

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