

# 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