

Animal Collective, Kids On Holiday

Are you waiting for me?
At the end of the airport
I'm off buying our tickets
Auteur in hibernation
But I'm feeling impatient
We were late for departure
And the smell of pajamas
Is what makes me feel frivol
There are minutes for sleeping
But we didn't have minutes to spare
So you're feeling sleepy
Sympathize with the retard
Being held by his mother
She's got spit in her napkin
And she's pushing him that way
Like the stench through the men's room
And it's making you nauseous
Where the hell have I got to?
There's a boy who's a Krishna
And he thinks you look pretty
Well, he's eyeing your stockings
He's got books to help you with your life
But there's no need to worry
This is just a vacation
It's not permanent leaving
Every kid gets excited
When his parents are yelling
They ordered a Lincoln
And they received a compact
And there's fat nuns and tenors
Who are blocking departure
Till I'm birthed from their vulvas
And I kiss you and hug you
Do you remember our forfeits?
And you shout at the platform
Here we come mister airplane
Please, Please, Please, Please
Try, Try, Try
To enjoy your roots
Have some fun, fun
Kids on holiday