
All pop and hip-hop but no damn rock n roll

I came here lookin' for love  
But ended up on a bathroom rug  
On my knees prayin' God please see me through

There ain't nothin' like a Tennessee mountain top  
Some straight shootin' neighbors that don't name drop  
With a preacher man prayin' for peace but still packin' a gun  
Singing karaoke in a double wide  
With smoke so thick it'll burn your eyes  
Oh oh, my sweet Lord I'll warn ya  
Fall in love with an angel  
You'll end up in California

There ain't nothin' like a Tennessee mountain top  
Some straight shootin' neighbors that don't name drop  
With a preacher man prayin' for peace but still packin' a gun  
Singing karaoke in a double wide  
Some sweet southern sugar right by my side  
Oh oh, my sweet Lord I'll warn ya  
Fall in love with an angel  
Fall in love with an angel, yeah  
Fall in love, fall in love, fall in love, love, love  
With an angel