

# If Heaven Ain't a Lot Like Dixie

Hank Williams Jr.

If ain't a lot like Dixie  
I don't wanna go  
If Heaven ain't a lot like Dixie  
I'd just as soon stay home

I was one of the chosen few  
To be born in Alabam'  
I'm just alike my daddy's son  
I'm proud of who I am

I went through a lot of good women  
And shook old Jim Beam's hand  
If I never see the pearly gates  
I've walked through the promised land

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If they don't have a Grand Ole Opry  
Like they do in Tennessee  
Just send me to Hell or New York City  
It would be about the same to me

I've got wild honey trees and crazy little weeds  
Growin' around my shack  
These dusty roads ain't streets of gold  
But I'm a happy right where I'm at

All these pretty little southern belles  
Are a country boy's dream  
They ain't got wings or halos  
But they're sure looking good to me

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