

Animal Collective, Cobwebs

with your head in a noose and
a great butter knife
found you some breakfast
or adventure and i've smelled trouble
but how should we get some sleep
when the last of the notes dries dead
the left skies poems about poisoness berries a i've built a home out of the fire of nature burning up
you know I only sting so
that I feel alive
under perfection a number of times
(?) driven wood a reverb it sounds more like paradise to me
well the stones will stop talking bout weather's aside
hunters and robbers will drip
bloody for a time
Colestock (?) told me better run while the earth holds this sheet
we'll come out in the night
everybody you know
will be laughing and singing
and there won't be no fighting
we'll come in out in the night
while all the lasers are firing
and our babies are gurgling
and our elders are walkling
we're not going underground
we're not going underground
i'm not going underground
we're not going underground
are we going underground
i'm not going underground now
cobwebs
they took my home
i'm in disoriented glee
cobwebs
they blocked the path that was connecting you and me
cobwebs
its a sticky case the more i move the less im free
cobwebs
they took my home
i'm in disoriented glee
they blocked the path that was connecting you and me
its a sticky case the more i move the less im free
ever since I was a boy I found new
ways to hue my porage
sometimes electric
organic like strawberry