

If Heaven Ain't a Lot Like Dixie

Hank Williams, Jr.

If 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 If Heaven ain't a lot like Dixie
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