

Both Eric and his publisher would like you to have access to the lyrics of his songs for your own enjoyment but, should you wish to reproduce copies for any purpose, you should first seek permission from the Publisher at the following address: -

Larrikin Music Pty Limited - 4/30-32 Carrington Street, - Sydney, NSW, - Australia, 2000

## 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 .

©Eric Bogle Feb 2002