

## **Animal Collective - Floridada**

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Crooked state lines, [Polka dot signs]
                                             G )
 (com acordes na forma de
Capostraste na 1º casa
                                                               Say that this place is, [A state of mind]
Intro: G
                                                               Pretty lip girls, [Paint me the halls]
[Verse 1]
                                                               Not on a street, [Not near a mall]
Child [of limousines]
                                                               Raise me a thumb, [From human skin]
What's the best place, [That you have seen]
                                                               That isn?t judged by, [Where it begins]
All of the hands, [That you have shook]
                                                               Show me the clams, [Show me the pearls]
Home of the queen of, [Everything fancy]
                                                               Mail me a note, [Sent from a world]
Is there a smell, [That you can tell]
                                                               That isn?t so far, [And always right here]
                                                               Where all the boundaries, [Have disappeared]
Gives you some peace, [Sends you to hell]
All of the beds, [That you have yearned]
                                                               And all the nights, [Are stitched with a glue]
Is there a dream to, [Where you?d return]
                                                               That?s sticking to me, [And I?ll stick to you]
                                                               And I?ll take your hands, [You?ll take my face]
Where is the plight, [With the most stars]
                                                               And everywhere home will, [Be a good place]
Where do you drink, [By Echo guitars]
What?s the best shore, [Seen from a boat]
                                                               [Pre-Chorus 2]
                                                               I found myself there a collagin? with all of the human race
Miniature heads that, [Color the shore line]
If you could rest, [A minute to tell]
                                                               [A dancer from Ghana,] Smiling in Tijuana
Get me some grass, [Iridescent shells]
                                                               I Frankenstein java with touches of Prada and corn on the
I know there?s a nest, [Fit with a hatch]
                                                               [A smear of gardenia,] In the fair hair of Sweden
Sunset a glowin?, [Makes us all sweaty]
                                                               And maybe I actually visited some sort of mythical place
[Pre-Chorus 1]
                                                               [Or was it a future,] Connected by sutures
Well, I don?t even know where to begin or how I should start
                                                               Oh let?s go get lost in the image I made of the everywhere
these days
                                                               place
[The green mountain south or,] The Clay of the westerns
                                                               [I see the lads from Osaka,] Dyed in FloriDada
The Maryland meadows at midnight they do have a misty grace
                                                               [Chorus]
[Take a trip to blue bayou,] Find Roy Orbison cryin?
                                                               Flori, Flori, Flori, Florida
A continent molded from glass or maybe a town I can taste
                                                               FloriDada, FloriDada
[Dresses that glow on,] Girls from Barcelona
                                                               Flori, Flori, Flori, Florida
I wanna discover the key and open the everywhere place
                                                               FloriDada, FloriDada
[A mix of sky from Montana,] Dipped in FloriDada
                                                               [Bridge]
                                                               (Where?s) [the bridge that?s gonna take me home]
Flori, Flori, Flori, Florida
                                                               A bridge that someone?s fighting over
FloriDada, FloriDada
                                                               [A bridge that someone?s paying for]
Flori, Flori, Flori, Florida
                                                               A bridge so old so let it go
FloriDada, FloriDada
                                                               [Chorus]
[Verse 2]
                                                               Flori, Flori, Flori, Florida
Old [demented men]
                                                               FloriDada, FloriDada
Where is the place, [We can extend]
                                                               Flori, Flori, Flori, Florida
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