

The Man Who Left Too Soon

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In a state of finding comfort in familiar places that I know
The sadness is only temporary
It comes and it goes
Like the weather in the summer
When the wind decides to move
I look up to the sky and think
At least we looked at the same moon
At least we looked at the same moon
The one of many ways that I can think of you

The irony of looking up to something
Or even just somebody
Can't put the face onto the name that I don't even know
The half of what you had
I had a dad that didn't know
But we both looked at the sky and thought
At least we looked at the same moon
At least we looked at the same moon
I wish I had met the man who had left too soon