

Loretta Lynn, This Haunted House

(Oliver Doolittle)

I watched you leave that's how I know you're gone
But this heart of mine keeps telling me I'm wrong
I see your face before me every night
In this haunted house when I turn off the light
Sometimes I hear you walk across the floor
And my arms reach out to hold you like before
I live for all the things we used to do
In this haunted house I filled with love for you
This haunted house I'm living in is killing me
And the ghost of your love won't set me free
Each morning finds me crying and alone
In this haunted house we used to call our home
Each morning finds me crying...