

I'm Not There

Flyte

I am slipping out the window
Leaving little things
Lighter than a feather
And you are the weather
Mixing with the spirits
Swimming in my drink
Watering your love down
Drowning out your sweet sound

'Cause how can I tell you, I am nowhere?
I am breathless, I am hot air
If it's heavy, I can hold it
Maybe too much, when you notice
I'm not there
I'm not there

I am holding on to anger
Hiding little stings
Spinning in a circle
Tangling my strings
Standing in the hallway
Losing all my leaves
Holding friends together
Playing to the camera

'Cause how can I tell you, I am nowhere?
I am breathless, I am hot air
If it's heavy, I can hold it
Maybe too much, when you notice
I am ready, for my close up
We are rolling and we can't stop
Once you look under the covers you will know
That I'm not there
I'm not there