

George Jones

"From Hillbilly Heaven To Honky Tonk Hell"

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On a hillside in Hazzard
Sets a new double-wide
God's little acre
Your paradise.

A poor boy found heaven
With a good country girl
He had all he wanted
She was his whole world.

But working the coal mine
Can wear a man down
He started spending
Too much time in town.

He found temptation
Fell under it's spell
And hillbilly heaven
Went to honky tonk hell.

From hillbilly heaven
To honky tonk hell
From a warm home fire burning
To a cold, cheap motel.

And an angel is crying
'Cause her good man fell
From hillbilly heaven
To honky tonk hell.

Somewhere in Hazzard
On a dark, dead-end street
Where whiskey and heartache
And old memories meet.

He looks for salvation
In a bottle each night
And just goes on livin'
Though he's lost his life.

Now there's a job in the coal mine
That needs to be filled

And a heartache in Hazzard
That won't ever heal.

He had it all
Now it's all for sale
And hillbilly heaven's
Gone to honky tonk hell.

From hillbilly heaven
To honky tonk hell
From a warm home fire burning
To a cold, cheap motel.

And an angel is crying
'Cause her good man fell
From hillbilly heaven
To honky tonk hell.

He's gone from hillbilly heaven
To honky tonk hell...

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