

# All There Is

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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

Is that all, is that all there is  
Is that all, there must be more than this  
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