Empty Chairs

Harry Belafonte

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 window pane

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 used to bathe the contours of your face

While chestnut hair fell all around the pillow case

The fragrance of your body rests beneath my head

A sympathy bouquet left with the 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

And evening brings the memories I can't forget

Empty rooms that echo as I climb the stairs

And 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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