Jackson Browne, Song For Adam

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