

Brought up in a world of changes
Part time cleaner in a holiday flat
Stare out to sea at the ships at night
No anaesthesia, I'm gonna work on it day to day
No zephyr no light relief it seems

But maybe it's a dream
I'm lying back in a row of timber cases placed out
On the dock with nightmare faces looking at me
And I can see now, and I wanna be free now

This is my home
This is my sea
Don't paint it with the future, of factories
I want to stay, I feel okay
There's nothing else as perfect
I'll have my way

Brought up in a world of changes
Waste product, pedestrian, limb from limb
Short changed by the surfing priest again
Two children in the harbour
They play their game stormwater drain
Write their contract in the sand, it'll be gray for life

But you can draw the blind
But you can't stop the sun
From shining on and on and getting you there
Tide forever beckons you to leave
But something holds you back
It's not the promise of the swell or a girl
Just a hope that someday someday it'll be okay
So you stop and say

This is my home
This is my sea
Don't paint it with the future of factories
This is my life
this is my right
I'll make it what I want to
I'll stay and I'll fight