

## Witness "Spring Cleaning"

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There's a method to the madness of this attic I'm  
accustomed to  
But every spring I try to visit with a brush and broom  
Dust consumes this collection of souvenirs  
And tonight I'd like to erase any proof that you were  
here  
Let's begin with a look inside of a shoe box  
Here's my youthful aspiration to be 2pac  
A book on Darwin with photos of the Galapagos  
Here's a picture of the father that I never got to know  
A shot my mother bathing her babies in a sink  
A mediocre poem that I wrote in golden ink  
And over here is a crate of academic records  
I traded in for vinyl when I learned I could apply em  
better  
It's apparent that I haven't cleaned in ages when I'm  
finding  
Social studies books with porn between the pages  
Born in fetal stages and cluttered ever since  
This attic needs the vacancy to make some room to  
think  
But in the corner there's a chest that's under lock and  
key  
And possibly the target of the cleansing  
And as it opens there's a part of me that's over it and  
part of me  
That wants to keep remembering

Dear John,  
I'm ecstatic that we met and I  
Haven't been upset from the night we spoke on the  
beach  
It feels like there's a part of me that's hollow  
And I'll follow you because I think you've got the  
missing piece  
Dear John,  
Can't believe it's been a year, wish that you were here  
with me in this unfamiliar city  
I know you're insecurities are eating you alive, but I'm  
thinking of your eyes every time we...  
Dear John,  
I'm the victim of a city serpent's venom and I'm being

sent away  
In search of purpose  
It hurts that anniversaries are only words to me and  
lately I've been wondering why you thought I was worth  
it  
She ran shoeless through shards of my heart of glass  
toward a garden of golden roses with invisible thorns  
And her presence in my attic is an umbilical cord that  
pulls my physical form towards her miserable storm  
I stripped the picture frames of their faces  
And liberated shackled chain letters from my ankles  
and wrists  
And kept my fingers from the edges of the envelopes  
and anything  
That might have had a dance with her lips

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