

# Animal Collective, Dancer

A Dancer

who got high in a field found of a moment  
took a breath from his way home  
he saw trees that rotted north  
he felt empty for the little kinds of heavens  
he hoped his girl would have flowers in her hair

And the Dancer

who got high '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 have to miss my wife.  
But 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 his wrongs  
Do I write write about myself because I wont be this way very long  
To hold you in time  
To hold you in time  
To hold you in time  
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  
e saw his girl still had flowers in her hair  
shhhhhh  
(I'm a Dancer)