

Anima

"Kids On Holiday"

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Are you waiting for me
At the end of the airport?
I'm off buying our tickets
Adoring hibernation
But I'm feeling impatient
We were late in departing
And the smell of pajamas
Is what made me feel frivol
There are minutes for sleeping
But we didn't have minutes to spare

So you're feeling sleepy
Sympathize with the retard
Being held by his mother
She's got spit in her napkin
And she's pushing him that way
Like the stench to the men's room
And it's making you nauseous
Where the hell have I got to?
There's a boy who's a Krishna
And he thinks you look pretty
Well he's eyeing your stockings
He's got books to help you with your life

But there's no need to worry
This is just a vacation
It's not permanent leaving
Every kid gets excited
When his parents are yelling
'Cause they ordered a Lincoln
And they received a compact
And there's fat nuns and tenors
Who are blocking departure
Till I'm birthed from their vulvas
And I kiss you and hug you
You remember our forfeits
And you shout at the platform,
"Here we come, mister airplane"

Please, please, please, please
Try, try, try

To enjoy your routes
Have some fun
Kids on holiday
Holiday fun

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