

Gypsy Wind

Dan Fogelberg

I still recall the place
When I first felt your gypsy wind
Playing on my face
That summer's long since gone
But gypsy winds have ways of staying on.

Voices from our past
Still insist on arguing
That love will never last
And though our hearts may turn
It's only when you listen
that you learn.

And I wonder at the ways
The strands of love meander
Through our close and distant days
The blood of passion plays

Burns our thirsty souls
And chases reason far away...
Far away...
And still your gypsy wind
Will soothe my soul and call me
back again.

Growing wise with age
We come to see the printing
Through the pictures on the page
Though something's always lost
The gain is always tempered by the cost.

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