

# Prospect Hummer

## Animal Collective

It's quiet on my block  
Except for the gospel ladies  
Just the smell of summer wicked candles  
Makes me peek into the whole assembly  
They wear wide-brimmed hats and joyful smiles  
Claps overcome the street trash  
And a meal hits a puddle of water  
And the wind of cheerful voices  
Your cat is a friendly brother  
Who'd offer his heart with allegiance  
And if he could talk we'd be best friends  
The only friend he has is his food bowl  
And he bites away at your book hand  
For commendable attention you give him  
And you cuddle for a half an hour  
Till he dreams about his food bowl  
I'll leave you in my bed  
Six or seven later  
I'm still very very happy  
I'm still writing songs  
I can't play how  
But my heaven is all around me  
And the Zulu in my body  
Have I eaten all the very good dates now  
Is our night worth contemplating

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>