

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