

Wishing on the Moon

Dan Fogelberg

How many eyes will you sack in sorrow
Seeking to borrow some sight of your own
How many lies will you have to suffer
Until you discover there's nobody home
How many roads will you have to wander
How many dead end streets
How many dreams will you finally squander
Dodging your own defeats
You're...

...wishing on the moon tonight
There's not a lucky star in sight
Just wishing on the moon tonight

How many doors will you have to open
Desperately hoping each one's the last
How many more will you close behind you
Bitter and blind to the shadows you cast
How many fools will you have to follow
How many wayward winds
How many sins will you have to swallow
Until the truth sinks in
That you've been...

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There's not a lucky star in sight
Just wishing on the moon tonight

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Wishing on the moon
You're just, just, just wishing