

MY HEAVEN

by Mary Chapin Carpenter (from her recent album *Between Here and Gone*)

Nothing shatters, nothing breaks
Nothing hurts and nothing aches
We got ourselves one hell of a place
 In my heaven.

Looking down at the world below
A bunch of whining, fighting schmoes.
(Well) up here we got none of those
 In my heaven.

There's pools and lakes and hills and mountains
Music, art, lighted fountains.
Who needs bucks here? No one's countin'
 In my heaven.

No one works, we all just play.
You can pick the weather every day.
And if you change your mind, that's OK
 In my heaven.

Grandma's up here, Grandpa too-
In a condo with 'to die for' views.
There's presidents and movie stars-
You just come as you are.

No one's lost and no one's missing
No more partings, just hugs and kissing
And all these stars are just for wishing
 In my heaven.

There's little white lights everywhere,
Your childhood dog in Dad's old chair
And more memories than my heart can hold
When Eva's singing *Fields of Gold*.

There's neighbors, thieves and long lost lovers
Villains, poets, kings and mothers.
Up here we forgive each other
 In my heaven.

For every soul that's down there waiting-
Holding on, still hesitating-
We say a prayer
Of levitating
 In my heaven.

You can look back on your life and lot
But it can't matter what you're not
By the time you're here
We're all we've got
 In my heaven
 In my heaven
 In my heaven.