

# The Door

George Jones

Heard the sound of my dear old mama crying  
And the sound of the train that took me off to war  
And the awful sound of a thousand bombs exploding  
And I wondered if I could take it anymore

There were times when they almost drove me crazy  
But I did my best, I took it like a man  
And who would think in my lonely room I'd hear it  
The one sound in the world my heart can't stand

To hear that sound and to know its really over  
Through tear stained eyes I watched her walk away  
And of earthquakes, storms and guns and war  
Lord nothing has ever hurt me more than that lonely sound  
The closing of the door

And of earthquakes, storms and guns and war  
Lord nothing ever hurt me more than that lonely sound  
The closing of the door