

Door, The

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Written by B. Sherrill/N. Wilson

Intro:

I've heard the sound of my dear old mama crying
And the sound of the train that took me off to war
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 and took it like a man
And who would think in my lonely room = '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

(Key change to G#)

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Lord nothing ever hurt me more than that lonely sound
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