

# Animal Collective, FloriDada

Child of limousines  
What's the best place  
That you have seen  
all of the hands  
That you have shook  
Home of the queen of everything fancy  
Is there a smell  
That you can tell  
gives you some peace  
sends you to hell  
all of the beds  
That you have yearned  
Is there a dream to  
where you'd return  
Where is the plight  
With the most stars  
Where do you drink  
By Echo guitars  
What's the best shore  
Seen from a boat  
Miniature heads that  
color the shore line  
If you could rest  
A minute to tell  
Get me some grass  
Iridescent shells  
I know there's a nest  
Fit with a hatch  
Sunset a glowin'  
Makes us all sweaty

I don't even know where to begin  
or how I should start these days.  
The green mountain south or  
The Clay of the westerns

The Maryland meadows at midnight they do have a misty grace  
Take a trip to blue bayou  
Find Roy Orbison cryin'

A continent molded from glass  
or maybe a town I can taste. Dresses that glow on  
girls from Barcelona

I wanna discover the key  
And open the everywhere place  
A mix of sky from Montana  
dipped in FloriDada

FloriDada

Old demented men  
Where is the place  
We can extend  
Crooked state lines  
Polka dot signs  
Say that this place is  
a state of mind  
Pretty lip girls  
Paint me the halls  
Not on a street  
Not near a mall  
Raise me a thumb  
From human skin

That isn't judged by  
where it begins  
Show me the clams  
Show me the pearls  
Mail me a note  
Sent from a world  
That isn't so far  
And always right here  
Where all the boundaries  
Have disappeared  
And all the nights  
Are stitched with a glue  
That's sticking to me  
And I'll stick to you  
I'll take your hands  
You'll take my face  
And everywhere home will  
be a good place

I found myself there a collagin'  
With all of the human race  
A dancer from Ghana  
smiling in Tijuana  
I Frankenstein java with touches of Prada  
and corn on the plates  
A smear of gardenia  
in the fair hair of sweden  
And maybe I actually visited  
some sort of mythical place  
Or was it a future  
connected by sutures  
Oh let's go get lost in the image  
I made of the everywhere place  
I see the lads from Osaka  
dyed in FloriDada

FloriDada

Where's the bridge that's gonna take me home the bridge that someone's fighting over a bridge tha