

Empty Chairs, Empty Tables

Michael Ball

(claude-michel schonberg/alain boubil/herbert kretzmer)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

I can hear 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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