

Booked Tonight In Heaven

Gene Watson

I walked up on the front porch, Mama met me at the door
She said, "Son, I tried to call you but you were on the road"
She put her arms around me and said, "It's bad news, you know
Papa, he's been holding on; he don't have long to go"

We all gathered 'round him, he had words to say
He talks about the good times and the good old USA
He talked about the music that we used to play
He looked out at the front porch, I could barely hear him say

"They're tuning up my fiddle, they've rosined up my bow
The angels are preparing for a country music show
I'm booked tonight in heaven, I must be on a roll
The band of angels need a fiddle in their show"

I guess sadness brings a memory, when I was a boy
Sitting on that front porch, me and Papa making noise
Back then, we called it music, we was my mama's stars
The front porch was the Opry stage and a dream that took us far

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