

## **Animal Collective "Dancer"**

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A dancer who got high in a field found a moment  
Took a breath on his way home  
He saw trees that rotted north  
He felt envy for the little kinds of heavens  
He hoped his girl would have flowers in her hair

And the dancer who got hired 'cause his feet had good  
rhythm  
Found himself away for weeks  
That passed slower than a sloth  
On the grill he cooked his heart in orange embers  
He hoped his girl still had flowers in her hair

He said, "Sometimes I guess I'll have to miss my wife"

Am I the little dancer who is missing you while you're  
gone  
And am I the funny dancer who is singing this funny  
song  
Does the dancer look at me and does he recognize all  
that's wrong  
Do I write about myself because I won't be this way very  
long

To hold you in time

And the dancer who came home from his field felt  
kinda awkward  
He felt happy, he couldn't wait  
He burst open that good lock  
He felt ecstasy and little pins of heat  
He saw his girl still had flowers in her hair

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