

Big White Gate

Grace Potter and the Nocturnals

Song is played guitar tuned to open E (E,B,E,g#,b,e) for slide parts, but can be played tuned normaly.

My favorite GPN song. Alot of soul put into it. Hope you enjoy.

Verses:

E (Hammer on the A note on g string)

My body s acing from laying in this bed

I went singing in the rain and the cold got to my head

I don t know who s paying i just know what the doctor said

84 years of a sinning life and in the morning i ll be dead

Dbm B6 E

E (Hammer on the A note on g string)(play A chord instead of the A note as intensity increases or use slide to slide down to A Chord)

I had three daughters

A new man for every one

The only man that i ever loved

Left me with my only son

E **A**

I was a no good mother

E **A**

I was a no good wife

E **A**

There s only one thing that i did right in this godforsaken life

Chorus:

Dbm **B6** **A**

Saint peter won t you open up the big white gate

Dbm **B6** **A**

Cause i heard about forgiveness and i hope it ain t too late

Dbm **B6** **A**

I ain t no holy roller but you go tell your king

D **A**
That all the folks up in heaven might like to hear me sing

Same as Verse 1 and Chorus 1

I sang to my children

Before they strayed so far

I sang for my lovers

Or a nickel in a tip jar

I never knew jesus

I never read the good book
But on my day of dying
I m giving life a second look

Saint peter won t you open up the big white gate
Cause i heard about forgiveness and i hope it ain t too late
I ain t no holy roller but you go tell your king
That all the folks up in heaven might like to hear me sing

Slide Guitar solo: Played over chorus progression in B

It s coming on time now
My body s getting cold
I ve got no will i ve got no prayer
My story s all been told
I m ready for the land of fire
But i d love to see the land of gold
So nurse bring me my guitar
One more song before i go

Saint peter won t you open up the big white gate
Cause i heard about forgiveness and i hope it ain t too late
I ain t no holy roller but you go tell your king
That all the folks up in heaven might like to hear me sing

Pretty much it.