

## Steve Wiggins "Vacant Chair"

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When a western man loses his best friend many days  
are spent in years  
And without belief he knows his empty grief is a name  
for his own fears  
Oh, the eyes are still. Oh, but even sleeping

My dearest friend till we meet again and ever, we'll be  
blowing  
Maybe weep awhile for those below; until then I'll keep  
on going  
But oh, the heart, the hurt keeps on keepin' on, on and  
on

Let them alone for those down there speak our sorrow  
While we can't share the joke together, yeah, we keep  
on going  
My dearest friend till we meet again  
O-ku Nsu-kun No-ko  
The dead are weeping for the dead

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