

## Drawing Pictures

Dan Fogelberg

Paper people in a raging fire  
Trying to keep the cold away  
Talking tangled in a thorny brier  
Lost, with nothing left to say

Always racing for the night to hide us  
Never listening to the love inside us  
No one ever told us we were wrong  
No one said when love is weak

It may be getting strong  
She searched for a shoulder  
And mine was gone

Drawing pictures in the sand  
Trying to tease the time to stay  
Wishing water never met the land  
To wash the dreams away

Taking turns at being friends and lovers  
Hearing what we both believe from others  
No one ever told us we were wrong  
No one said when love is weak

It may be getting strong  
She searched for a shoulder  
And mine was gone