

Now come what may I dare to say,  
That little boat just bobs there that way;  
No one ever comes to take it out on a run,  
And the big boats pass by and they always make fun.

So I'm not one to tattle but someone ought to use it,  
Instead of leaving it idle on the water where does sit;  
It bobs about the tide and the current,  
And it never seems to be a worry at the mooring, paying rent.

Just listen very carefully as the waves brush by its side,  
And watch for moving passers that may take it for a ride;  
For a boat like that is not good to anyone to keep,  
If it does not get some use it will send us watchers to sleep.

Well now we've been so patient and the little boat abounds,  
With the hope that it be used with some love in its surrounds;  
I know I'm being trivial but little boats detect,  
They bob about on water and they try to demand respect.

But I think this little boat that bobs there is all delight,  
Is as lonely as many people are without a friend in sight;  
This may seem a kind of awful thing to be tied up all day long,  
And I think it sad that it's left unused and to leave it there is wrong.

Signed

The boy's buoy