

# Chesnutt Mark, This Side Of The Door

Chesnutt Mark

Miscellaneous

This Side Of The Door

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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