

Dan Fogelberg "Ghosts"

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Sometimes in the night I feel it
Near as my next breath
and yet, untouchable
Silently the past comes
stealing
Like the taste of some forbidden
sweet.
Along the walls; in shadowed
rafters
Moving like a thought through
haunted atmospheres
Muted cries and echoed laughter
Banished dreams that never
sank in sleep.
Lost in love and
Found in reason
Questions that the mind can find
no answers for
Ghostly eyes
Conspire treason
As they gather just outside the door....
Every ghost that calls upon us
Brings another measure
in the mystery
Death is there
To keep us honest
And constantly remind us
we are free.

Down the ancient corridors
And through the gates of time
Run the ghosts of days
That we left behind.
Down the ancient corridors
And through the gates of time
Run the ghosts of dreams
That we left behind.
Sometimes in the night I feel it
Near as my next breath
and yet, untouchable
Silently the past comes
stealing

Like the taste of some forbidden
sweet.
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