

# Leader Of The Band/Washington Post March

## Dan Fogelberg

An only child  
Alone and wild  
A cabinet maker's son  
His hands were meant  
For different work  
And his heart was known  
To none --  
He left his home  
And went his lone  
And solitary way  
And he gave to me  
A gift I know I never  
Can repay

A quiet man of music  
Denied a simpler fate  
He tried to be a soldier once  
But his music wouldn't wait  
He earned his love  
Through discipline  
A thundering, velvet hand  
His gentle means of sculpting souls  
Took me years to understand.

The leader of the band is tired  
And his eyes are growing old  
But his blood runs through  
My instrument  
And his song is in my soul --  
My life has been a poor attempt  
To imitate the man  
I'm just a living legacy  
To the leader of the band.

My brothers' lives were  
Different  
For they heard another call  
One went to Chicago  
And the other to St. Paul

And I'm in Colorado  
When I'm not in some hotel  
Living out this life I've chose  
And come to know so well.

I thank you for the music  
And your stories of the road  
I thank you for the freedom  
When it came my time to go --  
I thank you for the kindness  
And the times when you got tough  
And, pap, I don't think I  
Said 'I love you' near enough --

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To the leader of the band  
I am the living legacy  
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