

# My Heaven

Trace Adkins

Everybody has their own idea of heaven  
What kind of paradise they'll see  
Pearly gates, streets of gold  
No getting sick, or growin old  
Sounds like a beautiful place to be  
But as for me

My heaven is a wood frame house with a great big porch goin all  
the way around  
Sittin on the swing listenin to the sound of the birds singin  
My heaven is a warm summer day in the back yard  
While the kids all play, flies and mosquitos stay away  
While we're eattin watermelon  
That's my heaven

You're always gonna find a few non-believers  
Those who stay lost in the dark  
But I believe there is a place  
Full of light 'n love and grace  
And I don't believe that its all that far in my heart

My heaven is a cell phone ring while I'm at work  
And the only thing that you have to say  
Is you miss me and get home in a hurry  
My heaven is the very worst day that I spent with you  
When you were so mad but I still knew  
Nobody would leave cause that don't happen  
In my heaven

My heaven is where I am now on the front porch of the wood fram  
e house  
Swingin with you just lookin around at all I've been given and  
this life I'm livin  
Is my heaven  
My heaven, My heaven