

Curbside Sailor

DJ Kane

When stormy winds do blow, and blow,
And raging waters do flow, and flow,
Only restricted for fun, by one,
That one is just by me, you see.

The best are made of wood, and should,
Some whittled from trees, by me.
And endless cloths that I have sought,
To speed me on my way, to play.

Countless journeys, that I have made,
When rains did help me, on my way,
I traveled far as I could go,
To foreign lands, that I don't know.

The end is where the water goes,
Taking my ship, as it as does flow,
And as the rain stops, to end my play,
I'll leave my ship, for another day.