

Heaven South

[Brad Paisley](#)

Beer battered chicken, sweet iced tea
Nightcrawlers, crickets, and a Zebco 33
Old Glory wavin' at you as you're driving by the courthouse
And it's just another day in Heaven South Little country angel, like you've never seen
Took a pair of scissors to a pair of jeans
You pick her up on Friday, and you pucker up and kiss her on the mouth
And it's just another day in Heaven South You drive down Main Street and everybody's there
Subwoofers boomin' like cannons in the square
Sign says no cruisin' but nobody cares
I got a girl to put my arm around
And it's just another day in Heaven South Oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh
It's just another day in Heaven
Oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh There's a bunch of lawn chairs in the living room
Cause there's a UFC fight on paperview
Gonna thaw out deer steaks, got fireworks for afterwards tonight
Gotta make a little run for beer and ice Down on Main Street everybody's there
Subwoofers boomin' like cannons in the square
Turn on the news you'd think the world ain't got a prayer
But if you turn it off and look around, it's just another day in Heaven South Eggs on the griddle
Coffee in my cup
Farmer on a tractor
Kids on a bus
Old Glory wavin' as they raise Her up above the courthouse
And it's just another day in Heaven South
Oh-oh-oh
It's just another day in Heaven Oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh
It's just another day in Heaven
Oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh

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