

Waratah Bay

By Maggie Somerville

(A tribute to one of the most beautiful and untouched corners of the world)

In the southernmost corner of Gippsland
you can find your own heaven on earth
You can leave all the hustle and bustle behind
for the softest of sand and of surf
It's the tiniest dot on the smallest of maps,
if you camp there you won't find a town
Somehow civilisation has just passed it by
but it's where peace of mind can be found.

CHORUS

It's the chorus of birds in the morning
It's the hush at the end of the day
It's the start of each fairy tale story
It's the magic of Waratah Bay.

You can sit on the sand with the Prom to your left
and with Walkerville off to the right
You can stroll with your dogs down to Sandy Point beach,
You can watch as the seagulls take flight,
You can go hunt for starfish or shells by the rocks,
you can surf or play cricket or fish
You might see a goanna or snake while you're there,
if you're dreaming then just make a wish.

CHORUS & INSTRUMENTAL

You can go so the French Riviera,
to Hawaii, Miami, Phuket
You can bask on the beach up at Bondi
but you won't have seen anything yet
Oh the waves of Torquay may be mighty
and the Bali resorts reign supreme
But I know where I'll go to unravel,
to rekindle my spirits and dream.

CHORUS, *twice, with repeated last line replaced by*
And it's where you can scatter my ashes
With the magic of Waratah Bay.