

## **Trace Adkins "My Heaven"**

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Everybody has their own idea of Heaven  
What kind of paradise they'll see  
Pearly gates, streets of gold, no gettin' sick or growing  
old  
Sounds like a beautiful place to be, but as for me

My Heaven is a wood frame house  
With a great big porch going all the way around  
Sittin' on a swing listening  
To the sounds of the birds sing  
My Heaven is a warm summer day  
In the backyard while the kids all play  
Flies and mosquitoes stay away while we're eatin'  
watermelon  
That's my Heaven

You're always going to find a few non-believers  
Those who stay lost in the dark  
But I believe there is a place full of light, and love and  
grace  
And I don't believe that it's all that fun, in my heart

My heaven is a cell phone ring  
While I'm at work and the only thing  
That you have to say  
Is you miss me and get home in a hurry  
My Heaven is the very worst day that I spent with you  
When you were so mad but I still knew  
Nobody believes 'cause that don't happen  
In my Heaven

My Heaven is where I am now on the front porch  
Of a wood frame house swingin' with you just lookin'  
around  
At all that I've been given  
And this life I'm livin'  
Is my Heaven  
My Heaven  
My Heaven

