

The Witness' Dull Surprise

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

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?

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