

# Leader Of The Band

**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 brother's 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 papa, I don't think I said I love you near enough  
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  
I am a living legacy to the leader of the band

Songwriters

FOGELBERG, DAN

Published by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>