

Vacant Chair

Steve Winwood

When a western man loses his best friend
Many days are spent in years
And without belief he knows his empty grief
Is a name for his own fears
Oh, the eyes are still
Oh, but even sleeping

My dearest friend till we meet again
And ever we'll be blowing
Maybe weep awhile for those below
Until then I'll keep on going
But oh, the heart, the hurt
Keeps on keepin' on, and on
(On)

Let them alone for those down there speak our sorrow
While we can't share the joke together
Yeah, we keep on going
My dearest friend till we meet again

O-ku nsu-kun no-ko
The dead are weeping for the dead
(Weeping for the dead)
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko

Maybe weep awhile for those below
Until then I'll keep on going
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko

O-ku nsu-kun no-ko
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko

Weep no more
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko
Weep no more
Weep no more
Weep no more

O-ku nsu-kun no-ko
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko
Weep no more

O-ku nsu-kun no-ko
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko
O-ku nsu-kun no-ko