The Purple Bottle

Animal Collective

I've gotta big big big big heart beat, yeah
I think you are the sweetest thing
I wear a coat of feelings and they are loud
I've been having good days
Think we are the right age
To start our own peculiar ways
With good and friendly homes
You get me freaked freaked freaked on preakness
Never met a girl that likes to drink with horses
Knows her Chinese ballet
Must admit you smell like fruity nuts and good grains
When you show my purple gaze
A thing or two at night
Make me sick sick sick to kiss you and I think that I woud vomit
But I'll do that on mondays I don't have a work way
I like it when I bump you an accident's a truth gate
I'm humbled in your pretty lense
I'll hold you don't you go
Sometimes you're quiet and sometimes I'm quiet. Hallelujah!
Sometimes I'm talkative and sometimes you're not talkative, I know...
Well I'd like to spread your perfume around the old apartment
Could we live together and agree on the same wares?
A trapeze is a bird cage even if it's empty and definitely fits the room
And we would too
And my dear dear dear khalana
I talk too much about you
Their ears are getting tired of me singing all the night through
Lets just talk together
You and me and me and you

And if there's nothing much to say
Well, silence is a bore
I've gotta big big big big heart beat, yeah
I think you are the sweetest thing
I wear a coat of feelings and they are loud
I've been having good days
Think we are the right age
To start our own peculiar ways
With good and friendly homes

Sometimes you're quiet, and sometimes I'm quiet, hallelujah
Sometimes I'm talkative, and sometimes you're not talkative, I know...
Sometimes you hear me when others they can't hear me. Hallelujah!
Sometimes I'm naked and thank god sometimes you're naked. Well, hello...
Can I tell you that you are the purple in me?
Can I call you just to hear you, would you care?
When I saw you put your purple finger on me
There's a feelin' in your bottle
Found your bottle, found your heart
Gives a feeling from your bottled little part
Gotta crush, high
Thought I crushed all I could
Crushed all I can then I touched your hand
Crush high
Don't want it to stop
'Cause stories of your brother make my crush high pop
And you couldn't really know, cause it's in my toes
And sometimes I wonder where that crush high go
Crush high then I go and take some pills
Cause I can't do all of my dos and still feel ill

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