

Linda Eder, Candle In The Window

"Hurry through the night
Past the shuttered houses
Towards a solitary light
Burning in a 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 a 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
Seven blocks 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
Burning like the yearning to be free
Far away and dim
Kept alive by him
Hurry through the night
Towards a solitary light