Miriam Stockley, Empty Space

This empty space Innocent words that were softly spoken Now I am lost in a world of broken dreams

A lonely place Promises made and a love forsaken No turning back on the road you've taken now

Days of yearning Seasons turning A night in December I'll always remember

Without a trace Feeling the past slipping through my fingers Here in my heart where the memory lingers on

Days of yearning Seasons turning A night in December I'll always remember The empty space