

A Man Don't Have To Die

Brad Paisley

Well he yelled out from the back row
look here preacher man
We all know you're new here
but you need to understand
It don't really scare us
when you yell and shake your fist
You see we already know that hell exists

Its six months short of thirty years
when the boss man lays you off
No thinking you no pair of shoes no shiny new gold watch
Its payments that you cant make on a house you cant sell
See a man don't have to die to go to hell
No you don't have to die to go to hell

So tell us bout them angels and how they fly around and sing
Tell us how to get there cause we all want to be
Resting in the arms of Jesus no shame or pain or tears
There's hell enough to go around down here

Its a place out by the airport
where the girls dance just for you
And all you feel is drunk and broke and lonely when their through
Its waking up with nothing but that stale tobacco smell
See a man don't have to die to go to hell
Nah you don't have to die to go to hell

[Repeat: x2]
Ooh ooh ooh

Its every other weekend and Wednesdays with your kid
And knowing that he'll hate you when he finds out what you did
'Cause you'd all still be together if you loved his momma well
There ain't no end to the stories we could tell
Yeah a man don't have to die to go to hell
So tell us bout them angels how they fly around and sing

[Repeat: x2]
Ooh ooh ooh

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