

# Picnic

## Marmoset

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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