

## **Dan Fogelberg** **"In The Passage"**

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There's a ring around the moon  
tonight  
And a chill in the air  
And a fire in the stars that  
hang -- so near;  
so near.  
There's a sound in the wind that  
blows  
Through the wild mountain holds  
Like the sighs of a thousand crying  
souls;  
Crying souls --  
There's a time when the traveller  
is fated to find  
That insight has turned his gaze  
behind -- behind  
And the steps taken yesterday  
Will beckon again  
And lead to his weary journey's  
end -- journey's end.  
And in the passage  
From the cradle to the grave  
We are born, madly dancing  
Rushing headlong through the  
crashing of the days  
We run on and on  
Without a backwards glance  
We run on and on  
Without a backwards glance.  
But I cast my fate with the  
wife of Lot  
I turned my gaze around  
Knowing neither what was sought  
nor what was to be found  
Heeding weakness, feeding  
  
strength  
Life at length is frail  
I seek again the river's source  
through time's dark shadowed veil.  
In the fast fading centurywe spin through the years  
I pray that our failing vision

clears -- our vision clears.  
And in the passage  
From the cradle to the grave  
We are born, madly dancing  
Rushing headlong through the  
crashing of the days  
We run on and on  
Without a backwards glance  
We run on and on  
Without a backwards glance.  
The places dash and the faces  
dart  
Like fishes in a dream  
Hiding 'neath the murky banks  
of long forgotten streams  
The lines of life are never long  
when seen from end to end  
The future's never coming  
and the past has never been.  
There's a ring around the moon  
tonight  
And a chill in the air  
And a fire in the stars that  
hang -- so near;  
so near.

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