knee socks

April March

The girls in their knee socks
They all got it made
Just walking and whistling
In the sun, in the shade
They haven't been shown yet
How love can behave
They're happy-go-lucky
Like bears in a cave

The boats in the harbor
They're never alone

The sea licks them all day
And makes them her own
They don't think of salt rot
Or even decay
They bob in the rough tide
Like children at play

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