

## **Mark Chesnutt**

### **"This Side Of The Door"**

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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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