

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