

Rhonda Vincent, Ghost Of A Chance

He lies all alone in his bed,
He thinks of the weekend they met,
His Ol heart will never forget
their world when romance.
He'd answer if someone should ask,
that somehow she slipt through his grasp. His future is linked to the past by the ghost of a chance.

(chorus)

He hears her voice as she enters the room. She offers her soft hand to him in the light of the moon
He holds her close, they sway to the tune. For a while he is lost in the dance with a ghost of a char

He's moved by the gown that she wears,
and the single red rose in her hair.
In his mind he places it there all over again. These moments in time hold him fast these memories

(repeat chorus)

For a while he is lost in the dance,
with a ghost of a chance.