

# Reba McEntire, The Stairs

(Pamela Brown/David Roberts)

She looks at the clock, it's a quarter past nine.  
She hears his car as he pulls in the drive.  
Dinner's still waiting from hours before.  
She knows he's been drinking when he walks through the door.  
In anger he strikes out and she starts to cry.  
How much more can she take, how much more can she lie.

And she fell down the stair again.  
But it hasn't happened since she don't know when.  
Was it in spring when she packed up the kids, or maybe in winter with his job on the skids.  
Oh but just like before she'll have to pretend that she fell down the stairs again.

A short time ago, she started a job, serving chicken fried steak and corn on the cob.  
She started out shy, but she ended up sure, that a ticket to anywhere could be the cure.  
But he couldn't handle her change for the better.  
She tried to leave him, but he wouldn't let her.  
He says he's sorry, he'd never mean it.  
He swears it won't happen again.  
But she's so confused, she wants to believe it.  
She just wants this nightmare to end.

And she fell down the stair again.  
But it hasn't happened since she don't know when.  
Was it in spring when she packed up the kids, or maybe in winter with his job on the skids.  
Oh but just like before she'll have to pretend that she fell down the stairs again.