

**Linda Davis**

## **"Candle In The Window {from The Civil War}"**

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Hurry through the night  
Past the shuttered houses  
Towards a solitary light  
Burning in the window  
Near a figure in a chair  
Always sitting there  
Quiet as a prayer

Does he close his eyes?  
Weary with the weight of being  
Suddenly so wise  
Tired of the demons  
He must sit up there and fight  
Deep into the night  
Praying that he's right?

Every evening I can see his shadow on the shade  
And I don't feel so alone or so afraid

There's a candle in the window every night  
Reflecting all our hopes and dreams  
Or so it seems to me as I look up to see  
That candle in the window every night  
Burning like the yearning to be free  
Far away and dim  
Kept alive by him

Does he love his wife?  
And does he sometimes wish to God  
He'd had a different life  
Or does he hold her closer  
When the candle burns away  
Or is he left alone?  
Always on his own

A thousand miles away  
Before I go to bed I fall down  
On my knees and pray  
That he will keep his candle burning  
Just a moment more  
Till he finds a way

This is what I pray

And I wonder does he see me passing by each night  
As I look up to find his patch of light?

There's a candle in the window every night  
Reflecting all our hopes and dreams  
Or so it seems to me as I look up to see  
That candle in the window shining bright  
Far away and dim  
Kept alive by him

Hurry through the night  
Hurry through the night  
Hurry through the night  
Towards the promise of his light

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