

Dan Fogelberg, The Sand & The Foam

Dawn...like an angel
Lights on the step
Muting the morning she heralds
Dew on the grass
Like the tears the night wept
Gone long before
The day wears old.

Times stills the singing
A child holds so dear
And I'm just beginning to hear
Gone are the pathways
The child followed home
Gone, like the sand and the foam.

Pressed in the pages
Of some aging text
Lies an old lily, crumbling
Marking a moment
Of childish respects
Long since betrayed and forgotten.

Times stills the singing

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Gone, like the sand
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