

Rodney Crowell, That Ol' Door

WRITER RODNEY CROWELL

We moved into a house in Tennessee
From the California desert where we did not wanna be
Where the grass was high and the rivers green the sky was always blue
It was 1982 the world was still brand new
Oh the front door to that house was very strong
As long as we were living there I knew nothing could go wrong
So we had our kids we made our lives work out the best we could
Behind that ol' piece of wood in a world we understood
That ol' door was always open that ol' door was never closed
That ol' door was our protection when the need arose
That ol' door was ever faithul that ol' door was ever strong
That ol' door was there to open up and welcome me back home
Welcome me back home
We never knew how good we get it there
So we went right on living like we didn't have a care
And when the only thing that mattered didn't matter after all
And the writin' on the wall said we're headed for a fall
That ol' door was always open that ol' door was standing guard
That ol' door was there to witness when the times were hard
That ol' door was ever faithul that ol' door was in our bones
That ol' door was there to open up and welcome me back home
Sometimes when the leaves blow down the track
Something deep inside of me bring all those mem'ries back
And that door comes round to haunt me with those chiseled marks that show
Just how much a kid can grow in a world still moving slow
That ol' door was always open...
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