

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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