Empty Chairs

The Ghostwriters

I feel the trembling tingle of a sleepless night
Creep through my fingers and the moon is bright
Beams of blue come flickering through my window pane
Like gypsy moths that dance around a candle flameAnd I wonder if you know
That I never understood
That although you said you'd go
Until you did I never thought you wouldMoonlight used to bathe the contours of your face
While chestnut hair fell all around the pillow case
And the fragrance of your flowers rest beneath my head
A sympathy bouquet left with the love that's deadAnd I wonder if you know
That I never understood
That although you said you'd go
Until you did, I never thought you wouldNever thought the words you said were true
Never thought you said just what you meant
Never knew how much I needed you
Never thought you'd leave, until you wentMorning comes and morning goes with no regret
And evening brings the memories I can't forget
Empty rooms that echo as I climb the stairs
And empty clothes that drape and fall on empty chairsAnd I wonder if you know
That I never understood
That although you said you'd go
Until you did, I never thought you would

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