

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