

Empty Is

Frank Sinatra

[Speaks:]

Empty is the sky before the sun wakes up.

Empty is the eyes of animals in cages.

Empty, faces of women mourning

When everything's been taken from them.

Me, don't ask me about empty.

[Sings:]

Empty is a string of dirty days

Held together by some rain.

And the cold winds drumming at the trees again.

Empty is the color of the fear

Long about September when the days

Go marching in a line toward November.

Empty is the hour before sleep chills you every night

And pushes you to take me away from every kind of light.

Empty is me.

Empty is me.