

Charlie Parr "Where You Gonna Be"

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Where you gonna be when the Good Lord calls you home?

Sittin' at your desk, brother, sittin on a throne?

Recallin' all the ramblings of last night's fun gone wrong?

Where you gonna be when the Good Lord calls you home?

Where you gonna be when your name comes to the top?

Make up an excuse and tell it to the cop

Nobody gonna listen to you sittin' in iron stocks.

Tell me, where you gonna be when your name comes to the top?

Well, where you gonna be when horsemen ride you down?

Closin' on the land of a farmer who is down?

Jackin' up the rent of the single bar downtown?

Tell me, where you gonna be when horsemen ride you down?

How you gonna react to the movin' hand of God?

Tremble in your boots with your face down in the sod?

You gonna run like Hell, brother, and hope you don't get caught?

Tell me, how you gonna react to the movin' hand of God?

Will your feet be in the sand when Jesus knocks upon the door?

Dreams will wash away when you crash on through the floor?

Only try and hold on to whatever stand no more.

Will your feet be in the sand when Jesus knocks upon your door?

Will you be ready at the fountain for the Lamb of God to call?

Will you be ready, when what you thought was mighty starts to fall?

You can call upon your name, well, your family and all.

Will you be ready at the fountain for the Lamb of God
to call?

Where you gonna be when the Good Lord calls you
home?
Sittin' at your desk, brother, sittin on a throne?
Maybe callin' up the ramblings of last night's fun gone
wrong?
Where you gonna be when the Good Lord calls you
home?

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