

Browne Jackson

"Song For Adam"

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Though Adam was a friend of mine, I did not know him
well

He was alone into his distance

He was deep into his well

I could guess what he was laughing at, but I couldn't
really tell

Now the story's told that Adam jumped, but I've been
thinking that he fell

Together we went traveling, as we received the call

His destination India, and I had none at all

Well, I still remember laughing with our backs against
the wall

So free of fear, we never thought that one of us might
fall

I sit before my only candle, but it's so little light to find
my way

Now this story unfolds before my candle

Which is shorter every hour as it reaches for the day

But I feel just like a candle in the way

I guess I'll get there, but I wouldn't say for sure

When we parted we were laughing still, as our
goodbyes were said

And I never heard from him again as each our lives we
led

Except for once in someone else's letter that I read

Until I heard the sudden word that a friend of mine was
dead

I sit before my only candle, like a pilgrim sits beside
the way

Now this journey appears before my candle

As a song that's growing fainter the harder that I play

That I fear before I am a fade away

But I guess I'll get there, though I wouldn't say for sure

Though Adam was a friend of mine, I did not know him
long

And when I stood myself beside him, I never thought I
was as strong

Still it seems he stopped his singing in the middle of
his song

Well I'm not the one to say I know, but I'm hoping he
was wrong

I'm holding out my only candle, though it's so little light
to find my way

Now this story's been laid beneath my candle

And it's shorter every hour as it reaches for the day

Yes, I feel just like a candle in the way

I hope I'll get there, but I've never prayed

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