

Alfie Boe

"Empty Chairs and Empty Tables"

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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, through the corner,
They could see a world reborn,
And they rose with voices ringing,
And I can hear them now.

The very words that they had sung,
Became their last communion,
And 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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