

## **Dan Fogelberg**

# **"The Last to Know"**

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Living in a house of cards,  
praying the wind doesn't blow too hard,  
giving in to differences,  
straining to keep up appearances.  
Making believe the friend can be savior,  
aching to leave,  
but deathly afraid of letting go,  
the threads entangle you so.

Jealousies and legal fees,  
running away like two refugees.  
Shadowed eyes and alibis  
tell you too late you've been victimized.  
Freedom is near but seems to elude you,  
wanting to change your dreams  
into what your needs allow;

it should be easy by now.

Why is love always the last to know?

Falling back on better days,  
trying your damndest to laugh;  
you've thrown those childish dreams away,  
it's over, you say, still you ask,

Why is love always the last to know?

Falling back on better days,  
trying your damndest to laugh;  
you've thrown those childish dreams away,  
it's over, you say, still you ask,

Why is love always the last to know?

Why is love always the last to know?

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