

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