

# 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 gone Here they talked of revolution  
Here it was they lit the flame  
Here they sang about tomorrow  
And tomorrow never came From 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 dawn Oh, 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 on Phantom faces at the window  
Phantom shadows on the floor  
Empty chairs at empty tables  
Where my friends will meet no more Oh, 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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