

Burton Cummings, A Song For Him

When the troubles of the day
Tell me my thoughts have gone astray
One person still can listen
Talkin' 'bout the times of life
Troubles, happys, good and strife
Just vaguely reminiscin'
His eyes are always open
Though he sometimes doesn't see
The chain is never broken
And he is a friend to me

When I cannot find myself
And wish that I were something else
I listen to him talkin'
A story teller from the fold
And though I've heard the ones he's told
The come back when I'm walkin'
In the jingle jangle jungle
Of things I dare not know
His door is always open
And I know where I can go
And I know where I can go

I think back to days when we were both so much younger
Sometimes we really never had a lot to say, no
No one ever told us growing up would be easy
Maybe that's why we help each other try to find the way