

# 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 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 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  
And through the gates of time  
Run the ghosts of days that we left behind Down the ancient corridors  
And through the gates of time  
Run the ghosts of dreams that we left behind

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