

Empty Chairs

Don Mclean

I feel the trembling tingle of a sleepless night,
Creep through my fingers and the moon is bright.
Beams of blue come flickering through my windowpane,
Like Gypsy moths that dance around a candle flame. And I wonder if you know, that I never
understood, that
Although you said you'd go, until you did, I never thought you would. Moonlight use to bath the
contours of your face.
Chestnut hair fell all around the pillowcase.
And the fragrance of your flowers rest beneath my head,
A sympathy bouquet left with a love that's dead.
And I wonder if you know, that I never understood,
That although you said you'd go, until you did, I never thought you would. Never thought the
words you said were true.
Never thought you said just what you meant.
Never knew how much I needed you.
Never thought you'd leave, until you went.
Morning comes and morning goes with no regret.
Evening brings the memories I can't forget.
Empty rooms that echo as I climb the stairs,
Empty clothes that drape and fall on empty chairs. And I wonder if you know, that I never
understood,
That although you said you'd go, until you did, I never thought you would.

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