Prospect Hummer

Animal Collective & Vashti Bunyan

It's quiet on my floor
except for a gospel ladies
Just the smell of some wicked candles
makes me thinks into the road ascending
They wear light rimmed hats and joyful smiles
who loved to run up the street branch
and in the middle of it is a puddle of water
Wind of faithful voices
whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa
whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa
whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa
whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa
whoa whoa whoa whoa
Your cat is a friendly brother
who'd offer his heart with allegience
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
and for the commendable attention you give him
and you cuddle for a half an hour
and he dreams about his food bowl
whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa
whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa
whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa
whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa
whoa whoa whoa whoa
I'll leave you in my heart
six or seven later
I'm still very very hungry
I'm still writing songs
I can't play
How?
But my heaven is all around me
and there's zulu in my body
Have I eaten all the very good dates now?
Is our night worth contemplating?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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