

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