

There's the Door

George Jones

I wandered in 'round midnight like I've done so many times
She was sittin' at the table, there were no tears in her eyes
It seemed so much unlike her to be so much at ease
She took a sip of coffee and softly said to me "There's the mantle where we keep our wedding picture
There's the bedroom where we make both love and war
And there's the ring that keeps on slipping off your finger
There's no reason we should go on anymore and there's the door" So I'm back here on this bar stool, my whole
world gone to hell
Behind the bottles there's a mirror where a fool can see himself
If I was the man I should be and not the one I am
I would go back there this minute and beg for one more chance There's the jukebox where I wasted all those
quarters
Oh, there's a lady trying to get me out on the floor
And there's a chance the one I love would still forgive me
It's a step that I just never took before
And there's the door, and there's the door

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