



Imagine me a seahorse... not the kind you ride,
One that lives in salty water, and gallops in the tide.
The way I swim is upright, and I swim real slow,
Only five feet in an hour. If it's far, I just don't go.

Hippocampus is my name in Greek, Bent Horse is what it means,
I can wrap my tail around stuff, like monkeys up in trees.
I see forward and look backward at the same time
with each eye,
That sure would come in handy for crossing streets
or being a spy.

The purpose of a seahorse, the oceans meant to save,
By warning of the danger, like canaries in a cave.
Important little seahorses, the sea is where we'll be.
Riding the ocean open range—who wants to be me?

