

James Taylor, Only For Me

Down the end of this barroom, out of sight of the light in the window.
His mind in his whiskey and his body in a folding chair, far beyond repair.
I enter his vision, he watches me look for my seat.
He makes his decision and he stands to his feet, Lord, it's a long way down.

It happened to me, wonderful sight. Only for me, only for you.
It happened to be a light shining through
from one who was lost and found just like me and you.

Old man says, "Young man, my you're looking pretty green,
like a stranger to this kind of place.
Come sit at my table, come and look into my face, I've got a story to tell.
There was a father and son, but that was a long time ago.
And when the time came to run, I just couldn't say no so I left them behind."

It happened to me, wonderful sight. Only for me, only for you.
It happened to be a light shining through
from one who was lost and found just like me and you.

We have seen it before in times of great sorrow
that human compassion will flow from a well that has long run dry.

It happened to me, wonderful sight. Only for me, only for you.
It happened to be a light shining through
from one who was lost and found just like me and you.