

Sketches

Dan Fogelberg

Late in the summer when the cottonwood dies
The fields are on fire with green bottleflies
And I'm still seeing reflections of me in your eyes
And, why did you leave last summer?

Now the seasons are changing from summer to fall
And I've still got that picture hung on my wall
And there's so much forgotten and too much recalled
And, why did you leave at all?

Standing beside you mid-winter day
Hearts beating close together
Wishing that we'd found some way to make
That moment last forever

Standing silent, laughing, breathing steam
Gazing down into a freezing stream
I saw the face of a child
I saw the face of a child