

# Lazy Afternoon

[Ann Hampton Callaway](#)

A 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 grows It'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, with me

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