

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 exists
Its 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 here
Its 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 through
Its 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 hell
Oooh 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 hell
So tell us bout them angels how they fly around and
sing
Ooooooh oooh ooohohhh [x2]

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