

# Song Of The Candle

Stan Rogers

I took up my pen tonight. I couldn't seem to write  
It's like I got religion and then I lost the light  
An old woman once told me she'd always felt that way  
She said "Taken from the mold when it can still run  
A candle might not keep you from the cold  
But buy another candle, son, it's not too much to pay  
For one more try." And I had to smile  
Before I walked away

Coffeehouses bother me. I cannot tell you why  
But, it never seems "hello" sounds as sweet as "goodbye"  
And the waitresses in passing they remember all your names  
They say "Look around and try to meet a single eye"  
And "empty cups will mock me if I stay, but  
Buy another coffee, Stan, it's not too much to pay  
And we will try to raise your smile  
Before you walk away"

Tonight in a room full of candles  
Another cup of ashes drains away  
And at times it gets so hard to handle  
Knowing one more song has swiftly taken wing  
And I'm left alone to hear the song a lonely candle sings

The priest, I found, was nervous. He cleared his throat a lot  
But, framed in stained glass windows, his eyes were lost in thought  
And I said "Father, can you tell me, is some happiness my right?"  
He said "Rather seek you joy, the blessings of your God  
And happiness from worship in his sight  
And buy another candle son, before you start to pray  
And don't forget to cross your breast  
Before you walk away"

Tonight, in a room full of candles  
Another cup of madness drains away  
And at times it gets so hard to handle  
Knowing one more simple song has swiftly taken wing  
And I'm left alone to hear the song a lonely candle sings

One too many cigarettes, slowly burning down  
And the final cup of coffee was cold and full of grounds  
And maybe one last pipeful might send the words around  
Still, underneath my hand this night has slipped away  
And it leaves me as empty as this page  
One more candle flickers out, the night is turning grey  
And I just can't watch the dying flame  
I have to walk away

Tonight I have burned all my candles  
Leaving only ashes in their wake  
And at times, I get so hard to handle  
'Cause simple songs leave me behind, they all have taken wing  
And I'm left alone to hear the song a lonely candle sings