

Dan Fogelberg, Comes & Goes

The woman's like the night
She comes and goes
She breaks my heart each day
And never knows,
And the time I spend in sorrow
Will match the time I live
And the time that's left is
All I have to give.

The woman's like an ivy on a pole
She wraps her twisted love around my soul

There will come a sudden winter
When she'll seek the warmth of day
And there'll come a time when she will come to stay.

The woman's like the tide
She comes and goes
She knows the things that I can just suppose.
And the time I spend in sorrow
Will match the time that she laughs
And the songs I sing cannot explain but half.