

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

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