

Animal Collective, Spirit They've Gone, Spirit The

In this place
There's a wounded hand
Felt a chain
Where the links met up
Round a name
In the faceless age
Cursed and pained
And your windowpane
As the lake
From one hundred friends
Wave them home
As the childhood ends
Turn it fast
As one mild day steals
Someone's soul
Into 20 years
In spirit they've vanished
And I'll show you why
They'll make you take elderly paths by this time
If we would just dump it
In the sea and fly
It's hard to just kiss our
Child games goodbye