

## The Sand and the Foam

Dan Fogelberg

Dawn...like an angel  
Lights on the step  
Muting the morning she heralds  
Dew on the grass  
Like the tears the night wept  
Gone long before  
The day wears old.

Times stills the singing  
A child holds so dear  
And I`m just beginning to hear  
Gone are the pathways  
The child followed home  
Gone, like the sand and the foam.

Pressed in the pages  
Of some aging text  
Lies an old lily, crumbling  
Marking a moment  
Of childish respects  
Long since betrayed and forgotten.

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Gone, like the sand  
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