

Loose Ends

Dan Fogelberg

Climbing a mountain
In darkness
Stranded alone on the ledge.
Every attempt that I make to hold on
Pushes me nearer the edge.

Sensing the changes impending
My thoughts are diffused by despair
I feel like I'm swimming straight up
Underwater
Desperately racing for air
I'm racing for air.

And the chords struck at birth
Grow more distant
Yet, we strike them again and again.
And we plead and we pray
For a glimmer of day
As the night folds its wings
And descends
Exposing the loose ends.

Surrounding myself with possessions
I surely have more than I need
I don't know if this is justice, hard earned,
Or simply a matter of greed
A matter of greed.

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