

## **Robert Earl Keen**

### **"Wireless In Heaven"**

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My wife took all the money, left me for a cop.  
And I don't know nobody in this coffee shop.  
I'm starin' at the menu board, waitin' in a line,  
With ten bucks on my Starbucks card and one thing on  
my mind

CHORUS:

Is there wireless in heaven? I just wanna know.  
Do I need a password to log in when I go?  
And does Jesus have a website to send in my e-mail?  
Is there wireless in heaven, or do I go to hell?

I order mocha latte ginger jasmine tea.  
The pretty little cashier girl looks up and smiles at me;  
She says "it is an honor", she knows who I am,  
Her grandpa plays the guitar and he's my biggest fan.

CHORUS:

Is there wireless in heaven? I just wanna know.  
Do I need a password to log in when I go?  
And does Jesus have a website to send in my e-mail?  
Is there wireless in heaven, or do I go to hell?  
I'm cosmically connected, spiritually aware.  
They say I'm apathetic, but I don't really care.  
Pathetically reflective, feeling over-matched,  
I wanna meet my maker with no wires attached.

CHORUS:

Is there wireless in heaven? I just wanna know.  
Do I need a password to log in when I go?  
Tell me will Jesus answer my e-mail?  
Is there wireless in heaven, or do I go to hell?  
Is there wireless in heaven, or do I go to hell?

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