The Man Who Isn't There

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

Oren Lavie