

## Reach Haven Postcard

Dan Fogelberg

The first breath of autumn  
blows through the trees  
And the nights are getting long  
and growing colder  
And the maples are turning  
and the fields have gone brown  
And the waves against the shore  
make such a sad sound

Now there's a meal on the table and a fire in the stove  
And a candle burning brightly by the stairway  
And a lamp in the window that shines out to sea  
And I wish so much tonight that you were here with me

Now the moon is in danger of running aground  
As she sweeps the tattered clouds above the island  
And the stars lay like diamonds on the breast of the sea  
And I wonder where you are and if you're thinking of me

Now I've grown so accustomed  
To having you near  
And I miss you so madly  
When you are not here  
When I think how you love me  
Oh, it brings me to tears  
And wish so much tonight  
that you were here with me  
Oh, I wish so much tonight  
that you were here with me

Well I dropped you a postcard today in the mail  
With a picture of a sailing ship upon it  
And I tried to say something that was clever and clear  
But the only thing I wrote was that "I wish you were here"

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