

Empty Tables

Frank Sinatra

It's like singin' to empty tables
Or a gallery full of ghosts
Or like givin' a great big party
Where nobody shows but the host
That's what it's been like, baby
That's what it's been like all night
Without you around to applaud me
Every night's just like closing night

And I'm singin', singin' the same old numbers
'n' I'm tellin' the same sad jokes
And there's nothin' out front but mem'ries
And lot of transparent folks
So, please call, call and make a reservation
In our favorite spot for two
'cause I'm singin' to empty tables without you

Without you
Without you