

Jason Eady

"Am Country Heaven"

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Well, they sing about Jesus, they sing about Jones
And they sing of American pride
But they're all too damn clean, polished like stones
And they won't sing about cheatin' and lies

Well, I remember the days when the singers just sang
And left it all in the stories they tell
These days we're in AM country heaven
And FM country hell

I miss the days when the women were ugly
And the men were all forty years old
Cause you had to say something for people to listen
Now they just do what they're told

Well it's all about idols and pretty blonde hair
And how many trucks you can sell
Out here in AM country heaven
And FM country hell

Well out on these back roads the only real truth that I
know
Don't cross the radio band
It cuts through the static like a chill in the air
It fades out then it comes back again

Well I don't mean to sound jaded cause I know there're
plenty
Young singers who aren't up for sale
But they're all stuck in AM country heaven
And FM country hell

Well I knew it was over the day that I overheard
A record executive cry
"Keep it all simple, don't get offensive
And don't play songs in three quarter time."

Well mister record man I hope you don't take offense
But you're a helluva joke I can tell
You're the reason we're in AM country heaven
And FM country hell

You're the reason we're in AM country heaven
And FM country hell

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