

## Empty Rooms

Chris de Burgh

Empty rooms, childhood's end  
Forgotten toys upon the bed  
Dreams and memories are all around me now  
And I can see you everywhere I look

But moving on is what you must do  
Find your way, be happy to  
Your world is waiting now and you need never know  
Of all these places that I go

To hear the laughter and dry the tears  
Remembering all the years  
When you were growing up  
And every photograph can take me there

We brought you up to be proud and strong  
And ready for anything  
Oh little child of mine  
What life can bring

Empty rooms when I left home  
I could not wait to be moving on  
I never thought so much about those left behind  
But now I know how it has to be

To hear the laughter and dry the tears  
Remembering all the years  
When you were growing up  
And every photograph still takes me there

We brought you up to be proud and strong  
In everything that you do  
Oh little child of mine I miss you  
Oh little child of mine I love you  
I love you