

Animal Collective, Dancer

A Dancer

who got high in a field found of a moment
took a breath from his way home
he saw trees that rotted north
he felt empty for the little kinds of heavens
he hoped his girl would have flowers in her hair

And the Dancer

who got high 'cause his feet had good rhythm
found himself away for weeks
that passed slower than a sloth
on the grill he cooked his heart in orange embers
he hoped his girl still had flowers in her hair
He said sometimes I guess I have to miss my wife.
But am I the little Dancer who is missing you while you're gone?
And am I the funny Dancer who is singing this funny song.
Does the Dancer look at me and does he recognize all his wrongs
Do I write write about myself because I wont be this way very long

To hold you in time

To hold you in time

To hold you in time

To hold you in time

And the Dancer

who came home from his field felt kinda awkward.

He felt happy, he couldn't wait

he burst open that good lock

he felt ecstasy and little pins of heat

e saw his girl still had flowers in her hair

shhhhhhh

(I'm a Dancer)