

## Dirt Road

Kip Moore

When a preacher talks of heaven, he paints it real nice  
He says, you better get to livin', better get to livin' right  
If you're gonna get your mansion, he's been saving for your soul  
If you're gonna do your dancing on city streets of gold

But unless it's got a dirt road leading down to a fishing hole  
With a little piece of moonlight, a couple cans of Bud Light  
Where I can cuddle with my baby and I can pull her real close  
No, I don't wanna go unless heaven's got a dirt road

You better quit your drinking, you better quit your smoking too  
Be for trading in your backseat Saturday nights for Sunday morning pew  
Well, I've never been nothing, nothing more than what you see  
Like my truck, I'm made for running, down to a midnight creek

So unless it's got a dirt road leading down to a fishing hole  
With a little piece of moonlight, a couple cans of Bud Light  
Where I can cuddle with my baby and I can pull her real close  
No, I don't wanna go unless heaven's got a dirt road

All of this flying high, gonna leave ya falling short  
Leave you knock, knock, knocking on heaven's basement door  
But one thing's for sure

Unless it's got a dirt road leading down to a fishing hole  
With a little piece of moonlight, a couple cans of Bud Light  
Where I can cuddle with my baby and I can pull her real close  
No, I don't wanna go unless heaven's got a dirt road