

My Heaven

[Trace Adkins](#)

Everybody has their own idea of Heaven
What kind of paradise they'll see
Pearly gates, streets of gold, no gettin' sick or growing old
Sounds like a beautiful place to be, but as for me My Heaven is a wood frame house
With a great big porch going all the way around
Sittin' on a swing listening
To the sounds of the birds sing
My Heaven is a warm summer day
In the backyard while the kids all play
Flies and mosquitoes stay away while we're eatin' watermelon
That's my Heaven You're always going to find a few non-believers
Those who stay lost in the dark
But I believe there is a place full of light, and love and grace
And I don't believe that it's all that fun, 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 believes 'cause that don't happen
In my Heaven My Heaven is where I am now on the front porch
Of a wood frame house swingin' with you just lookin' around
At all that I've been given
And this life I'm livin'
Is my Heaven
My Heaven
My Heaven

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