

Monkey Riches

Animal Collective

Lately I need a better plan
I want to get my knees out in the dirt with my hands
'Cause I have been a cerebral spouse
Now my legs want to go into the emerald house

And I want to look out
I don't want to bail out
And I want to help out
I don't want to nod out

I don't want to knock you down

But why am I still looking for a golden age?
You tell me that I ought to have a golden wage
Every time I look up at that blurry sun
All I think about are bodies floating up
Everybody ought to get that special glance
Why does dawn leave everybody home with chance?
It makes me wonder how I even wrote this song
Does this not occur to almost everyone?

It makes a monkey wretch
It makes a monkey rich

Lately I want to be in my heart
But where exactly is my heart and where does it start?
I don't want that Tylenol
Can I sing and make change without crushing clams?
I can help the little things but I have big plans
I don't want that Tylenol

It makes a monkey wretch
It makes a monkey rich