

(Tim Mensy/Shawn Camp)

Door knob in one hand
Suitcase in the other
And I don't love you rollin' off her tongue
Words ripped right through me
Tore a hole in my heart
Could've hurt me a lot less with a gun
She nearly knocked the wall down, slammin' that ol' door
Now the silence is more deadly than the violence of the storm

I've seen a coyote howlin'
Cryin' for his mate
I've made a home with hobos
In the boxcar of a train
I've heard that famous whippoorwill
And felt the north wind blow
But there ain't nothin' quite as lonesome
As this side of the door
This side of the door

Me and ol' Jack Daniels
Been in this chair for days
And we 'bout rocked a hole in this old floor
Got a pocket full of bullets
A hair trigger .38
I'm gonna put some daylight through that door
I will burn this house down, before I go insane
Use that rockin' chair for kindling, watch that door go up in flames

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