

Beat Happening "Secret Picnic Spot"

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There's a secret picnic spot;
A place for us to greet,
To stretch out our feet.

If we go there now with blanket and basket
And lay down in the tall grass --
Spread our things out and feast:
Meet the setting sun with our blank slate;
Our distractions concentrated on the eight by six piece
of wool.
As darkness seeps through the trees and spreads over
our secret picnic
Spot,
We'll dig in.
Dig with our hands, tearing the roots.

Digging.
Scraping.
Digging.

The moon comes up howling,
-- Racing.
Digging.
Scraping. --
Breezing dark across the sky;

Caught in the branches;
Swaying up and over
Through the clouds and black.
Starless.
Secret.

Basket turned broomstick;
A hayride across the big blue and black.
Buried.
Deep mounds of dirt and stardust covering up.
Eight by six piece of wool draped over fine lines:
The curves of the feast.
This is our secret picnic spot turned inside out and
made pure by the heavy
Wind
And rustling leaves;

From now 'till we greet again,
Joining hands and feet --
Tender teeth,
Digging and scraping...
Tender feast;
Moonlight sway, over all.

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