

The Ghost

Willie Nelson

The silence is unusually loud tonight,
The strange sound of nothing fills my ears.
Then night rushes in like a crowd of nights,
And the ghost of our old love appears.

This strange world of darkness,
That comes with the night,
Grows darker when it walks my way.
Then it laughs while I listen for the breakin' of day,
An' the ghost of our old love goes away.