

# 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  
    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  
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  
    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?

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>