Before the Light Is Gone

Ron Sexsmith

Well I'd better get myself out
Every morning brings another song
With a melody to develop
Morning, before the light is gone
I hear on the bustling sidewalk
Better keep on with my keeping on
If I am on a bus that's piled up
Working till the light is goneStreet car rolling
And the people on
For me I was scrawling
With a head full of songsI feel like a fainting flower
Dreaming of when we were young
Trying to fill every waking hour with meaning before the light is goneThe rain kept falling
A weekend long
Me I was scrawling
With a head full of songs

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SEXSMITH, RONPublished by
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