

# The Absence Of You

Tim Minchin

I take a walk on the Seine  
Cross Pont Neuf on my way to St. Germain  
Love-hearts on padlocks on wire in the mist  
Where young lovers kiss  
And swear to be true  
Echoes of ten thousand sighs of love  
And yet I  
Feel only the absence of you

Out of a window on the thirtieth floor  
Central Park shines with the coming of dawn  
Through eyes rendered weary by jetlag and wine  
I turn round to find  
There's a girl in my room  
For a moment we kiss  
But her vodka-soaked lips  
Taste only of the absence of you

I don't know  
What all of this means  
If you are not here with me  
And I am lost  
When we are apart  
There's a hole in my heart  
That light passes through  
And the pattern it creates  
Is the shape of  
The absence of you

Spring has been found hanging round Soho Square  
So I take my coffee and newspaper there  
To bask in the not-warm-enough April sun  
With the workers who come  
To eat Pret with no shoes  
But the grass to the side  
Of the patch where I'm lying  
Is flat with the absence of you

I don't know  
What all this is for  
If you are not near to me  
And I can't sleep  
Sleep is no fun when the unruly sun  
Will reveal the truth  
A space in my bed as cold as the dead  
Exactly the size and the shape of  
The absence of you

And all of this beauty  
Runs over and through me  
And pools round my shoes  
And the puddle it forms  
Conforms to the shape of  
The absence of you