

# 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