

Can I Take My Hounds to Heaven?

Tyler Childers

You tell me there are streets of gold
And angels in the air
And while all that's fine and dandy
And I'm sure it's nice up there

There's just one thing that I need to know
Before I settle down
Can I take my hounds to Heaven?
Can I hunt on God's ground?

Now you say if I quit drinking
And try to toe the line
I can make it up to Glory
At the end of my life

And while whiskeys hard to throw away
It's somethin' I'd try to do
If I could spend forever
Runnin' hounds and treein' coons

But if I can't take my hounds to Heaven
If I can't hunt on God's land
I'd rather load my dog box up
And go to Hell with all my friends

I will wake up in the mornin'
And I will follow you to town
If I can take my hounds to Heaven
If I can hunt on God's ground

Now you say if I quit smokin'
And my rough and rowdy ways
We can hold hands forever
On streets of gold someday

But the only way I could stand it now
And I hate to say it's true
Is when you give me a hard time
I can do what I want to do

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