

# 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...