

LES MISERABLES

I Dreamed A Dream

He slept a summer by my side
He filled my days with endless wonder
He took my childhood in his stride
But he was gone when autumn came

And still I dream he'll come to me
That we will live the years together
But there are dreams that cannot be
And there are storms we cannot weather

I had a dream my life would be
So different from this hell I'm living
So different now from what it seemed
Now life has killed the dream
I dreamed

On My Own

In the rain the pavement shines like silver
All the lights are misty in the river
In the darkness, the trees are full of starlight
And all I see is him and me forever and forever
And I know it's only in my mind
That I'm talking to myself and not to him
And although I know that he is blind
Still I say, there's a way for us
I love him
But when the night is over
He is gone
The river's just a river
Without him
The world around me changes
The trees are bare and everywhere
The streets are full of strangers
I love him
But every day I'm learning
All my life
I've only been pretending
Without me
His world will go on turning
A world that's full of happiness
That I have never known
I love him
I love him
I love him
But only on my own

Empty Chairs At Empty Tables

Oh my friends, my friends forgive me
That I live and you are gone
There's a grief that can't be spoken
There's a pain goes on and on

Phantom faces at the window
Phantom shadows on the floor
Empty chairs at empty tables
Where my friends will meet no more

Oh my friends, my friends
Don't ask me what your sacrifice was for
Empty chairs at empty tables
Where my friends will sing no more

In My Life

In my life
There are so many questions and answers
That somehow seem wrong
In my life
There are times when I catch in the silence
The sigh of a faraway song
And it sings
Of a world that I long to see
Out of reach
Just a whisper away waiting for me
Does he know I'm alive?
Do I know if he's real?
Does he see what I see?
Does he feel what I feel?
In my life
I'm no longer alone
Now the love in my life is so near
Find me now
Find me here

Master Of The House

Welcome, Monsieur, sit yourself down
And meet the best innkeeper in town
As for the rest, all of 'em crooks:
Roosting their guests and cooking the books
Seldom do you see
Honest men like me
A gent of good intent
Who's content to be

Master of the house, doling out the charm
Ready with a handshake and an open palm
Tells a saucy tale, makes a little stir
Customers appreciate a bon-viveur
Glad to do a friend a favor
Doesn't cost me to be nice
But nothing gets you nothing
Everything has got a little price!