

# Gypsy Wind

Dan Fogelberg

I still recall the place  
When I first felt your gypsy wind  
Playing on my face  
That summer's long since gone  
But gypsy winds have ways of staying on.

Voices from our past  
Still insist on arguing  
That love will never last  
And though our hearts may turn  
It's only when you listen  
that you learn.

And I wonder at the ways  
The strands of love meander  
Through our close and distant days  
The blood of passion plays

Burns our thirsty souls  
And chases reason far away...  
Far away...  
And still your gypsy wind  
Will soothe my soul and call me  
back again.

Growing wise with age  
We come to see the printing  
Through the pictures on the page  
Though something's always lost  
The gain is always tempered by the cost.

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