

# Open The Gate

Zach Bryan

Well I heard you died out in Cheyenne  
With my mother's ring on your hand  
A note in your pocket  
Said "I'll love you till I die"  
I can hear the bulls are coming  
To claim what they've been hunting  
The son of a cowboy  
Came to claim his daddy's right

And my baby, she's been crying  
At the thought of me dying  
She knows there's no stopping  
A man and his foolish pride

So open the gates  
I'm here to prove  
I'm better than my father was  
And where he came from too  
Open the gates  
I'm here to ride  
To Hell I Go  
With daddy by my side

And I ain't never feared nothing  
That was four-legged and bucking  
Throw me on a hurricane  
And I'll ride it to the coast  
You'll never know that your son  
Came to do what you should've done  
On a summer day a long time ago  
Top a bull named To Hell I Go

So open the gates  
I'm here to prove  
I'm better than my father was  
And where he came from too  
Open the gates  
I'm here to ride  
To Hell I Go  
With daddy by my side

Well I died out in Cheyenne  
With my baby there crying  
And a belly that's been growing  
By the day  
And I know that my son  
Will do what his father should've done  
A long, long time ago  
On a bull named "To Hell I Go"

So open the gates  
He's here to prove  
He's better than his father was  
And where he came from too  
Open the gates  
He's here to ride  
To Hell I Go's calf

With daddy by his side