

No Weeds in Heaven

CHORUS:

G7 C F C

There won't be no weeds in Heaven Our yards won't need a mow

C D7 G7

Won't rake up old dried dead leaves Never have to shovel snow

C F Fm

No fake friends, "no make believe," nothing's just for show

C G7 C

No blisters, corns, or bruises, no troubles like here below

VERSE 1

The kids will all be happy, no crying will they make

Arthur-Ritis won't get in, he's missing for goodness Sake!

No more regrets, no more mistakes, or big mouths out of sorts

We'll all be robed in righteousness, not worried about suits or shorts.

VERSE 2

No mean bugs or beasts, no liars, cheats or thieves.

The Banquet table's not fattenin' The singin's all in key

Hollywood won't set the trends. There's folks like you and me.

We'll meet some folks up in the air we'd never thought we'd see

VERSE 3

The government is just, where Jesus rules as King.

His Righteousness, and peace, and joy filling everything.

More important's what He's done for us, more'n we could ever do

Our bill's been paid, our sin's been washed, our bodies all made new.

Repeat CHORUS:

by Jack McCarty as Randy and Triccia made exit to Elk City July 25, 2010