

## Steve Winwood "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, and on  
(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  
(Weeping for the dead)  
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko

Maybe weep awhile for those below  
Until then I'll keep on going  
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko  
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko  
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko

O-ku nsu-kun no-ko  
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko  
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko

Weep no more  
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko  
Weep no more  
Weep no more  
Weep no more

O-ku nsu-kun no-ko

O-ku nsu-kun no-ko  
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko  
Weep no more

O-ku nsu-kun no-ko  
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko  
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko

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