

Moving Oleta

Reba McEntire

Moving Oleta was the hardest thing he'd done
The nurses saw an old woman cryin'
But he saw the love of his life
She don't know where she is
But she knows this isn't home
Love is a hard, hard road

He met her in the summer of '37
in a brush arbor down on the Rush Creek shore
He loved her black hair and the mischief in her smile
But she won him with her eyes

All the years and children gone,
he still sees her the same
Love is a hard, hard road

He woke up each morning and drove into town
He stayed all day till her dinner came
Then he took her to a room, leaned on her wheelchair like a wal
ker
Covered her with a quilt she'd made
Only God and a couple of nurses helped the old man shoulder the
load
Love is a hard, hard road

He said "They tell me this is all that's left,
Say this hell on Earth is best,
I lost all those reasons and I still don't understand"
He cursed his body old and weak
Tears of failure burned his cheeks
He said "Oh, don't you know I prayed to die before this day"
Love is a hard, hard road

There's a shadow much darker than the valley of death
When you fear the reaper night not come today
The line 'em up in Laz-E-Boys out in the sunroom
The TV keeps the quiet away
She can't recall his name and she's the only love he's known
Love is a hard, hard road
Love is a hard, hard road
Moving Oleta was the hardest thing he'd done.