

Dan Fogelberg, Drawing Pictures

Paper people in a raging fire
Trying to keep the cold away
Talking tangled in a thorny briar
Lost with nothing left to say
Always racing for the night to hide us
Never listening to the love inside us
No one ever told us we were wrong
No one said when love is weak
It may be getting strong
She searched for a shoulder
And mine was gone
Drawing pictures in the sand
Trying to tease the time to stay
Wishing water never met the land
To wash the dreams away
Taking turns at being friends and lovers
Hearing what we both believe from others
No one ever told us we were wrong
No one said when love is weak
It may be getting strong
She searched for a shoulder
And mine was gone