

Bright Eyes "Spring Cleaning"

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Amy's got a baby in her stomach
She took my hand, I felt it kick
So she's crying and glowing
She's three 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 First 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

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