

Heaven Country Style

Slim Dusty

Let me walk again in the valley,
Let me linger 'mid flowers growing wild,
Let me dream once again by the river,
Oh to me that's heaven country style.

When the breeze in the trees seem to whisper,
A message so sweet and divine,
Then the birds in the trees make their music,
And the stars in their glory all shine.

Let me walk again in the valley.
Let me linger 'mid flowers growing wild,
Let me dream once again by the river,
Oh to me that's heaven country style.

When the house behind the gums bids a welcome,
And the old folk tell of days that now are gone,
Where they find all their joy and their friendship,
And the little church do pray on Sabbath morn.

Let me walk again in the valley.
Let me linger 'mid flowers growing wild,
Let me dream once again by the river,
Oh to me that's heaven country style.

When the beauty of the golden sunset,
The forest and the lake and mountains tall,
Blend together to make a perfect picture,
Painted by the greatest hand of all.

Let me walk again in the valley.
Let me linger 'mid flowers growing wild,
Let me dream once again by the river,
Oh to me that's heaven country style;
Oh to me that's heaven country style.