

## 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  
?