

# 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