

# Ron Sexsmith, Galbraith Street

I woke up on Galbraith Street  
Where the houses stood like twins  
Oh and even though the door's been closed  
I can find a way to get back in

For in daydreams my mind returns  
Like a ghost upon the hill  
As I knock upon old doors again  
And find my friends all live there still

So many good times to speak of in a life  
But none compared to the good times I had there

The world looks so much brighter when  
You believe in every word  
Now I'm holding on to all those years  
Like a tear before it falls unheard

So many goodbyes to speak of in a life  
But none compared to the goodbyes I said there

The sun went down on Galbraith Street  
I saw it from my childhood bed  
As the red and gold brick houses stood  
Underneath a crimson sky that bled