

Alain Boublil

"Empty Chairs at Empty Tables - Marius"

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(Marius, recovering from his wounds, imagines he's back at the ABC cafe.)

Marius

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 lowly barricade.
At dawn.

Oh my friends, my friends forgive me.

(The ghosts of those who died on the barricade appear.)

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.

(The ghosts fade away.)

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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