Perfection: Olivia Kesby

know I’m on the Northern Beaches

When the night stars seem to shine

With a brilliance quite outstanding

With a mystery divine.

Where the beaches seem to beckon

Where the bushland has a way

Of healing our distressing moments

Washing all our cares away.

Where else can the lifestyle equal

This is how it’s meant to be

This is somewhere close to perfect

If we have the eyes to see.