

# Ron Sexsmith, Reacquainted

Reacquainted  
With the sun above  
And songs of love  
That we used to sing  
Takes the past out of the years  
And sets 'em here  
All these handmade heartfelt souvenirs  
Reacquainted  
With my homeward dove  
At this moment of my wandering  
It puts the joy back in the tears  
As they reappear  
All these handmade heartfelt souvenirs  
Oh and why has it been  
So long a time since we were one?  
Oh and why have these strings laid  
So long inside?  
When there were songs to be sung  
Reacquainted  
With the sun above  
And songs of love  
That we used to sing  
Puts the joy back in the tears  
As they reappear  
All these handmade heartfelt souvenirs