**Cut A Rug In Heaven**

 G

In our younger days we used to go out dancing,

 D

Shaking our shoes on a Saturday night

 C

Then when we got safe we thought it was chancy

G D

Hangin’ out at the honky tonks, well it didn’t seem right

But when I hear that gospel music playing,

Something happens deep down inside of my soul

When the spirit of the Lord is a-moving

Well it floods right down at the end of my feet and he takes control

**C G**

**I can’t wait to cut a rug in heaven.**

**C D**

**Surely they must do the western swing**

**C G C**

**I can hear those angel fiddles playing,**

**G D G**

**dancing around the throne of the King of Kings**

|C . . . | G. . . .|. . . . |D. . . |G . . . |

I don’t think that we could even imagine,

dancing in a body that never grows tired

In a world with no sorrow, only laughin’

and the place lit up continually by the Holy Ghost fire

**CHORUS (twice)**

**Dancing around the throne of the King of Kings**

**Dancing around the throne of the King of Kings**