

Ghosts

Dan Fogelberg

Sometimes, in the night I feel it
Near as my next breath and yet, untouchable
Silently the past comes stealing
Like the taste of some forbidden sweet
Along the walls, in shadowed rafters
Moving like a thought through haunted atmospheres
Muted cries and echoed laughter
Banished dreams that never sank in sleep
Lost in love and found in reason
Questions that the mind can find no answers for
Ghostly eyes conspire treason
As they gather just outside the door
And every ghost that calls upon us
Brings another measure in the mystery
Death is there to keep us honest
And constantly remind us we are free
Down the ancient corridors
Through the gates of time
Run the ghosts of days that we left behind
Down the ancient corridors
Through the gates of time
Run the ghosts of dreams that we left behind
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