

# Heaven

Jackson Dean

Who knows  
If those roads  
Are really made of miles of gold, or if the Pearly Gates even have a  
key

Well, I'm just a man and men sin  
Are they even gonna let me in?  
I can't really say  
But if they left it up to me

Heaven would get me weak like a Sunday choir  
Heaven would get me on my knees like a ring of fire  
It would taste a little bit like sugar  
It would hit me like a stone-cold truth  
If I'da been God, I woulda made heaven feel something like you

Well, my soul  
Has been cold  
Now, it's burning and I lost control  
Funny how the truth can feel like fire  
Well, there's your hands to my skin  
One-touch closer to the promised land  
Every kiss is a color  
Just taking me to the light

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Take me to the blue skies  
Take me some place I've never been  
Take me to the other side  
I wanna feel your skin again

Take me to

Heaven. Get me weak like a Sunday choir  
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Heaven  
Heaven  
Feel something like you  
Feel something like you