

# Shearwater, St Mary's Walk

Claire lives up on Saint Mary's walk with her mother  
I live down on Philomel by the harbor  
And I hate the ocean  
And I hate the ocean  
And I hate the ocean, oh well

Claire says she'd throw me overboard then that she loves me  
And then she kisses me on mouth and says I'm ugly  
And I hear the ocean  
And I hear the ocean  
And I hear the ocean roar

The water pulls around the pier, dark and rusted  
And I know the kindest face with a sailor's eyes still can't be trusted  
But I feel the ocean  
And I feel the ocean  
And I feel the ocean swell