

# Empty Chair

Trace Adkins

We commandeer a corner table  
At our small town diner  
Just five or six old men  
Throwin' out corny ol' one-liners  
They pat the heads of children  
Give friendly nods to strangers  
They sure seem quick to laugh  
Makes you think they're slow to anger

Those guys were front-line brothers  
Their lives depended on each other  
They were soldiers long before they were men  
Yeah, the ones that somehow survived  
Came home, went on to build their lives  
Never chargin' us a penny  
For the debt we owe to them  
But you can almost smell the gun smoke  
And the foxholes that they shared  
On the days they raise their coffees  
And toast the empty chair

They'll ask you where you're from  
What you do, what you've done  
But don't go thinkin' they're all talk  
'Cause you wouldn't wanna piss them off

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They'll tell you anything you wanna know  
But there's one place they just won't go  
'Cause they don't wanna ruin our dreams  
By tellin' us the things they've seen

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To the brother who ain't there  
We salute you