

# 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