

Ron Sexsmith, At Different Times

In the midst of all this welcome change
I can hardly wait
Oh, to welcome all that was estranged
To my life again

I thought I was on my own
At different times
Just a voice on a cold pay phone
At different times

One grey morning, one of many grey mornings
Always turning up without warning
One grey morning, one of many dream orphans Now I'm taken by these thoughts of ho
We found you and I
In the midst of it all, in a northern town
Between the earth and sky

These thoughts of you come around
At different times
We watch as the sun goes down
At different times
At different times

I've been tempted by these open doors
You turned and I was gone
Now I pray that I was spoken for
In my absence, in my song

I thought I was on my own
At different times
Like a stranger in my own home
At different times
At different times