

## **Richard Marx**

# **"Another Heaven"**

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He lived his life in isolation, a man without a name  
Saddled with a reputation, from cheyonne he came  
He moved down south when the money ran out  
Turned to a life of crime  
Things werent all that different then  
Theyd kill you for a dime

Never showed no mercy, had a heart of stone  
His hands were dirty, stained to the bone, he said

Chorus:

Turn back? it's too late!  
All I can do is pray there's another heaven  
Turn back? it's too late!  
Sinners like me need another heaven  
Turn back? it's too late!  
Ive run out of time. . .

He lived at least a dozen lifetimes, luck was on his side  
The only friend he ever had,  
Was his trusty forty-five  
His final words to my gran-daddy were  
Son you must be brave  
All that's left of what he was  
Is in this texas grave

He could smell the danger  
He knew the end was near  
Thru the smoke and whiskey, one thing was clear

Chorus:

Turn back? it's too late!  
All I can do is pray there's another heaven  
Turn back? it's too late!  
Sinners like me need another heaven  
Turn back? it's too late!  
All I can do is pray there's another heaven  
Turn back? it's too late!  
Ive run out of time. . .  
Look me in the eyes, I wanna see it comin!

Never showed no mercy, had a heart of stone

His hands were dirty. stained to the bone

Chorus:

Turn back? it's too late!

All I can do is pray there's another heaven

Turn back? it's too late!

Sinners like me need another heaven

Turn back? it's too late!

All I can do is pray there's another heaven

Turn back? it's too late!

Sinners like me need another heaven, yeah, yeah!

Turn back? it's too late!

I've run out of time. . .

Look me in the eyes, I wanna see it comin!

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