

Candles in the Rain

Darrell Scott

Most days I never even notice
Most nights are much the same
But every now and then I get a picture
A familiar face without a name
Oh when I see a loving mother
Kissing a hand that's hers to hold
I see a part of me I can't recover
I get the feeling all I'm growing is old

I met a man who was on fire
He had a wife he had a family
And I fanned the flame of his desire
Til he was burning, burning just for me
Oh late one night he took me flying
Into the fire on wings of wax
Flying and melting and falling
We landed on our human backs

Childless mothers don't need pity
Childless mothers don't need blame
No we beg our own pardons
And rake our rock gardens
And carry on past the need to explain
And light our candles in the rain

Cut to the room where we were waiting
Young people reading old people magazines
All past the point of hesitating
All past the hopes and the dreams
He left me standing in the doorway
I guess he'd gone as far as he could go
He watched me walk the plank hallway
The rest I'll still have to face alone

Childless mothers don't need pity
Childless mothers don't need blame
No we beg our own pardons
And rake our rock gardens
And carry on past the need to explain
And light our candles in the rain
We light our birthday candles in the rain
Light our candles
Light our candles in the rain

Most days I never even notice