

# Americana

## AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE (UNKNOWN)

F (Backup Singers)

Oh the deacon went down, (Oh the Deacon went down),

C

To the cellar to pray (To the cellar to pray),

C7

He found a jug (He found a jug),

F

And he stayed all day (And he stayed all day),

B $\flat$

Oh the Deacon went down to the cellar to pray,

F

He found a jug and he stayed all day

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Chorus:

C7

F

B $\flat$

F

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more (my Lord no more)

F7

B $\flat$

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more,

F

Ain't -a gonna grieve my Lord no more

C

F

Ain't -a gonna grieve my Lord no more.

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You can't get to heaven, on roller skates,

'Cause you'll roll right by, those pearly gates.

(chorus)

You can't get to heaven, In a rocking chair,

'Cause a rocking chair, don't go nowhere.

(chorus)

You can't get to heaven, In a rocking chair, 'Cause a rocking chair, Don't go nowhere.

You can't get to heaven, In a limousine, 'Cause the lord don't sell No gasoline.

If you get to Heaven before I do, Just drill a hole and pull me through.

If I get to Heaven before you do, I'll plug that hole with shavings and glue.

You can't get to Heaven with powder and paint, It makes you look like what you ain't.

"That's all there is, there ain't no more," Saint Peter said as he closed the door.