

# Dorothy Bay

Tiny Ruins

You pull me through the blue, Dorothy Bay  
Skipping, tripping heels along the pavement  
Sea so different every morning  
What do the constellations have to say?

You carry on  
The tide is a radar  
Breathing on  
Like it or not  
Picks you up with her signal  
Just as before  
There's a strong pull harbour-way  
There's a strong pull harbour-way

By hook or by the book, I can't explain  
How I miss the flowers made from cellophane  
Little hands and paws, they trial and train  
Keep you sifting sand in the outer lane

They carry on  
The tide is a radar  
Breathing on  
Like it or not  
Picks you up with her signal  
Just as before  
There's a strong pull harbour-way  
There's a strong pull harbour-way  
There's a strong pull harbour-way