

# Bones In the Sky

Dan Fogelberg

Up through the branches  
The stars shine above  
    On the arroyos  
And mesas you loved  
    And as the moon rises  
The black mountain mourns  
    For the old friend  
He'll look on no moreJacks in the pulpit  
    Bones in the sky  
    Long windin' rivers  
    That never ran dry  
    And the secrets she gathered  
    From the wild blowing sands  
    Breaded in her heart  
And her handsI sing to your spirit  
    Where all my dreams dwell  
    The vision, the freedom  
    The life lived so well  
    And I sing in your canyons  
    And the echoes ring clear  
    And I wish somehow  
    You may still hear

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