

Lazy Afternoon

Rich Price

It's a lazy afternoon
And the beetle bugs are zooming
And the tulip trees are blooming
And there's not another human in view
But us twoIt's a lazy afternoon
And the farmer leaves his reaping
And the meadow cows are sleeping
And the speckled trouts stop leaping up stream
As we dreamA far pink cloud hangs over the hill
Unfolding like a rose
If you hold my hand and sit real still
You can hear the grass as it growsIt's a hazy afternoon
And I know a place that's quiet
Except for daisies running riot
And there's no one passing by it to see
Come spend this lazy afternoon with me

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