

# Ron Sexsmith, One Grey Morning

You can count on many things  
To let you down  
You can take you plans  
And stick em six feet underground  
But wouldnt your time be better spent  
On days to come?  
Not the ones that went  
And left you on a doorstep one grey morning

Theres a rumour and everybodys so convinced  
But you dont believe your eyes have seen no evidence  
Of any good left in this town  
Of any need to be hanging around  
But youll leave the sun behind you one grey morning

One grey morning, one of many grey mornings  
Always turning up without warning  
One grey morning, one of many dream orphans

You follow up on all the leads  
That lead nowhere  
Trying to recognize  
The need inside that led you there  
Youll either listen to your heart  
Or go drown it out in a noisy bar  
Til youre overcome by the silence one grey morning

One grey morning  
Like today  
Wouldnt your time be better spent  
On days to come?  
Not the ones that went  
And left you on a doorstep one grey morning

One grey morning  
Like today