## Tim Minchin, The Absence Of You

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