

# Song from Half Mountain

**Dan Fogelberg**

Now the wind is still  
In a moment it will be raging  
Now my soul is young  
In a moment it will be aging  
High above the pines  
I wrote several lines  
And left them in a bottle  
For you to find  
Now the dream is rising  
In a moment it will be past  
This breath is my first  
It will all too soon be my last  
And on a windy coast  
I made several toasts  
To you, me and the sea  
And no one heard  
Now the wind is still  
In a moment it will be raging  
Now my soul is young  
In a moment it will be aging  
High above the pines  
I wrote several lines  
And left them in a bottle  
For you to find

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