

# Gary Moore, Empty Rooms

Loneliness is your only friend.  
A broken heart that just won't mend  
Is the price you pay.

It's hard to take when love grows old.  
The days are long and the nights turn cold  
When it fades away.

You hope that she will change her mind  
But the days drift on and on.  
You'll never know the reason why she's gone.

You see her face in every crowd.  
You hear her voice, but you're still proud  
So you turn away.

You tell yourself that you'll be strong.  
But your heart tells you  
This time you're wrong.

You hope that she will change her mind  
But the days drift on and on.  
You'll never know the reason why she's gone.

Empty rooms  
Where we learn to live without love.  
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