**Go Fly High On That Mountain**

By Vince Gill

I know your life on earth was troubled  
And only you could know the pain  
You weren't afraid to face the devil  
You were no stranger to the rain  
  
Go rest high on that mountain  
Son your work on earth is done  
Go to heaven a-shoutin'  
Look for the Father and the Son  
  
Oh, how we cried the day you left us  
We gathered round your grave to grieve  
Wish I could see the angels' faces  
When they hear your sweet voice sing  
  
Go rest high on that mountain  
Son, your work on earth is done  
Go to heaven a-shoutin'  
Look for the Father and the Son.  
  
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Go to heaven a-shoutin'  
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