

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