

All There Is

[Dan Fogelberg](#)

In the eyes of the world your touch is like gold
Your reputation's so cool and cruel and controlled
You count your money in your prison tower
Made of concrete, glass, and steel
Feeling cozy in the hollow warmth of another business deal
You've climbed your way to the top but lately it
seems
That there's a hole in the heart of the american dream
Sittin' pretty in your trophy room with your shining souvenirs
That just remind you of the wasted time and the lateness of the years
Is that all, is that all there is
Is that all, there must be more than this
In the eyes of the world your touch is like gold
Your reputation's so cool and cruel and controlled
In a moment it could all be gone in the twinkling of an eye
Then what's your pile of precious pride worth then
If you've never wondered why

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