

Animal Collective, Unsolved Mysteries

Oh look at me
That sweet boy's plea
His mother cried
"My child's tied his laces"
Why must we move on
From such happy lawns
Into nostalgia's palm
And feed on the traces
We all hop to the dance
Or embarrass the parents
Who should have knees
That go to sleep (?)
That blood in the dark
Will attract the sharks
Who are not violent
We all have hungry bellies
But I feel like I've got to duck
When you look at me with your brown eyes
When you look at me with your blue eyes
And you look at me with the inner eye
And all was tame
And all was daggers anyway
Stop crying like a child
And all was green
And all was aging anyway
Stop growing in the wild
But I feel like I've got to duck
When you look at me with your green eyes
When you look at me with your black eyes
And you look at me with your dead eyes
And I can understand
When holding her hand
So womanly
I have to go and kiss her
And what a surprise
To look in those eyes
And find suddenly
He is Jack the Ripper
Too suddenly, he was Jack the Ripper
Stop crying like a child
She stopped crying like a child
Jack the Ripper