

Empty Room

by Frank Mielke

1. On my way down from the north to the south
I crossed a bridge with an old seeming house.
I guess that house, it was empty for years.
I wondered what was in there beside fears.
2. I stepped inside and was looking around.
The light was dim in the room that I found.
A perfect place for some spiders and flies,
a creaking sound as if somebody cries.

Seasons come and go

Life goes on and on and on

Dust and dreams, mem`ries and some hope

It was all in this empty room.

3. I felt the breath of a family`s fate.
For plans and dreams it was never too late.
The only son, he had left with no word.
Once he`d come back with white collar and shirt.