

Keith Urban "Ghost In This Guitar"

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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.

Chorus:
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.

Chorus:
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
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Take a listen to the ghost in this guitar...

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