

Roger Miller, Absence

Silence is simply the absence of sound, darkness the absence of light.
My life is made up of silence and darkness, since the absence of you from my side
We became birds of a different feather
Encountering storms we could neither one weather
I defy anyone to define me your way my heart can go on this a way

[violin]

Nearness is simply the absence of absence, wrong is the absence of right.
My life is made up of the absence of nearness since the absence of you from my side.
We became birds of a different feather.
Encountering storms we could neither one weather.
I defy anyone to define me a way, my heart can go on this a-way.