

# 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 I play  
That 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

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