

# The Ghost of Another Man

[George Jones](#)

He's living in that big old house that he knows was built by me  
He's playing with the baby that belongs to her and me  
At night he loves a woman that was held by these two hands  
It must be a living hell to live with the ghost of another man  
My name is in the side wall out by the bedroom  
He can't help but see what's still there with me everywhere he goes  
He gladly walked through heaven back to forget what he can't stand  
It must be a living hell to live with the ghost of another man  
Surely I must haunt him when they turn out the  
lights  
I'm right there in the bedroom with hand in her each night  
And he wonders if he just loved her, oh as good as I loved her then  
It must be a living hell to live with the ghost of another man  
Oh it must be a living hell to live with the ghost of another man

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