

Trace Adkins, My Heaven

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 frame 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