

Stan Rogers

"Song Of The Candle"

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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 while 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.

Coffee houses bother me. I cannot tell you why.
But, it never seems "hello" sounds as sweet as
"goodbye".
And the waitresses, in passing, will 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 simple 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,
It leaves me as empty as this page,
One more candle flickers out, the night is turning gray,
And I just can't watch the dying flame,
I have to walk away.

So 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.

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