

# Turn Into Something

## Animal Collective

Oh twisted me I came to eat  
At the hall where we danced to some duds  
My crowd of pals observed my fingers  
And prayed for the lunch I had hung  
And cheers rolled out and  
I thought early of tunas in tennisons tubs.  
That should turn into something  
You should turn into something  
Oh blissful bleed I came out peaking  
And leaked out like a wet clown  
My tears rolled down and arms went round  
At night I gapped at her gowns  
So often green but she held me  
My curtains were covered in hounds  
She said  
Oh my sweet goodness wish you could be here every time  
But don't miss me goodness because I rub away everytime  
Then groan at the goodness but do you mean not every time  
Then gone in the goodness wish I could stay here everytime

A mistful meet with teachers speaking  
There muffled by buzzes and hums  
So headphone tones do float me home  
My chair was begging to come  
And I'm not bummed some works not fun  
Then we crawl in the carpet like bugs  
Unrestful eve I sipped on leaks  
And sat in the room had a grudge  
The jumpping dust made catfish bust  
From corners now dripping with mud  
And she knocked twice and we got silly  
And noone knew what would come...  
She said

Oh my sweet goodness wish you could be here everytime  
But don't miss me goodness because I rub away every time  
Then groan at the goodness but do you mean not everytime  
Then gone in the goodness wish I could stay here everytime  
But you'll turn into something  
You should turn into something

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