

Fabares Shelley, Picnic

On a picnic morning without a warning
I looked at you and somehow I knew
On a day for singing,
My heart went winging
A picnic grove was our rendezvous
You and I in the sunshine
We strolled the fields and farms
At the last light of evening,
I held you in my arms
So when days grow stormy
And lonely for me
I just recall picnic time and you.