

Ron Sexsmith

"Some Dusty Things"

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The world is a very small place
And before we know
We're back in our own space

Some dusty things to remind us
All of our time on earth
How sweet and precious it was
And how we will never be the same

For love is a very small word
It's easy to say but seldom is heard
Above the war that lives on
And on in the hearts of men
How sweet and precious it was
But now can it ever be that way again?

Have no fear
If we're nearing the end
We'll just drink to old friends

The world is a very hard place
When lost in a crowd
We search for a kind face
Some trusting soul to confide
In arms we can hide into
Some sweet sad face from a passing train
We may never see again

Some dusty things to remind us
All of our time on earth
How sweet and precious it was
And how we will never be the same

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