

*Song of a Sock*

*Upon discovering that one white, woolly sock was left behind in a dryer*

I was known as such a loud sock,  
A pushy, feisty, much too proud sock.  
Feet that wore me often said,  
"We'd rather other socks instead."

But since my mate is on some floor  
Or lies in wait in some lonesome drawer,  
I'm now a humbled and a bowed sock  
Wandering lonely as a cloud sock. . .