

Steel Guitar Heaven

Ry Cooder

I want to go to steel guitar heaven
That's the only resting place for me
I want to go to steel guitar Heaven
There's a lot of swinging cats I been wanting to see
Like Joaquin Murphy and Jimmy Day
Shake hands with Speedy and shout hooray
That's steel guitar heaven to me
I heard about steel guitar heaven
I'm going when I die
I heard Paul Bigsby's been waiting
He's got something new that he wants me to try
It turns itself on and tells you a joke
Lights you a drink and pours you a smoke
Paul I don't think it's ready!
That's steel guitar heaven to me Well, folks, I think the good Lord must love steel players, He's made so many
of them
Matter of fact, He's still trying.
But the good Lord knows that the steel player's life on Earth isn't often easy,
So He's set aside a little corner of Heaven, custom made, just for you.
First thing you'll notice, there's always plenty of courteous free parking
And don't it just seem like that old triple-neck ain't near as heavy as it used to be?
Step inside, and you'll find the walls are covered in real knotty pine,
And just take a gander at all that luxurious hi-lo shag, continuous filament,
Nylon-pile, wall-to-wall carpeting. Our Lord chose green-and-gold, my personal favourite.
The tables and chairs are upholstered in genuine naugahyde, and here our Lord chose red, I think it's
appropriate.
There's always a lot of cowboy carrying on up on the bandstand, and you're bound to hear some old familiar
voices calling, man, look who's here, come on up and sit on in. It's C6th day again. You can't get fired up in
Heaven
Your union card's all paid
There ain't no bosses up in heaven
I heard Spade Cooley didn't make the grade
Everybody's got a Story up in Heaven
Some we all know well
All steel players go to Heaven
Some just go through hell
But the Good Lord loves each and every one
When your ragtime cowboy days are done
Come up to steel guitar Heaven with me

That's steel guitar Heaven to me.

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