

# 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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