

Linda Eder

"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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