

She's Not There by Preston Young

I walk down the street.

I run to hold her hand,
but she's not there.

I drive down these streets

I turn to hold her hand,
but she's not there.

I sit and read my book.

I look across the room,
but she's not there.

I walk through the grocery store.

I smell her perfume in the aisle.
I turn, but she's not there.

I see a woman, turn down an aisle.

I follow quickly to see her,
but she's not there.

I go to bed, turn out the light.

I reach over to hold her hand to say, "I love you and goodnight",
but she's not there.

I toss and turn in the middle of the night.

I'm afraid I'll wake her,
but she's not there.

I wake in the morning,

reach to gently wake her,
but she's not there.

I make my morning coffee.

I pour a cup but no longer for her,
'cause she's not there.

I seem to spend my days guileless.

I have no need to rush anywhere,
'cause she's not there.

I spend my days and nights

it seems in quiet solitude,
'cause she's not there.

I go out for dinner and see other couples.

I look across the table for her,
but she's not here.

My now life now revolves around

BUT SHE'S NOT THERE.

But if you are to look into my eyes

and listen to the words in my heart,
Then you will know that she now lives in my heart.
SHE IS THERE.