

## Loose Ends

Dan Fogelberg

Climbing a mountain  
In darkness  
Stranded alone on the ledge.  
Every attempt that I make to hold on  
Pushes me nearer the edge.

Sensing the changes impending  
My thoughts are diffused by despair  
I feel like I'm swimming straight up  
Underwater  
Desperately racing for air  
I'm racing for air.

And the chords struck at birth  
Grow more distant  
Yet, we strike them again and again.  
And we plead and we pray  
For a glimmer of day  
As the night folds its wings  
And descends  
Exposing the loose ends.

Surrounding myself with possessions  
I surely have more than I need  
I don't know if this is justice, hard earned,  
Or simply a matter of greed  
A matter of greed.

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