

# Bringin' My Pole

Frank Foster

Way up yonder  
Up there behind them pearly gates  
Is there a place, Lord I wonder  
Where a good old boy can stay?

Cause I love the life I live down in the south land  
There ain't nothing like being below the old mason line  
And if heaven ain't a lot like dixie, Lord you know I still wan  
na go  
I just hope you got a dirt road that leads to a fishing hole an  
d don't mind me bringing my pole

I don't claim to be no saint  
Just doing my best to get a little better every day  
And when they asked me, "Frank, won't you tell me, why do you d  
rink?"  
Cause I know how to fly away

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Lord I hope I live me a long time until I'm old and grey  
And when I face my final hour, this is what I'm gonna say  
Well I sure did love my life down in the south land  
There was nothing like being below this old mason line  
And if heaven ain't a lot like dixie, Lord you know I still wan  
na go  
I just hope you got a dirt road that leads to a fishing hole an  
d don't mind me bringing my pole  
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