

the Empty Chair (V.Beaulne)

Tuesday morning  
I'm late for work  
I walk past it  
On the old front porch  
The colours are fading  
Paint is falling  
Theres a crack in the back  
Where you carved your name

Its seen rain and snow  
Its leaning by the window  
It was built by grandpa  
When you were born  
Was always used  
Was never moved  
Was where mama'd sing you  
A lullaby

One day you were here  
One day you were gone  
We never saw it coming  
Never saw it coming

Fly little brother fly  
You're an angel  
A bird of paradise  
Fly little brother fly  
Come down and I'll be there  
Right beside your empty chair

Tuesday morning  
I'm late for work  
I'm looking at it  
On the old front porch  
It's sad it's broken  
Burnt and scratched  
The wood is dirty  
Colors dont match

Been there forever  
Birthdays and Halloween  
Same dirty grey and blue  
It's always been  
Just an old piece of wood  
An empty space  
Where I used to see  
Your smiling face

One day you were here  
One day you were gone  
I never saw it coming  
Never saw it coming

Fly little brother fly  
You're an angel  
A bird of paradise  
Fly little brother fly  
Come down and I'll be there  
Right beside your empty chair

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