

First Degree, Order Chair

Every night I see me sitting there
Now I see there's nobody here
Suddenly I'm all alone

Every night I'm thinking 'bout you
Every night I wonder what you do
Suddenly I forget things I knew

Times could not be prepared or do so
I'm sitting in this old chair

Sitting there in this old chair
Hearing voices but I don't dare
My heart tells me I've got to take care

Every night I smell the smoke of old songs
Think about the one I have belonged
Suddenly I'm beware you've gone