

Bright Eyes, Exaltation On A Cool, Kitchen Floor

I wanted to come visit you
Waiting in the spring time
When the leaves change

The ground outside is begging for the
Newness that surrounds us
As we dance back through the screen door
In the sunlight of mid-April.
But the glow won't stop the smiles
That are spreading on our faces
As we fall down on the kitchen floor

And she's laughing about something
That she had heard earlier and I
Can't help noticing that she
Is sitting closer to me
Than she ever has before...