

Heaven Is a Honky Tonk

The Highwomen

All my heroes are going to Heaven
All the junkies and the liars and the fools
All good-timin' men will leave their voices on the wind
It's a kindness we cannot repay to them

There's a choir singin' in a southern accent, a fiddle in the b
and
There's a "Hallelujah!" on the lips of every dying man
Mama, don't you cry when they're dead and gone
Jesus, he loves his sinners and Heaven is a honky-tonk

I won't say their names
They've been said enough in vain
Just the memory and the thousand years of smiles
The lines around your eyes
Tell me you're not far behind
But I can see that livin' free was worth the while

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Happiness, they say, is a jukebox that always plays
And a lonesome heart ain't lonely anymore
Every soul that dared passed on is now covered in neon
They dance with silver wings on wooden floors

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Jesus, he loves his sinners and Heaven is a honky-tonk