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THE DALAI LAMA'S CANDLE

I have a candle that was lit from a candle which was lit
From a candle lit by the Dalai Lama
It was a present from a friend, a long-haired follower of Zen
Who uses words like "groovy" "cool" and "karma"
And though I've never met that gentle priest from Tibet
In the candlelight his courage seems to shimmer
So I hope his small brave flame will guide him home again
And that one day his long exile will be over

Now I have a photograph copied from a photograph
From a photograph taken by my Mother
It's of me and my Dad and it's the only one I have
That shows the both of us together
And I'm maybe nine or ten, and I'm not looking at the lens
But at something far beyond the photo's borders
While behind me my Dad stands, with his big work-roughened hands
Resting lightly on my shoulders

In my garden there's a rose that's a cutting from a rose
Planted many years ago by my Grandmother
It's called the "Evening Star" and it's my favourite rose by far
To me it has a fragrance like no other
For it's scent, so sweet and clear, takes me back down through the years
When the story of my life was still unwritten
And where, a blank and happy page, safe and secure I played
Amongst the roses in my Grandmother's garden

Deep inside me there's a soul that was born from a soul
Born from the souls of all who went before us
It's a strong unbroken line that stretches back through time
My life a tiny beat of it's ancient chorus
That reaches from the past to take me gently in it's grasp
And turn me to the new day that is dawning
It sings deep inside of me, for who I am and may yet be
And of living of loving and belonging .

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