

## Bat You'll Fly

Animal Collective

Abby listen to the click of the  
Fluorescence I found in sweet sad mouth  
Weather was the Indian way  
I bet you never have drove.  
(And run on to the village) I'll follow.  
('Cause happiness ain't bein') a swallow.

(Am I late instead,  
When you wake up late.  
Found your Velcro shoes,  
It's a holiday.  
And run on to the village, I'll follow.  
'Cause happiness ain't bein' a swallow.)

I'm tired, faint  
On the old  
Beware, it's there, she's here, smile  
You'll find reasons,  
To power all the seasons.  
Power hope infuses the blood  
The child dies.

(Don't you worry, I'm your brother,  
Finch rise early, but you'll recover.  
I said, I said, I said, I said  
Ma ma ma ma, ma ma ma ma  
Ma ma ma ma, ma ma)

Look who's got a beautiful place  
On the Avenue Saigon.  
Usually we have socks  
And my compass to outdoor.  
(And crouch under a bush) like a mate-uh,  
('Cause happiness ain't lovin') it's winter.

(On a summer day,  
There's a village way.  
And the leaves are golden  
And the trees are colder.  
And crouch under a bush like a mate-uh,  
'Cause happiness ain't lovin' it's winter.)

No more, bye. Thrown back out.  
Your plan on your hands, must carve into shape  
Streets are powered with people lovin',  
Words are destined to break down and bats will fly.

(And if there's trouble, I'm your brother  
You'll talk subtle, but that's a cover.  
I said, I said, I said, I said  
Ma ma ma ma, ma ma ma ma  
Ma ma ma ma, ma ma)

Lame, lame  
The doctor only picks what he wants  
Sage  
So give it to the preacher now

Mad in here, was welling from the westering wing.  
A moment rang,  
Your mother's said your girl is gone.

(I could have told you (to be livin' in the (place like one?))  
I could have told you (you better let the building run)  
I could have told you (to be livin' at the building now)  
I could have told you (to be livin' in a building))

Swallow do you want to come home  
And we'll ride in my buggy.  
Take me 'cross the Indian waves  
And we'll swim with the great whites.  
(But you can still think back to) the wild,  
( 'Cause happiness was being) a child.

(Now house is bare  
And your mother, lonely.  
And your village cries,  
'Cause the kid is older.  
But you can still think back to the wild,  
'Cause happiness was being a child.)

My bones see for your eyes.  
When you retire, she's here, smile  
You'll find razors, the doubt always saves 'em  
I am the reason that the child dies.

(Every morning I'm your brother,  
Memories push you to paint another  
I said, I said, I said, I said.  
Ma ma ma ma, ma ma ma ma  
Ma ma ma ma, ma ma)

Bang! Nail. A doctor only preach like one.  
Space. So give it to the preacher now.  
Madeline, is hanging from the west-wing field, and  
A moment rang and the moment said, "Your girl is gone."

(I could have told you (to be little in the pouring down)  
I could have told you (to be little in the living red sun)  
I could have told you (to be livin' in the pounding drum)  
I could have told you (to be livin', off far away...))

Don't you pray if it's only the play then  
Writhe its stampings into the ground, yeah  
I won't wait for you in a mural if  
You won't wait for me in Albania

I feel so elusive in Houston,  
You feel so exclusive in Houston