

# April March, Knee Socks

The girls in their knee socks  
They all got it made  
Just walking and whistling  
In the sun and 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 sorrow  
Or even decay  
They bob in the rough tide  
Like children at play

Ding ding ding  
Ding ding ding ding ding ding ding  
Ding ding ding ding ding ding ding  
Ding ding ding ding ding ding ding

Ding ding ding ding  
Ding ding ding ding ding ding  
Ding ding ding  
Ding ding ding ding