

Bellarine

Rolling Blackouts Coastal Fever

Flat line of yellow lights flickering on every street
Cool air off northern water, two years since I've seen my daughter
The fish are biting every line but mine
Seems like rum is taking all my time

My Bellarine, from here I shoot my scene
There's fire in the west, I never did my best

Cold cuts and cheap terrine, your daddy's not so mean
Don't listen to what your mother said
Call me when the money comes in
The fish are biting every line but mine
Seems like rum is taking all my time

My Bellarine, from here I shoot my scene
There's fire in the west, I never did my best
I'm looking down the pier before the ferry comes here
She looks just like me, I'm in trouble on the Bellarine

My Bellarine, from here I shoot my scene
There's fire in the west, I never did my best