EMPTY CHAIRS AT EMPTY TABLES

Moderato

Am(add9)

MARIUS:

There's a grief that can't be spoken.

There's a pain goes on and on.

Emp-ty chairs at emp-ty ta-bles, now my friends are dead and
Here they talked on revolution.

Here it was they lit the flame.

Here they sang about tomorrow, and to-

mor - row nev - er came.
words that they had sung
become their last com-
munion
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

più mosso

floor. Empty chairs at empty tables where my

friends will meet no more. Oh, my friends, my friends, don't

tremolo
ask me what your sacrifice was

for... Empty chairs and empty tables where my friends will sing no more.

C#m7 C#m6 C#m