

## playing the long game

Panda Bear

Waking on a may be cloudy, may be rain  
Playing at a may be cloudy kind of game  
Slip on every step amidst a morning rush  
Crashing like a fact and now I'm in its clutch

I'm juking all the baggage  
Keep it in a straight line  
And when it separated  
I can keep it in the right mind  
(Just one time)  
And then I slip into a feeling

Slip into a feeling, write a little rhyme  
Ladies riding refuse like a rooster's cry  
I'm tickled with a gobble, what you gonna do?  
Vision like a bubble right in front of you

Even when a noggin is a cup of dread  
Used to be a comment, was a temporal thing  
And every single good jam dries  
Drying on the vine  
Like a little sweet thing  
Rotting in a can