

Ghost Of A Chance

Ron Sexsmith

With the graceful and grotesque the morning rings
Hear the garbage truck roll by
Hear the birds begin to sing
Their song of love and praise
And may their happy sound
Be strong enough to raise
Our spirits off the ground
Or love don't stand a ghost of a chance

I'm on the trail of a storm and everywhere I look
Appear the ones that life has torn
Like pages from a book
Left to soldier on
No shoulder for to lean I'd be lost without a song
But if your love wasn't there for me
I just wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance

From where I sit
There's too many eyes crying tears
Too many lives living in fear
Wondering where their sweet dreams have all gone
Too many hands stirring the pot In a land of haves and have-
nots All wondering why it's all gone wrong

Now as the ballet and burlesque commence to play
Give to me the strength to act
And not look the other way
For there's a war outside
Can't take it lying down
Got to look it in the eye
We've got to stand our ground
Or love don't stand a ghost of a chance
Love don't stand a ghost of a chance