

Francois Feldman

"Empty Sunday"

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Walked through the streets on my own
Empty Sunday at dawn, six o'clock and you've gone
Grey little square in the town
Empty Sunday alone without you, where is home?

I see your face, I see your smile, I see the eyes that
used to cry
I see the lips I used to kiss, I can't forget
See you standing all alone, I see the things that I did
wrong
I see I didn't try enough to give you love

Cold on the bench in the park
Empty Sunday is here, empty day, empty year

I see your face, I see your smile, I see the eyes that
used to cry
I see the lips I used to kiss, I can't forget
See you standing all alone, I see the things that I did
wrong
I see I didn't try enough to give you love

I see your face, I see your smile, I see the eyes that
used to cry
I see the lips I used to kiss, I can't forget
See you standing all alone, I see the things that I did
wrong
I see I didn't try enough to give you love.

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