

# Empty Chairs

Frankie McBride

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 flame And I wonder if you know  
That I never understood  
That although you said you'd go  
Until you did I never thought you would Moonlight 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 dead And I wonder if you know  
That I never understood  
That although you said you'd go  
Until you did, I never thought you would Never 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 went Morning 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 chairs And 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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