

Reba McEntire, Moving Oleta

(Barry Dean)

Moving Oleta was the hardest thing he'd done
The nurse's saw an old woman crying, 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 harbor 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 grow
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 her room, leaned on her wheelchair like a walker
And covered her with a quilt that she made
Only God and a couple of nurses helped the old man shoulder the road
Love is a hard, hard road

And he said
They tell me this is all that's left
Say this hell on earth is best
I list all those reasons and I still don't understand it
He cursed his body old and weak
Tears of failure burned his cheek
And 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 might not come today
They line 'em up in La-z-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 road

Moving Oleta was the hardest thing he'd done