

Bowling for Dollars in Heaven
(Greb)

Listen to me son I know you're feeling sad
Your little heart is a-feeling bad
Your momma left us, she went away
But you'll see momma again someday

Momma's bowling for dollars in heaven
She's bowling for dollars in heaven

I know you think momma did us both wrong
That one day she was up and gone
But believe me boy she never meant us no pain
Momma got struck by a southbound train

And now she's bowling for dollars in heaven
Momma's bowling fo dollars in heaven

(spoken)

Times can be tough on a sharecropper's son
I know it seems like we're always on the run
But believe me boy we'll have a change of luck
Then we can stop living in a pickup truck

Listen me son I know why you're crying
All of get a little scared of dying
But just say your prayers and do like I do
And maybe you'll live to be thirty-two

Then you'll be bowling for dollars in heaven
We'll all be bowling for dollars in heaven