

# Ron Sexsmith, Dragonfly On Bay Street

Used to work as a messenger  
Spent my days riding elevators  
In the heart of the business world  
Till one day there came a sign  
In the form of a  
Dragonfly on Bay Street

Buzzin' round from tower to tower  
At the twilight of the working hour  
Had he taken a wrong turn?  
Was he lost without a trace?  
Just like us?  
Dragonfly on Bay Street

In the crowd without a face  
Dragonfly on Bay Street

No fields for miles around  
As through the underground I go  
What was it telling me?  
It's better to be free?  
Or maybe nothing at all...

Now I work in another field  
Spend my time keeping my eyes peeled  
For a sign that'll lead me home  
Cause Lord I feel so out of place  
Just like that  
Dragonfly on Bay Street

Now I work in another field  
Spend my time keeping my eyes peeled  
For a sign that'll lead me home  
Cause Lord I feel so out of place  
Just like that  
Dragonfly on Bay Street

I'm lost without a trace  
Dragonfly on Bay Street

In the crowd without a face  
Dragonfly on Bay Street

Its all or nothing at all