

# Empty Chairs

[Don McLean](#)

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 windowpane,  
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 use to bath the  
contours of your face.  
Chestnut hair fell all around the pillowcase.  
And the fragrance of your flowers rest beneath my head,  
A sympathy bouquet left with a 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.  
Evening brings the memories I can't forget.  
Empty rooms that echo as I climb the stairs,  
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.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>