

Gypsy Wind

Dan Fogelberg

I still recall the place
When I first felt your gypsy wind playin' on my face
That summer's long since gone
But gypsy winds have ways of staying on
Voices from our past still insist on arguing
That love will never last
Though our hearts may turn
It's only when you listen that you learn
And I wonder at the ways
The strands of love meander
Through our close and distant days
The blood of passion plays
Burns our thirsty souls
And chases reason far away, far away, hey
And still your gypsy wind
Will soothe my soul and call me back again
Growing wise with age, we come to see the printing
Through the pictures on the page
And something's always lost
The gain is always tempered by the cost
And I wonder at the ways
The strands of love meander
Through our close and distant days
The blood of passion plays
Burns our thirsty souls
And chases reason far away, far away, hey
And still your gypsy wind
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