

Ron Sexsmith

"Ghost of a Chance"

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with the graceful and grotesque the morning rings
hear the garbage truck roll by hear the birds begin to
sing
their song of love and praise and may their happy
sound
be strong enough to raise our spirits off the ground
or love don't stand a ghost of a chance

i'm on the trail of a storm and everywhere i look
appear the ones that life has torn like pages from a
book
left to soldier on no shoulder for to lean
i'd be lost without a song but if your love wasn't there
for me
i just wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance

from where i sit there's too many eyes crying tears
too many lives living in fear wondering where their
sweet dreams have all gone
too many hands stirring the pot in a land
of haves and have nots all wondering why it's all gone
wrong

now as the ballet and burlesque commence to play
give to me the strength to act and not look the other
way
for there's a war outside can't take it lying down
got to look it in the eye we've got to stand our ground
or love don't stand a ghost of a chance

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