

Dirt Road

Frank Foster

When a preacher talks of heaven, he paints it real nice
He says, you better get to livin', better get to livin' right
If you're gonna get your mansion, he's been saving for your soul
If you're gonna do your dancing on city streets of gold
But unless it's got a dirt road leading down to a fishing
hole
With a little piece of moonlight, a couple cans of Bud Light
Where I can cuddle with my baby and I can pull her real close
No, I don't wanna go unless heaven's got a dirt road
You better quit your drinking, you better quit your smoking
too
Be for trading in your backseat Saturday nights for Sunday morning pew
Well, I've never been nothing, nothing more than what you see
Like my truck, I'm made for running, down to a midnight creek
So unless it's got a dirt road leading down to a
fishing hole
With a little piece of moonlight, a couple cans of Bud Light
Where I can cuddle with my baby and I can pull her real close
No, I don't wanna go unless heaven's got a dirt road
All of this flying high, gonna leave ya falling short
Leave you knock, knock, knocking on heaven's basement door
But one thing's for sure
Unless it's got a dirt road leading down to a fishing hole
With a little piece of moonlight, a couple cans of Bud Light
Where I can cuddle with my baby and I can pull her real close
No, I don't wanna go unless heaven's got a dirt road

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