

Fogelberg Dan **"Bones In The Sky"**

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Up through the branches
The stars shine above
On the arroyos
And mesas you loved
And as the moon rises
The black mountain mourns
For the old friend
He'll look on no more.
Jacks-in-the-Pulpit
Bones in the sky
Long winding rivers
That never ran dry
And the secrets she gathered
From the wild blowing sands
Breathed in her heart
And her hands.
I sing to your spirit
Where all my dreams dwell
The vision--the freedom
The life lived so well
And I sing in your canyons
And the echoes ring clear
And I wish somehow
You may still hear.

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