

Billy Ray Cyrus, Redneck Heaven

Take me to redneck heaven
When I'm dead and gone
Where my southern roots are buried
Bandstand still lives on
With some smoky pool room standing
With Jesus on the wall
Take me to redneck heaven
When the good Lord comes to call (comes to call, comes to call)
Mother Mary riding proud on the dashboard of my truck
To remind me to count my blessings and to pray for just a little luck
Brother Levi waits for me at the local 7/11
But just in case I don't make it there
Send me to Redneck heaven
Take me to redneck heaven
When I'm dead and gone
Where my southern roots are buried
Bandstand still lives on
Where some smoky pool room standing
With Jesus on the wall
Take me to redneck heaven
When the good Lord comes to call (comes to call, comes to call)
There I was on those sawdust streets of gold
And I saw Conway Twitty and there was Keith Willy
Before I could Hank Williams I turned around and I was face to face
With the king, of Rock and roll
You can have your streets of gold
Sawdust will do just fine
And about those singing angels
Just give me Patsy Cline
If I could only meet the king
I'll feel I've rolled a 7
Give me swingin doors instead of pearly gates
Take me to redneck heaven!
Take me to redneck heaven
When I'm dead and gone
Where my southern roots are buried
Bandstand still lives on
Where some smoky pool room standing
With Jesus on the wall
Take me to redneck heaven
When the good Lord comes to call (comes to call, comes to call)
Take me to redneck heaven
Hope I see you all