

Ron Sexsmith

"On A Whim"

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At times I'm saddled by this nagging doubt
And the light so dim
Through this confusion my heart goes traveling
On a whim

It's a cold and rainy day but it feels so right
To be out on a limb
It's where I go when my hope's unraveling
On a whim, on a whim

And I find myself in the middle of something
When I thought I was going nowhere fast, this is how it
all begins
Must be the place where my faith comes in
On a whim, on a whim

At times I'm saddled by this nagging doubt
Though the odds are so slim
I take my chances when love comes traveling
On a whim, on a whim, on a whim

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