

Lazy Afternoon

Barbra Streisand

It's a lazy afternoon
And the beetle bugs are zooming
And the tulip trees are blooming
And there's not another human in view,
But us two
It's a lazy afternoon
And the farmer leaves his reaping
And the meadow cows are sleeping
And the speckled trouts stop leaping up stream
As we dream
A far 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, except for daisies running riot
And there's no one passing by it to see
Come spend this lazy afternoon with me