

Reba McEntire "Moving Oleta"

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Moving Oleta

Was the hardest thing he'd done
The nurses 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 load
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"
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

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