

The Nightingale

Trisha Yearwood

Yesterday I thought that I walked alone
And that love was just a memory
But a nightingale followed me back home
And my love was waiting there for me

I had lost my faith as lovers often do
When the storm clouds gather overhead
But the nightingale sang a note so true
That I knew I'd lost my fear instead

And to think that I said love was for fools
And that time would never heal these old wounds
But the nightingale saved a prayer for me
In the twilight he played a faithful tune

I have heard the lark over in the vale
And I've heard the lonesome whippoorwill
But the sweetest song is the nightingale's
And I know I'll never get my fill