I BETCHA HEAVEN'S ON A DIRT ROAD

Larry Jon Wilson

I've been building time down there in Reidsville Time sure goes by slow. Big-time preacher asked me, "What's your trouble, son"? I told him I don't know -'Xcept that I'd be goin' forward If it wasn't for backing up, I'd win sometime if it wasn't for Losing and bad luck. The side that I got up on might've been right If it hadn't been wrong - but that's alright, 'Cause if everything wasn't so funky -I'd never wrote this song, I'd prob'ly never done wrote this song. Preacher told me, "Brother, let me help you To save your soul. And get your life back truckin' right boy And make you whole". He said, "You need some Christian guidance, boy, To get you back into the light. Come to my big church and bring your money, And learn about livin' right". I said, "Your paved road, stained-glass castles Have been the only church I knowed, But poppa used to take me to church In the country sometimes I betcha heaven's on a dirt road -I betcha heaven's on a dirt road".