

The Ants' Picnic

by Hans Mayer & Frank Gosar

The ants packed a picnic basket only thimble size
With french fried fly legs and pumpkin seed pies
Honey cakes and dew drop shakes and sassafras surprise
And went into the woods to have a picnic

Well you might think it's crazy but I tell you that it's true
Ants love picnics too

They spread out a checkered table cloth no bigger than your thumb
Sent out invitations for their relatives to come
To join the feast, a bite at least, they should all have some
So everybody got to join the picnic

You might think it's crazy but I'm telling you it's true
Ants love picnics too

So the aunt ants and uncle ants and cousin ants came
They ate ant goodies and played in ant games
Like steeple chase, the nine legged race and more I can not name
The kind of games you only play at picnics

So when the food had all been eaten, the races all been run
They picked up their plates and napkins with the setting of the sun
And crawl off to their hill as often will, when picnic time is done
To go to sleep and dream of having picnics

You might think it's crazy, but I'm telling you it's true
Ants love picnics too

So if you see ants walking in a line across your floor
Crawling out the window or slipping out the door
You'll know in a wink, without stopping to think, just what they're leaving for
They're going to the woods to have a picnic

You might think it's crazy, but I'm telling you it's true
Ants love picnics too

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