

# Believable Picnic, Lion's Den

When inspiration's flown away  
And I've got nowhere to go  
If I try to think too deep and lose  
My shovel it gets me out of a hole  
Red and yellow apple corner  
Rainbows hang from the door  
Mr. Happy studies cymbals as if  
They mean something more  
Digging down to bedrock ampeggy  
Singing bass to the twin  
The multi-colored stars make it  
Hard to tell where the sky stops  
And the ceiling begins  
It's quite a view from under  
Panorama avenue  
Every afternoon...  
In the lion's den

Can't exterminate the influential  
Insects walking on the wall, lock  
The door or the hooper lane gang  
Will be the death of us all.  
Spaceface catface sticking out his  
Tongue got stars in his eyes,  
Lenny and Bill just materialized  
Right before our eyes  
Our favorite wise guys bearing  
Triple gifts of pizza pie  
Taunt and criticize....  
In the lion's den

Maybe someday we'll move out  
From underneath the pride  
Get to play outside....  
The lion's den