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My Home

The Ocean Waves hit the shore in a clear vision, the place I call home, is the La Perouse mission, Sea salt, green grass, deep seas of blue, From my first step to this place, my first love grew, Childhood memories, always being out, My favourite was racing our bikes, all the way to the round about, Summer days in the hot sun, on the best days. we made our own fun. with nans food cooking, remembering the smells that came from the oven, we would always hide in pops boat, with all of our cousins, we would always muck around, and pretend that it goes, until pop came out and turned on the hose, one day while our neighbours were, going for a horse ride, dad was busy putting up, that slippery yellow waterslide, this was a time. where all the kids come together, it went for days, in all types of weather, it was so hot, but always nice and tanned, couldn't sleep at night, without our 3 fans, These are my memories, that help me fall to sleep, I will never forget them, in my heart I will always keep...