Pipe Dream

It's nothing at all when the tide is high
It's just a bunch of waves
They whip all around the rocks
And chase all the fish into caves
But if you get there when the tide is low
And the pool is clear and clean
You can see to the bottom
The damnedest collection of creeps you ever see

Hungry flowers that feed on fish
Scooping in whatever comes
Crabs that grab another crab
And chew his legs, the dirty bum!
Starfish having himself a lunch
Eats a mussel of a shell
Shrimps and Limpets and snails and eels
What a smelly tale they tell
Biting each other and eating each other and lousing up the sea
Stupid sons of fishes, if you're asking me!

- Richard Rogers and Oscar Hammerstein III

*In: MARINE BIOLOGY by Jeffrey S. Levinton.*