

Ghost Of A Chance

Rhonda Vincent

He lies all alone in his bed
He thinks of the weekend they met
His ol' heart will never forget
Their world when romance

He'd answer if someone should ask
That somehow she slipt through his grasp
His future is linked to the past
By the ghost of a chance

He hears her voice as she enters the room
She offers her soft hand to him in the light of the moon
He holds her close, they sway to the tune
For a while he is lost in the dance with a ghost of a chance

He's moved by the gown that she wears
And the single red rose in her hair
In his mind he places it there
All over again

These moments in time hold him fast
These memories out of his past
Won't die as long as he has
The ghost of a chance

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