

Dan Fogelberg, Whispers In The Wind

Like a wraith she ambles aimlessly
Through the mists along the shore
She wraps the foggy night around her
Like a warming shawl
And leaves wildflowers at my door
She comes to me when she needs company
And weaves her web around my soul
She comes to me to free those wild,
Burning, passion fires
That she cannot control
And by the morning light I know
That she'll be gone
And then the lonely hours begin
And all she leaves behind
To find her in the dawn
Are whispers in the wind
And in the flicker of the candlelight
She takes comfort in my touch
And then she pulls away and leaves
Before the candles die
Or before she feels too much
And by the morning light I know
That she'll be gone
And then the lonely hours begin
And all she leaves behind
To find her in the dawn
Are whispers in the wind