Empty Chairs At Empty Tables

Ramin Karimloo

There's a grief that can't be spoken
There's a pain goes on and on
Empty chairs at empty tables
Now my friends are dead, and goneHere they talked of revolution
Here it was they lit the flame
Here they sang about tomorrow
And tomorrow never cameFrom the table in the corner
They could see a world reborn
And they rose with voices ringing
And I can them now
The very words that they had sung
Became their last communion
On the lonely barricade at dawnOh, my friends, my friends, forgive me
That I live and you are gone
There's a grief that can't be spoken,
There's a pain goes on and onPhantom faces at the window
Phantom shadows on the floor
Empty chairs at empty tables
Where my friends will meet no moreOh, my friends, my friends, don't ask me
What your sacrifice was for
Empty chairs at empty tables
Where my friends will sing
No more...

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