

Mansions In Heaven

John Mellencamp

The old paper mill stinks up the beaches
As I walk along the ocean shore.
I'm just a plain man, thoughts full of creases,
Haven't accomplished much, but I dream of more.

Mansions in heaven; I see myself walking with the King.
The angels are descending to wrap me up in red velveteen.

I don't control much of my home life.
I'm not an old man, but I'm not young anymore.
Haven't kept in contact with any of my good friends,
So I live with strangers and sleep on another man's floor.

Mansions in heaven; I see myself walking with the King.
The angels are descending to wrap me up in red velveteen.

As I pack my suitbag, 'cause soon I'll be leaving;
Going back to the Earth, which is where I come from.
Withstood the heartache,
Kept on believing;
It ain't winning or losing,
Just the singing of the song.

Mansions in heaven; I see myself walking with the King.
Mansions in heaven.

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As I walk along the ocean shore.