

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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