

Exaltation on a Cool Kitchen Floor

Bright Eyes

I wanted to come visit
You waiting in the springtime
When the leaves change

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You waiting in the springtime
When the leaves change

The ground outside is begging
For that 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