

Oh You Cant Get To Heaven

Oh, You Cant Get To Heaven
Traditional American

CALL:

D

Oh, the preacher went down
G D

To the cellar to pray
A7

He fell asleep
D

And he stayed all day
G

Oh, the preacher went down to the cellar to pray
A7 D

He fell asleep and he stayed all day.
G A7 D

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

[both parts together]

CHORUS:

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.
G

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.
D

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.
A7 D

Oh, you can't get to heaven

In a putt-putt car

'Cause a putt-putt car

Won't go that far

Oh, you can't get to heaven in a putt-putt car

'Cause a putt-putt car won't go that far.

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

CHORUS:

Oh, you can't get to heaven

On roller skates

'Cause you'll roll right by

Those pearly gates

Oh, you can't get to heaven on roller skates

'Cause you'll roll right by those pearly gates

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

CHORUS:

If you get there

Before I do

Please bore a hole

And pull me through

If you get there before I do.

Please bore a hole and pull me through.

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

CHORUS:

Oh, you can't get to heaven

RESPONSE:

Oh, the preacher went down

To the cellar to pray

He fell asleep

And he stayed all day

Oh, you can't get to heaven

In a putt-putt car

'Cause a putt-putt car

Won't go that far

Oh, you can't get to heaven

On roller skates

'Cause you'll roll right by

Those pearly gates

If you get there

Before I do

Please bore a hole

And pull me through

Oh, you can't get to heaven

In a trolley car

'Cause a trolley car

Won't go that far

Oh, you can't get to heaven in a trolley car

'Cause a trolley car won't go that far.

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

CHORUS:

Oh, you can't get to heaven

In a rocket ship

'Cause a rocket ship

Won't make the trip!

Oh, you can't get to heaven in a rocket ship,

'Cause a rocket ship won't make the trip.

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

CHORUS:

Oh, you can't get to heaven

On a pair of skis,

'Cause you'll schuss right through

St. Peter's knees

Oh, you can't get to heaven on a pair of skis,

'Cause you'll schuss right through St. Peter's knees.

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

CHORUS:

Oh, you can't get to heaven

In a limousine

'Cause the Lord don't sell

No gasoline

Oh, you can't get to heaven in a limousine,

'Cause the Lord don't sell no gasoline.

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

CHORUS:

Oh, you can't get to heaven

With Superman.

'Cause the Lord, He is

A Batman fan.

Oh, you can't get to heaven with Superman

'Cause the Lord, he is a Batman fan.

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

CHORUS:

In a trolley car

'Cause a trolley car

Won't go that far

Oh, you can't get to heaven

In a rocket ship

'Cause a rocket ship

Won't make the trip!

Oh, you can't get to heaven

On a pair of skis,

'Cause you'll schuss right through

St. Peter's knees

Oh, you can't get to heaven

In a limousine

'Cause the Lord don't sell

No gasoline

Oh, you can't get to heaven

With Superman .

'Cause the Lord, He is

A Batman fan.