

The Empty Chair

Sting

If I should close my eyes, that my soul can see,
And there's a place at the table that you saved for me.
So many thousand miles over land and sea,
I hope to dare, that you hear my prayer,
And somehow I'll be there.

It's but a concrete floor where my head will lay,
And though the walls of this prison are as cold as clay.
But there's a shaft of light where I count my days,
So don't despair of the empty chair,
And somehow I'll be there.

Some days I'm strong, some days I'm weak,
And days I'm so broken I can barely speak,
There's a place in my head where my thoughts still roam,
Where somehow I've come home.

And when the Winter comes and the trees lie bare,
And you just stare out the window in the darkness there.
Well I was always late for every meal you'll swear,
But keep my place and the empty chair,
And somehow I'll be there,
And somehow I'll be there.