

Take My Hounds To Heaven

Tyler Childers

Now you tell me that there are streets of gold and angels in the air

Now 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 'fore 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
Now whiskey's hard to throw away something I might try to do
If I could spend forever running round treeing coon's

But if I can't take my hound's to heaven
If I can't hunt on God's land
Then I'd rather load my dog box up and go to hell with all my friends
Now I'll wake up in the morning and 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 smoking and my rough and rowdy ways
We'd walk together forever on streets of gold someday
But the only way I can stand it now and I hate to say it's true
Is when you start your bitchin'
I can run off and hunt till my face turns blue

If I can't take my dogs 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
Now I'll wake up in the morning and follow you to town
If I can take my hounds to heaven
If I can hunt on God's ground
If I can take my hounds to heaven
If I can hunt on God's ground