

# Sketches

## Dan Fogelberg

Late in the summer when the cottonwood dies  
The fields are on fire with green bottleflies  
And I'm still seeing reflections of me in your eyes  
And, why did you leave last summer? Now the seasons are changing from summer to fall  
And I've still got that picture hung on my wall  
And there's so much forgotten and too much recalled  
And, why did you leave at all? Standing beside you mid-winter day  
Hearts beating close together  
Wishing that we'd found some way to make  
That moment last forever Standing silent, laughing, breathing steam  
Gazing down into a freezing stream  
I saw the face of a child  
I saw the face of a child

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