

Tennessee Mountain Top

Kid Rock

Palm trees and beautiful hips
Man it dosen't get any better than this
Sun settin' like fire on the Viper Room
Old Lemmy holed up at the bar
And Johnny Depp pickin' on an old guitar
Man I wish old Keith would've taught em how to keep it in tune

I came here lookin' for love
But all I found was sex and drugs
Strung out, broke down, homesick and thinkin' of you

There ain't nothin' like a Tennessee mountain top
Some straight shootin' neighbors that don't name drop
With a preacher man prayin' for peace but still packin' a gun
Singing karaoke in a double wide
With smoke so thick it'll burn your eyes
Oh oh, my sweet Lord I'll warn ya
Fall in love with an angel
You'll end up in California

High tide I felt so alive
Until I spent six hours on the 405
In a jacked up rocky ridge straight rollin' coal
But then I, I turned up the radio
And hear a bunch of... that's got no soul
All pop and hip-hop but no damn rock n roll

I came here lookin' for love
But ended up on a bathroom rug
On my knees prayin' God please see me through

There ain't nothin' like a Tennessee mountain top
Some straight shootin' neighbors that don't name drop
With a preacher man prayin' for peace but still packin' a gun
Singing karaoke in a double wide
With smoke so thick it'll burn your eyes
Oh oh, my sweet Lord I'll warn ya
Fall in love with an angel
You'll end up in California

There ain't nothin' like a Tennessee mountain top
Some straight shootin' neighbors that don't name drop
With a preacher man prayin' for peace but still packin' a gun
Singing karaoke in a double wide
Some sweet southern sugar right by my side
Oh oh, my sweet Lord I'll warn ya
Fall in love with an angel
Fall in love with an angel, yeah
Fall in love, fall in love, fall in love, love, love
With an angel