

Laura Nyro, Stoned Soul Picnic

Can you surry, can you picnic? Can you surry, can you picnic?

Come on, come on and surry down to a stoned soul picnic.

Surry down to a stoned soul picnic. There'll be lots of time and wine.

Red yellow honey, sassafras and moonshine,

red yellow honey, Sassafras and moonshine, moonshine. Stoned soul, stoned soul.

Come on, come on and surry down to a stoned soul picnic. Surry down to a stoned soul picnic.

Rain and sun come in akin, and from the sky come the Lord and the lightning.

And from the sky come the Lord and the lightning.

Stoned soul, stoned soul, surry on, soul.

Surry, surry, surry, surry.

There'll be trains of blossoms (there'll be trains of blossoms).

There'll be trains of music (there'll be music).

There'll be trains of trust, trains of golden dust.

Come along and surry on sweet trains of thought, surry on down.

Can you surry, can you surry?

Surry down to a stoned soul picnic. Surry down to a stoned soul picnic.

There'll be lots of time and wine. Red yellow honey, sassafras and moonshine,

red yellow honey, Sassafras and moonshine, moonshine. Stoned soul, stoned soul.

Surry on soul. Surry, surry, surry, surry. Surry, surry, surry, surry