George Jones "The Ghost Of Another Man"

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He's living in that big old house That he knows was built by me He's playing with the baby That belongs to her and me.

At night he loves a woman
That was held by these two hands
It must be leaving hell to live
With a ghost of another man.

My name is in the side walk
Outside the patio
He can't help but see what's too dare in me?
Everywhere he goes.

He gladly walked through heaven To forget what he can't stand It must be leaving hell to live With a ghost of another man.

Surely, I must haunt him When they turn out the lights I'm right there in the bedroom With him and her each night.

And he wonders if he just loved her Aw, as good as I loved her back then It must be a livin' hell to live With a ghost of another man.

It must be a livin' hell to live With a ghost of another man...

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