

# Lazy Afternoon

Holly Cole

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

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

A fat 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  
'cept for daisies running riot  
And there's no one passing by it to see  
As we dream

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