

Ann Hampton Callaway

"Lazy Afternoon"

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It's a lazy afternoon
And the beetle bugs are zooming
And the tulip trees are blooming
And there's not another human in view
But us two

It's a lazy afternoon
And the farmer leaves his reaping
And the meadow cows are sleeping
And the speckled trouts stop leaping up stream
As we dream

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

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