

Good morning little smoky,
Another game to play;
I awake from bed each day,
And your there to lead my way.

You're only such a little thing,
But a heart that's full of gold;
Your only one year old you know,
So you really a lot to grow.

Smokey is this kitten,
That sits upon my lap;
Grey with stripes like a tiger,
But a while front like milk to lap.

He is really quiet adventurous,
But he curls into a ball;
He sleeps a bit continuous,
As he's grown and grown quite tall.

Well smoke is now waiting,
For the fire to sit by when lit;
It's not as if he's dangerous,
But smoke is on top of this mountain and it.

Well here we are little smokey,
You've found the secret bloke in me;
You may have a heart of courage,
But your patience humbles me.

Signed,

One more line