

# 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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