

Portugal. The Man "Brief Candles"

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There she sits her hands are held
Tight around her glass
She only needs to be alone
She knows this mood will pass
To realize that she was strong
And he too weak to stay
And to realize that she is better off this way

Brief candles in her mind
Bright and tiny gems of memory
Brief candles burn so fine
Leaves a light inside where she can see
What makes it all worthwhile
Her sadness makes her smile...

His alone girl fades away
Left out on a limb
Finds he needs her more because
She's no more need for him
He understood so very well
The things she had to say
Soon he'll understand that he is better off this way

Brief candles in his mind
Bright and tiny gems of memory
Brief candles burn so fine
Leaves a light inside where he can see
What makes it all worthwhile
His sadness makes him smile...

In the corner see his face
The man just sips his drink
Not one feeling does he show
Far too numb to think
He does not say a single word
No word of love to say
Maybe he will soon believe he's better off this way...

Brief candles in his mind
Bright and tiny gems of memory
Brief candles burn so fine

Leaves a light inside where he can see
What makes it all worthwhile
His sadness makes him smile...

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