

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