

Ron Sexsmith

"Galbraith Street"

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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
Saw it from my childhood bed
As the red and gold brick houses stood
Underneath a crimson sky that bled

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