

Steve Winwood, Vacant Chair

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, on and 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