

# Big White Gate

## Grace Potter & The Nocturnals

My body's aching from laying in this bed  
I went singing in the rain and the cold got to my head  
I don't know who's paying, I just know what the doctor said  
84 years of a sinning life and in the morning I'll be dead, oh yeah I had three daughters, a new man for every one  
And the only man that I ever loved left me with my only son  
I was a no good mother, I was a no good wife  
There's only one thing that I did right in this godforsaken life So Saint Peter, won't you open up the big white  
gate  
Cause I heard about forgiveness and I hope it ain't too late  
No, I ain't no holy roller but you go tell your King  
That all the folks up in heaven might like to hear me sing I sang to my children before they strayed so far  
I sang for my lover or a nickel in a tip jar  
I never knew Jesus, I never read the Good Book  
But on my day of dying I'm giving life a second look Saint Peter, won't you open up the big white gate  
Cause I heard about forgiveness and I hope it ain't too late  
No, I ain't no holy roller but you go tell your King  
That all the folks up in heaven might like to hear me sing, yes, they would It's coming on time now and my  
body's getting cold  
I've got no will, I've got no prayer, my story's all been told  
I'm ready for the land of fire but I'd love to see the land of gold  
So nurse bring me my guitar, one more song before I go Saint Peter, won't you open up the big white gate  
Cause I heard about forgiveness and I'm hoping that it ain't too late  
No, I ain't no holy roller but you go tell your King  
That all the folks up in heaven might like to hear me sing  
All the folks up in heaven might like to hear me

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