

Bass Lake mornings are surely the best

The air is alive the water at rest

Wildlife all of a sudden awake

Chatter and hoot across the lake

In the cottage is a snoring storm

By 8 the sun and coffee are warm

Teenagers are still sleeping at 10

They'll start their day goodness knows when

Bare feet sleepy down to the deck

Pajamas askew and hair a wreck

Breakfast might be leftover cake

And that's just fine up at the lake

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