

Dragonfly On Bay Street

Ron Sexsmith

Used to work as a messenger
Spent my days riding elevators
In the heart of the business world
Till one day there came a sign

In the form of a
Dragonfly on Bay Street

Buzzing round from tower to tower
At the twilight of the working hour
Had he taken a wrong turn?
Was he lost without a trace?

Just like us
Dragonfly on Bay Street

In the crowd without a face
Dragonfly on Bay Street

No fields for miles around
As through the underground I go
What was it telling me?
It's better to be free or maybe nothing at all

Now I work in another field
Spend my time keeping my eyes peeled
For a sign that'll lead me home
'Cause Lord, I feel so out of place

Just like that
Dragonfly on Bay Street

I'm lost without a trace
Dragonfly on Bay Street
In the crowd without a face
Dragonfly on Bay Street
It's all or nothing at all

I'm lost without a trace
Dragonfly on Bay Street
In the crowd without a face
Dragonfly on Bay Street

I'm lost without a trace
Dragonfly on Bay Street
In the crowd without a face
Dragonfly on Bay Street