

# Les Miserables, Empty Chairs At Empty Tables

(Marius, recovering from his wounds, imagines he's back at the ABC cafe.)

Marius

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  
I can hear them now!  
The very words that they had sung  
Became their last communion  
On the lowly barricade..  
At dawn.

Oh my friends, my friends forgive me.

(The ghosts of those who died on the barricade appear.)

That I live and you are gone  
There's a grief that can't be spoken  
There's a pain goes on and on

Phantom faces at the window  
Phantom shadows on the floor  
Empty chairs at empty tables  
Where my friends will meet no more.

(The ghosts fade away.)

Oh my friends, my friends, don't ask me  
What your sacrifice was for  
Empty chairs at empty tables  
Where my friends will sing no more...