

# On A Whim

[Ron Sexsmith](#)

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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