

Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg

"The Face Of Love"

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The winds of the heart
They are as fickle as the weather
The winds of the heart
They are as constant as the moon
They blow us apart
And just as quickly turn
And blow us together again
And we don't know how
And we can't say when
No we can't say when

The workings of time
They are the face of love in motion
The workings of time
They are as secret as the sea
It seems such a crime
We should waste our love
Deciding whose fault it should be

We it might be yours
But it might be me
Oh, it might be me

Well, they say that love is jealous
And they say that love is blind
And they say that love is
Always in a hurry
But the face of love's forgiving
And the face of love is kind
And the grace of love is there
For all to find

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