

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.
And 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 and 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.

And high above the pines
I wrote several lines
And left them in a bottle
For you to find.