

Ron Sexsmith, Some Dusty Things

The world is a very small place
And before we know
Were back in our own space
Some dusty things to remind us all
Of our time on earth
How sweet and precious it was and how
We will never be the same

For love is a very small word
Its easy to say
But seldom is heart
Above the war that lives on and one
In the hearts of men
How sweet and precious it was but now
Can it ever be that way again?

Have no fear
If were nearing the end
Well just drink to old friends

The world is a very hard place
When lost in a crowd
We search for a kind face
Some trusting soul to confide in
Arms we can hide into
Some sweet sad face from a passing train
We may never see again

Some dusty things to remind us all
Of our time on earth
How sweet and precious it was and how
We will never be the same