

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

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