

The Empty Chair

[Sting](#)

If I should close my eyes, that my soul can see
And there's a place at the table that you saved for me
So many thousand miles over land and sea
I hope to dare, that you hear my prayer
And somehow I'll be there It's but a concrete floor where my head will lay
And though the walls of this prison are as cold as clay
But there's a shaft of light where I count my days
So don't despair of the empty chair
And somehow I'll be there Some days I'm strong, some days I'm weak
And days I'm so broken I can barely speak
There's a place in my head where my thoughts still roam
Where somehow I've come home And when the Winter comes and the trees lie bare
And you just stare out the window in the darkness there
Well I was always late for every meal you'll swear
But keep my place and the empty chair
And somehow I'll be there
And somehow I'll be there

Songwriters

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