

# picnic

## Gutevolk

On a picnic morning without a warning  
I looked at you and somehow I knew  
On a day for singing,  
My heart went winging  
A picnic grove was our rendezvous  
You and I in the sunshine  
We strolled the fields and farms  
At the last light of evening,  
I held you in my arms  
So when days grow stormy  
And lonely for me  
I just recall picnic time and you.

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