

# Ghost In His Guitar

**Keith Urban**

Down the drain pipe 'cross the yard and through the fence  
I risked a whoopin' every time I went  
'Cause white boys weren't allowed on the colored side of town  
But I was proud to call that old black man my friend  
He had a pillow by the bed he used to pray on  
And a beat up old guitar he let me play on  
And I knew where my fingers went from his greasy fingerprints  
Yeah, he was passin' on what was handed down to him  
And it soaked up all the blood and sweat and teardrops  
And the beers he missed in smoky little bars  
And sometimes that old man he comes alive in my hands  
I feel the beating of his sad old broken heart  
Just like there's a ghost in this guitar, a ghost in this guitar

Well, the night before he died he made me take it  
Well he said, "You play it now, 'cause I gotta go"  
And I can feel him in my fingers when I play it  
'Cause sometimes I'm in control and sometimes I just sit back  
And let him go, I sit back and let him go  
And it soaked up all the blood and sweat and teardrops  
And the beers he missed in smoky little bars  
And sometimes that old man he comes alive in my hands  
I feel the beating of his sad old broken heart  
Just like there's a ghost in this guitar, a ghost in this guitar  
Take a listen to the ghost in this guitar

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