

Lost in the Sun

Dan Fogelberg

Every night I ask myself that same old question why
And every day the answer seems more distant
I always knew the final truths lay just beneath the lies
But I never thought they'd be this hard to find
I never thought they'd be this hard to find

Every time I try to put this puzzle in to place
There always seems to be a piece that's missing
And through the eyes of someone else I look in to my face
And can't believe the sorrow there I see
I can't believe this lonely man is me

The faster we run
The further away the dreams that we chase become
Lost in the sun
Spinning and turning, blind in the burning
Light of day, we have to turn away

Every night I ask myself that same old question why
And every day the answer seems more distant
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