

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