

Ghost in this Guitar

Keith Urban

Down the drain pipe cross the yard and through the fence
I risked a whoopin' every time I went
'Cause white boys weren't allowed
On the colored side of town
But I was proud to call
That old black man my friend
He had a pillow by the bed he used to pray on
And a beat up old guitar he let me play on
I knew where my fingers went
From his greasy fingerprints
Yeah, he was passin' on
What was handed down to him

And it soaked up all the blood and sweat and teardrops
And the beers he missed in smokey little bars
And sometimes that old man he comes alive in my hands
I feel the beating of his sad old broken heart
Just like there's a ghost in this guitar
A ghost in this guitar

Well, the night before he died he made me take it
He said, "You play it now, 'cause I gotta go"
And I can feel him in my fingers when I play it
'Cause sometimes I'm in control
And sometimes I just sit back
And let him go
Sit back and let him go

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Take a listen to the ghost in this guitar