

# Oren Lavie, The Man Who Isn't There

Look at the sky  
It belonged to a gay  
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 the 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  
Look in his eyes for a dying flare  
Look for the wind in his yellow hair  
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