

## Diana Sweets

Ron Sexsmith

Diana Sweets

Down St.Paul there is a gaping hole  
Where once my Diana used to be  
But summer's faded into autumn  
Gone with all her golden opportunities...  
I was sipping on a soda  
Once with my Uncle George  
He said he'd take me if I was a good boy  
That was long ago  
A door forever closed  
Still in my mind I see Diana Sweets  
And the sweet sweet summers I've known  
Sweet summers now long gone  
When everything seems to be wrong...  
Diana  
From Western Hill cut to my window sill  
In some hotel near Krefield Germany  
Am I doomed to wander every back road  
Of my mind for all eternity?  
Why do I keep on knocking  
When there's nobody home  
And calling where no one can pick up the phone?  
For sentimental reasons  
I keep on believing  
In some faded dream of Diana Sweets  
And the sweet sweet summmers I've known  
Sweet summers now long gone  
Diana where have you gone?  
Diana....  
Why do we keep on knocking when there's nobody home  
And calling where no one can pick up the phone?  
For sentimental reasons  
I'll keep on believing  
In some faded dream of Diana Sweets