

# At The Gate

Blaine Larsen

Will it be my Uncle Ronnie, I barely knew him when he left  
He was only nineteen when he crashed that red Corvette  
Will it be my great grandmother with some cookies that she baked  
Oh, I wonder who's gonna greet me at the gate  
Will it be my goodfriend Matthew who spent his life in a chair  
Will he coming running to me the day I get up there  
Or that bully back in high school I told my Mama that I hate  
Oh, I wonder who's gonna greet me at the gate  
Will it be a choir of Angels with some heavenly refrain  
Or Saint Peter like I've always heard with his big book of names  
Will it be my old dog, Bailey, who died when I was eight  
Oh, I wonder who's gonna greet me at the gate

[Instrumental Interlude] I pray it's not my wife, my daughter or my son  
Cause that would mean the good Lord took em before my time was done  
Tonight, they're all sound asleep as I lie here wide awake  
And I wonder who's gonna greet me at the gate  
We're brought into this world with God only knows how many years  
We crawl, we walk, we run, we dance  
We cry a million tears  
And in a flash our lives are over  
And we're face to face with fate  
Oh, I wonder who's gonna greet me at the gate  
Who's gonna greet me at the gate

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