Kids On Holiday

Animal Collective

Are you waiting for me at the end of the airport
I'm off buying our tickets
Lines are in hibernation but I'm feeling impatient
We were late in departing
And the smell of pajamas
Is what makes me feel frivolous
There are minutes for sleeping
But we didn't have minutes to spare
So you're feeling sleepy
Sympathize with the retard being held by his mother
She's got spit in her napkin and she's pushing him that way
Like the stench through the men's room
And it's making you nauseous, where the hell have I got to?
There's a boy who's a Krishna and he thinks you look pretty
Well, he's eying your stockings
He's got books to help you with your life
But there's no need to worry
This is just a vacation, it's not permanent leaving
Every kid gets excited when his parents are yelling
'Cause they ordered a Lincoln and they received a compact
And there's fat nuns and tenors who are blocking departure
Till I'm birthed from their vulvae
And I kiss you and hug you
You remember our forfeits
And you shout at the platform
Here we come, Mister Airplane
Please, please, please, please
Try, try, try to enjoy your roots
Have some fun, fun, fun
Kids on holiday

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