

Animal Collective

"Mr. Fingers"

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Is there one sweet one that I must reach for then I'm
done?
Is perfection a place, or just a glimpse at hard work's
face?

Out amongst the music trapped in its time
Mad men muse, brought tears to my face
Dressed in the form of classical rhyme
Light the dawn, electrical graze
Kick at the fuse that laughed like a mime
Man your shoes are hard to replace
Top off a brew that brushed like a tie
Here are days when friends passed away
Accept the news, the weather is mild
Grandma used to love how you'd play

Blued from the bruise but angered we smile
Bag your blues and slick in the way

Out amongst the music trapped in its time
Mad men muse brought tears to my face
Dressed in the form of classical rhyme
Light the dawning electrical graze

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