

# 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 thereIt'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 thereSome 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 homeAnd 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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