

In the Passage

Dan Fogelberg

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 traveler 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, his 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

I cast my fate with the wife of Lot I turned my gaze around
Knowing neither what I sought nor what was to be found
Heeding weakness, feeding strength, oh life at length is frail
I seek again the river's source through time's dark shadowed veil
In the fast fading century, as we 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