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 gateWill 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 gateWill 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 gateWe'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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