

Everytime I Follow

Ron Sexsmith

In my drifting memory
There's a shooting star
It fell before me
So close and yet so far
Every now and then
I wonder where you are
To quell my lonely
And disillusioned heart
The blues are calling me
Oh, every time I follow
A tearful memory
Oh, every time I follow
But in the midst of emptiness
You fill my heart
With love and music
And tell me where to start
Every now and then
The clouds begin to part
And I see the beauty
In song and shooting stars
The music's calling me
Oh, every time I follow
I hear this melody
Oh, every time I follow

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