Picnic

BP.

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 amd 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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