

Animal Collective "Chocolate Girl"

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In cycle,
I laid you around the ocean,
Where grass grows,
And remnants of you is emotion,
My light's out,
Inhaling upon trees that're frozen,
We look out
And trace along their arms, we keep them frozen,
And holding,
Quietly,
The sound is dead,
Sing and turn,
In light,
And life meets child your only plight
Is light,
And silly smiles, you'll sleep a while
In light,

I'll take you for walks in the ocean,

She had a pretty dad,
But she was growing out of play-school,
Though she could kick and scream and play,
Until she wanted to,
My little chocolate girl,
Her brother barely out of high school,
There was a place where he could scream,
Until he wanted to,
All fours and tidy guy
And she could bury him in apples,
And curl around a bowl of cotton until she wanted to

Still she had to speak loud,
Because hearing is an iron offence,
And we till
And pictures of me balancing the offer
And quietly
Still drinking with the bones and the dead,
And pray small,
In hopes of something better to show her,

And holding tightly

The sound is dead,
It's singing time,
In light,
When life meets child,
Your only plight is light,
Your feeling a smile,
You're sleeping wild in light,

I'll take you for walks on the ocean,

She met a pretty boy,
And they would dance between their elders,
Where she would cream until the wine she bought had
settled in,
My little chocolate girl,
She used to love the stars of England,
She sold them records and her barbie jewelry from her
school,
Her colors matched the room,
And she would swirl around the curtains,
She had a hand to hold her chin up,
When her friends walked out,
The kid across the street,
He'll keep around when she was changing,
And he would wait and she would tell her friends about
the boy,
Her Mom and Dad at home,
She has saliva in her pockets,
She gave a girl when her last graves have finally
dugged the day

So did the chocolate girl,
Oh what's she making here?

Put your lanterns all across the maze,
So I won't feast on fallen,
Bitter the rain who brought the stings and dead,
And who will part the train,
Cause I can't see you,
I'll open up my brain again,
(Repeat)

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