The Animal Collective, Fireworks

Now it's day and I've been trying to get that taste off my tongue.
I was dreaming of just you, now our cereal, it is warm.
Attractive day in the rubble of the night from before.
I can't walk in a vacuum, I feel ugly, feel my pores.
It's the trees of this day that I do battle with for the light.
Then I start to feel tragic, people greet me, I'm polite.
"What's the day?" "What are you doing?"
"How's Your Mood?" "How's that song?"
Man it passes right by me, it's behind me, now it's gone.
I can't lift you up cause my mind is tired.
It's family beaches that I desire.
A sacred night, where we'll watch the fireworks.
The frightened babies poo.
They've got two flashing eyes and they're colored why.
They make me feel that I'm only all I see sometimes.

I was eating with a good friend who said
"A Genii made me out of the earth's skin"
but in spite of her she is my birth kin,
she spits me out in her surly blood rivers.
All the people life lurking in
dominions of a hot Turk dish.
If elephants are reaching for our purses,
then meet me after the world with the shivers.

"What's the day?" "What are you doing?"
"How's your food?" "How's that song?"
Man it passes right by me
it's behind me now it's gone.
I can't lift you up cause my mind is tired,
it's family beaches that I desire.
That sacred night where we watched the fireworks.
They frightened the babies and you know
they've got two flashing eyes and
if they are color blind, they make me feel,
that you're only what I see sometimes.