

A Refugee lost in the sea

I was forced to leave over the sea
My heart was worn
My clothes were torn
What would become of me?

My attempt to stay was no match
With the sea
Our home, our town
Where could we be?

So here I stood in despair
On a boat to Australia
Where could I be in the sea?
A family member I do need

You can travel for years on end
A country, an island
Never a nice warm bed
This is me, as a refugee, travelling on and on in the sea.