

Song for Adam

Jackson Browne

Though Adam was a friend of mine,
I did not know him well
He was alone into his distance
He was deep into his well
I could guess what he was laughing at,
But I couldn't really tell
Now the story's told that Adam jumped,
But I've been thinking that he fell

Together we went traveling,
As we received the call
His destination India,
And I had none at all
Well, I still remember laughing
With our backs against the wall
So free of fear, we never thought
That one of us might fall

I sit before my only candle,
But it's so little light to find my way
Now this story unfolds before my candle
Which is shorter every hour
As it reaches for the day
But I feel just like a candle in the way
I guess I'll get there, but
I wouldn't say for sure

When we parted we were laughing still,
As our goodbyes were said
And I never heard from him again
As each our lives we led
Except for once in someone else's
Letter that I read
Until I heard the sudden word
That a friend of mine was dead

I sit before my only candle,
Like a pilgrim sits beside the way
Now this journey appears before my candle
As a song that's growing fainter
The harder that I play
But I fear before I end I'll fade away
But I guess I'll get there,
Though I wouldn't say for sure

Though Adam was a friend of mine,
I did not know him long
And when I stood myself beside him,
I never thought I was as strong
Still it seems he stopped his singing
In the middle of his song
Well I'm not the one to say I know,
But I'm hoping he was wrong

I'm holding out my only candle,
Though it's so little light to find my way
Now this story's been laid beneath my candle

And it's shorter every hour
As it reaches for the day
Yes, I feel just like a candle in the way
I hope I'll get there,
But I never pray