

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

(Moginie/Garrett)