St. Mary's Walk

Shearwater

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