

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