

# 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 roadHe 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 eyesAll the years and children gone,  
he still sees her the same  
Love is a hard, hard roadHe 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 walker  
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 roadHe 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 roadThere'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.

Songwriters

DEAN, BARRY GEORGEPublished by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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