

## ELIJAH JONES

I saw a gravestone of a man long dead  
His name was Elijah Jones and his gravestone read  
“I walked this good earth, I had my time  
And now it’s your turn, your chance at life”

Now most epitaphs speak of the deceased  
But this dead man’s words seemed to refer to me  
And so that evening at that gravesite  
I pondered the meaning of a chance at life

We’re like sparks rising from some great fire  
We flicker brightly, then we expire  
And for that fleeting glow, we pay a price  
Of pain and sorrow for a chance at life

But that fire burns on, it does not cease  
It made Elijah and it made me  
And I like to think that, on the day he died  
Its burning flames gave him comfort and light

And if I were an angel above the clouds  
Singing God’s praises in a shining gown  
I’d dream of rain storms on summer nights  
And trade my wings for a chance at life  
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And trade my wings for a chance at life

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