

Unknown Artist

"Aint Gonna Grieve My Lord No More"

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AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE
Oh, the Deacon went down, (2x)
To the cellar to pray, (2x)
He found a jug, (2x)
And he stayed all day. (2x)
Oh, the Deacon went down to the cellar to pray,
He found a jug and he stayed all day,
Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.
cho: I ain't a-gonna grieve my Lord no more.
I ain't a-gonna grieve my lord no more.
Ain't a-gonna grieve my Lord no more.
You can't get to Heaven on roller skates,
You'll roll right by them pearly gates.
You can't get to Heaven on a rocking chair,
'Cause the Lord don't want no lazybones there.
You can't get to Heaven in a limousine,
'Cause the Lord don't sell no gasoline.
If you get to Heaven before I do,
Just drill a hole and pull me through.
If I get to Heaven before you do,
I'll plug that hole with shavings and glue.
You can't get to Heaven with powder and paint,
It makes you look like what you ain't.
You can't chew tobaccy on that golden shore,
'Cause the Lord don't have no cuspidor.
"That's all there is, there ain't no more,"
Saint Peter said as he closed the door.
There's one thing more I forgot to tell,
If you don't go to Heaven, you'll go to Hell.
I'll put my grief up on the shelf,
If you want some more, make 'em up yourself.
filename[GRIEVL
JY
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===

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