

Redneck Heaven

Billy Ray Cyrus

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 711
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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>