

## Secret Picnic Spot

Beat Happening

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  
Lay down in the tall grass  
Spread our things out and feast  
Meet the setting sun with our blank slate  
My distractions concentrated on an 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 a 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