The Man Who Isn't There

Oren Lavie

Look at the sky
It belonged to a guy
That I know
And I thought I forgot
Long ago

Look at the trees
Didn't stop at the top
Not for him
Used to borrow the wind
For a walk

Look in his eyes for a dying flare
Look for the wind in his yellow hair
And pretend
You see the man
Who isn't there

Look at the sea
used to save all his waves
for hellos
used to climb up
his highs, down his lows

Look at the birds
used to flock as he walked
through the street
used to fly down
and march at his feet

Look in his eyes for a dying flare
Look for the wind in his yellow hair
And pretend
You see the man
Who isn't there