

# Trisha Yearwood, The Nightingale

Yesterday I thought that I walked alone  
And that love was just a memory  
But a nightingale followed me back home  
And my love was waiting there for me

I had lost my faith as lovers often do  
When the storm clouds gather overhead  
But the nightingale sang a note so true  
That I knew I'd lost my fear instead

And to think that I said love was for fools  
And that time would never heal these old wounds  
But the nightingale saved a prayer for me  
In the twilight he played a faithful tune

I have heard the lark over in the vale  
And I've heard the lonesome whippoorwill  
But the sweetest song is the nightingale's  
And I know I'll never get my fill