

## 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