

Hank Williams Jr., If Heaven Ain't A Lot Like Dixie

If heaven ain't a lot like Dixie, I don't wanna go
If heaven ain't a lot like Dixie, I'd just as soon stay home

I was one of the chosen few, to be born in Alabam',
I'm just alike my daddy's son, I'm proud of who I am.
I went through a lot of good women, and shook old Jim Beam's hand,
If I never see the pearly gates, I've walked through the promised land.

If heaven ain't a lot like Dixie, I don't wanna go,
If heaven ain't a lot like Dixie, I'd just as soon stay home.
If they don't have a Grand Ole Opry, like they do in Tennessee,
Just send me to hell or New York City, it would be about the same to me.

I've got wild honey trees and crazy little weeds, growin' around my shack,
These dusty roads ain't streets of gold, but I'm a happy right where I'm at.
All these pretty little southern belles are a country boy's dream,
They ain't got wings or halos, but they're sure looking good to me. +

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