

Les Miserables Suite

Michael Ball & Alfie Boe

God on high, hear my prayer
In my need, you have always been there
He is young, he's afraid
Let him rest, heaven blessed
Bring him home
Bring him home
Bring him home
He's like the son I might have known
If God had granted me a son
The summers die, one by one
How soon they fly, on and on
And I am old and will be gone
"Empty Chairs at Empty Tables"
There's a grief that can't be spoken
There's a pain goes on and on
Empty chairs at empty tables
Now my friends are dead and gone
Here they talked of revolution
Here it was they lit the flame
Here they sang about 'tomorrow'
And tomorrow never came
From the table in the corner
They could see a world reborn
And they rose with voices ringing
And I can hear them now!
The very words that they had sung
Became their last communion
On the lonely barricade at dawn
"I Dreamed a Dream"
I dreamed a dream in time gone by
When hope was high and life worth living
I dreamed that love would never die
I dreamed that God would be forgiving
But the tigers come at night
With their voices soft as thunder
As they tear your hope apart
As they turn your dream to shame
I had a dream my life would be
So different from this hell I'm living
So different now from what it seemed
Now life has killed the dream I dreamed
"Bring Him Home"
If I die, let me die
Let him live
Bring him home
Bring him home
Bring him home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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

