

She's Playing Hell Trying To Get Me To Heaven

George Strait

I let it all hang out last night
I come in hung over this morning
My woman met me at the door
Preachin' me this warnin'
She said Dillon you're gonna have to change
Your sinful way of living
But she's playing hell
Trying to get me to heaven
Oh I promised to go to church with her
'Bout a month of Sundays ago
Well here it is Sunday again
I ain't been once in a row
Every time that ole church bell rings
You can hear my rod 'n reel a singing
And she's playing hell
Trying to get me to heaven
She's playing hell, trying to get me to heaven
There ain't no way all my sins can be forgiven
They say there's only ten commandments, but I broke at least eleven
She's playing hell, trying to get me to heaven
She went out and bought me
A Sunday got to meeting suti
I must confess it looked pretty sharp
With my deer hunting boots
But I wore holes in both the knees
Trying to roll them sevens
She's playing hell
Trying to get me to heaven
Repeat chorus
Yes she's playing hell trying to get me to heaven

Songwriters

DEAN DILLON, CHARLES QUILLEN, DAVID WILLSPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>