

Animal Collective, Winer's love

I love this light in winter time,
The frost cakes in the carpet
in winter time we'll have our ways
tombstones the mean belong in
No falls snowfalls that ruin my day
It's masked up from the street wire
and winter's glow where could she be
She's warm underneath my pocket
Just a calm and modern day
In early, early morning
Rush to her, and rush to him,
Am I a better person?
even in the whole take on
the loss is better said
I pulled the boy out of above
She made that boy a man