

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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