

Beat Happening, Secret Picnic Spot

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