

The Ant's Picnic

words & music by Hans Mayer & Frank Gosar
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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 in to the woods to have a picnic

Chorus

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

The ants had a picnic on a sunny summer day
They opened up their basket and Father ant did say
Don't leave crumbs or people will come steal your food away
And that would be the end of the picnic

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

Chorus

The Aunt ants and Uncle ants, and Cousin ants came
And they ate ant goodies and played in ant games
Like steeple chase, the 9 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 crawled off to their hill, as often will, when picnic time is done
To go to sleep and dream of having picnics

Chorus

So if you see ants walking in a line across your floor
Slipping out the window, or sneaking 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

Chorus