

# Ray Charles, Empty Tables

It's like singin' to empty tables  
Or a gallery full of ghosts  
Or like givin' a great big party  
Where nobody shows but the host  
That's what it's been like, baby  
That's what it's been like all night  
Without you around to applaud me  
Every night's just like closing night  
And I'm singin', singin' the same old numbers  
'n' I'm tellin' the same sad jokes  
And there's nothin' out front but mem'ries  
And lot of transparent folks  
So, please call, call and make a reservation  
In our favorite spot for two  
'cause I'm singin' to empty tables without you  
Without you  
Without you