

# A Man Don't Have to Die

[Brad Paisley](#)

Well he yelled out from the back row look here preacher man  
We all know you're new here but you need to understand  
It don't really scare us when you yell and shake your fist  
You see we already know that hell existsIts six months short of thirty years when the boss man  
lays you off  
No thinking you no pair of shoes no shiny new gold watch  
Its payments you cant make on a house that you cant sell  
See a man don't have to die to go to hell  
No you don't have to die to go to hell  
So tell us bout them angels and how they fly around and sing  
Tell us how to get there cause we all want to be  
Restin in the arms of Jesus no shame or pain or tears  
There's hell enough to go around down hereIts a place out by the airport where the girls dance  
just for you  
And all you feel is drunk and broke and lonely when their throughIts waking up with nothing  
but that stale tobacco smell  
See a man don't have to die to go to hell  
Nah you don't have to die to go to hellOooh oooh oooh [x2]  
Its every other weekend and Wednesday with your kid  
And knowing that he'll hate you when he finds out what you did  
Cause you'd all still be together if you loved his momma well  
There ain't no end to stories we can tell  
Yeah a man don't have to die to go to hellSo tell us bout them angels how they fly around and  
singOooooooh oooh ooohohhh [x2]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>