

## Miserables, Les

### "Empty Chairs At 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 in 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  
On 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 friend will sing no more.

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