

Spring Cleaning

Bright Eyes

Amy's got a baby in her stomach
She took my hand I felt it kick
So she's crying an glowing
She's 3 months and showing
Seeing her now makes me want to live
But her man's got an angry mouth
He once told me to rot in hell
He's poisonous, reasonless
Demons and Jesus
If he died it'd be just as well
So I'm having it out with the rain
It argues so long and so loud
It keeps tapping and talking
We're walking forever on 1st Avenue headed South
And all the traffic lights blur
Into a bright bouquet
My heart is in mothballs
It's been packed away
And I can't get to it no way
Until the Birds return for spring cleaning
All the traffic lights blur into a bright bouquet
I wish I could just turn and walk away
But I can't do it no way
Until the birds return for spring cleaning