Ron Sexsmith, Diana Sweets

Down St.Paul there is a gaping hole
Where once my Diana used to be
But summer's faded into autumn
Gone with all her golden opportunities...
I was sipping on a soda
Once with my Uncle George
He said he'd take me if I was a good boy
That was long ago
A door forever closed
Still in my mind I see Diana Sweets
And the sweet sweet summers I've known
Sweet summers now long gone
When everything seems to be wrong...
Diana
From Western Hill cut to my window sill
In some hotel near Krefield Germany
Am I doomed to wander every back road
Of my mind for all eternity?
Why do I keep on knocking
When there's nobody home
And calling where no one can pick up the phone?
For sentimental reasons
I keep on believing
In some faded dream of Diana Sweets
And the sweet sweet summmers I've known
Sweet summers now long gone
Diana where have you gone?
Diana....
Why do we keep on knocking when there's nobody home
And calling where no one can pick up the phone?
For sentimental reasons
I'll keep on believing
In some faded dream of Diana Sweets