

George Strait, You'll Be There

Hope is an anchor
And love is a ship
Time is the ocean
And life is a trip
You don't know where you're goin'
'Til you know where your at
And if you can't read the stars
Well, you'd better have a map
A compass and a compass
So you don't get lost at sea
Lonesome old lonely island
Where no one wants to be

From the beginning of creation
I think our maker had a plan
For us to leave these shores
And sail beyond the sand
And let the good light guide us
To the waves and the wind
To the beaches in a world
Where we've never been
And we'll climb upon the mountain y'all
We'll let our voices ring
And those who've never tried it
They'll be the first to sing

Oh, my, my
I'll see you on the other side
If I make it
And it might be a long hard ride
But I'm gonna take it
Sometime it seems that I don't have a prayer
Let the weather take me anywhere
But I know that I want to go
The streets are gold 'cause you'll be there
Oh, my, my

You don't bring nothin' with you here
And you can't take nothin' back
I ain't never seen a hearse with a luggage rack
So I've torn my knees a-prayin'
Scared my back from fallin' down
Spent so much time flyin' high
'Til I'm face first in the ground
So if you're up there watchin' me
Would you talk to God and say
Tell him I might need a hand
To see you both someday

Oh, my, my
So, I'll see you on the other side
If I make it
And it may be a long hard ride
But I want to take it
Sometime it seems that I don't have a prayer
Let the weather take me anywhere
But I know that I want to go
Where the streets are gold
'Cause you'll be there (you'll be there)
Oh, my, my
'Cause you'll be there (you'll be there)
Oh, my, my