

Lazy Afternoon

Ernestine Anderson

It's a lazy afternoon
And the beetle bugs are zoomin'
And the tulip trees are bloomin'
And there's not another human in view
But us two.

It's a lazy afternoon
And the farmer leaves his reapin'
In the meadow cows are sleepin'
And the speckled trout stop leapin' up stream
As we dream.

A fat pink cloud hangs over the hill
Unfoldin' like a rose
If you hold my hand and sit real still
You can hear the grass as it grows.

It's a hazy afternoon
And I know a place that's quiet, 'cept 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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