

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah "The Witness' Dull Surprise"

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Oh well, the rain it never stops here
Is it strange that I no longer see the hand in front of my
face?
Just short of longing for the past
And short of asking for forgiveness
You read my palm and suggested that I find a new
apartment
All of our sleepless nights came crashing through the
window

Now you know
What it means to fly
Now you understand
The witness' dull surprise

My dear, just show me where it hurts
And I'll draw blood to make it better,
I will do anything.
Turns out the man with all the answers
Wrote from within the asylum
And I guess we should have figured as his poems
contained no letters
He wrote, "All of my sleepless nights came crashing
through the window."

Now you know
What it means to fly
Now you understand

With the tears and old acquaintances and waiting for
the pulse to quicken,
waiting for the day when things turn out as you had
imagined, the wait

And I had only just begun to speak with my broken
memory

Oh well, the rain it never stops here
Is it strange that I no longer see the palm in front of my
face?

