

Frank Sinatra, Empty Is

[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.