

In the Passage

Dan Fogelberg

There's a ring around the moon tonight
And a chill in the air
And a fire in the stars that hang
So near, so near
There's a sound in the wind that blows
Through the wild mountain holds
Like the sighs of a thousand crying
Souls, crying souls
There's a time when the traveler is fated to find
That insight has turned his gaze behind, behind
And the steps taken yesterday will beckon again
And lead to his weary journey's end, his journey's end
In the passage from the cradle to the grave
We are born, madly dancing
Rushing headlong through the crashing of the days
We run on and on without a backwards glance
We run on and on without a backwards glance
But I cast my fate with the wife of lot
I turned my gaze around
Knowing neither what I sought
Nor what was to be found
Heeding weakness, feeding strength
Our life at length is frail
I seek again the river's source
Through time's dark shadowed veil
In the fast fading century
As we spin through the years
I pray that our failing vision
Clears, our vision clears
And in the passage from the cradle to the grave
We are born, madly dancing
Rushing headlong through the crashing of the days
We run on and on without a backwards glance
We run on and on without a backwards glance
The places dash and the faces dart
Like fishes in a dream
Hiding 'neath the murky banks
Of long forgotten streams
The lines of life are never long
When seen from end to end
'Cause the future's never coming
And the past has never been
There's a ring around the moon tonight
And a chill in the air
And a fire in the stars that hang
So near, so near

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