

Loose Ends

Dan Fogelberg

Climbing a mountain in darkness
Stranded alone on the ledge
Every attempt that I make to hold on
Pushes me nearer the edgeSensing the changes impending
My thoughts are diffused by despair
I feel like I'm swimming straight up underwater
Desperately racing for air, I'm racing for airAnd the chords struck at birth
Grow more distant
Yet we strike them again and again
And we plead and we prayFor a glimmer of day
As the night folds it's wings
And descends
Exposing the loose endsSurrounding myself with possessions
I surely have more than I need
I don't know if this is justice hard earned
Or simply a matter of greed, a matter of greedAnd the chords struck at birth
Grow more distant
Yet we strike them again and again
And we plead and we prayFor a glimmer of day
As the night folds it's wings
And descends
Exposing the loose endsAnd the chords struck at birth
Grow more distant
Yet we strike them again and again
And we plead and we prayFor a glimmer of day
As the night folds it's wings
And descends
Exposing the loose ends

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