

Yachts and boats to and from and in the marina,
Sailing boats, clippers and schooners;
Motor boats, luxury cruisers,
All moored up at the wharf and docked in the marina.

Maybe like Gilligan's island they set sail for a 40 hour cruise,
Or its sailing to the Whitsundays for a few beers;
It's a wonder see by sea, of the natural world,
To be out on the water, seeing what is to be explored.

To set sail for the day and return unto the marina,
Where drinks and BBQ's add meaning at the bar;
Cabin cruisers and yachts and gone out to sea,
Sailing on the ocean, where wind and sea breeze blow.

The floor at your feet and at the door of the ocean world,
Take off in the morning and return to the marina at sunset;
Or sail around the world with everything to explore.
But it's nice to be back safe at the marina shore.

The world is out there waiting when you have a pleasure craft,
A boat just out there waiting in the marina, to take off when you like;
Go anywhere you like and enjoy the sun and waves,
Maybe you can find a private island paradise.

The sunshine's down and reflects on the ocean water,
Brightly shining quite reflections in to hearts and minds;
Or up the river to the quiet and still sandy banks,
Or where peace is like the estuary of your favourite fishing spot.

Signed,

Not Home