

The Gate

Ian Munsick

Alright, Ian, go get the gate

Green thermos full of coffee on a fence
He takes a sip and I see his breath
Morning dew, walking in his steps like I always do
The horses need turning and the cows need fed
Square bales need a Chevy bed
I was dog tired and dripping sweat, hardly even started yet

I looked at him, said, "Dad, how do you do it?"
He looked at me, said, "Son, there ain't much to it

Just leave the gate the way you found it
If there's a mountain, don't go around it
'Cause you gotta climb if you're ever gonna touch the sky
Hold the door for your lady
'Cause one day, she'll have your babies
It's a wild ride, hold 'em tight while you still have time
And, man, give everything you can so you have an empty hand to shake
When you get to the gate"

We drove through it and he let me steer
He said, "I've never been, but from what I hear
They got the same fields of gold up there that we got down here
That's why we treat this land like our own piece of Heaven
Pray for the rain and we count every blessing
Every day is a gift with a lesson, trust me when I say

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"Most folks don't live life like this these days
Son, it's up to us to carry on the cowboy way

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Okay, Crawford, get the gate for me
Okay, Daddy