Fake ...Fact...Fiction!: Dorset Sutton

Ocean merges with sky in a mosaic of turquoise and blue..... Rocky coastal terrain, rugged bushland and sun bleached sand effuse in perfect harmony... Navigating each treacherous bend reveals nature and beauty in a spectacular portrait. But where am I...

I love driving down the coast again to the lonely sea and sky
With a sunrise start, crystal view and star to steer me by
Looking out to sea from my special retreat I'm in awe of the breaking wave
Then my dolphins appear, bathed in silver and blue, engaging in their special rave
As the BBQ burns and my Tooheys Blue turns, again I'm struck by this special view
With family and friends...and dolphins too...
The Ballad of Ulladulla Blue.

It's a special time coming home each year to where peace and beauty are one Inhaling the salt...feeling the breeze...urging to touch the sun As I look out afar, beyond the sand, the swell builds to a crest The waltz picks up in noise...the dancers perfectly poised, competing to display their best As my dolphin glide and my chardonnay slides...I'm in a state of complete renew At home again...in love with the view The Ballad of Ulladulla Blue.

With each passing year memories linger true, happy times we shared at Ulladulla Blue Our street has changed...new neighbours come and go...and sadly some of the culture too But some things never change...like the setting sun, nor the dolphins engaging in their unique fun With memories etched in gold...and in silver too The Ballad of Ulladulla Blue.

Driving home mountains merge with sky in a sunset mosaic of purple and gold Dark silhouettes disappear as vivid city lights juxtapose front and rear Each bend oozes neons and crowds creating tension and noise in structured imbalance Yet there's something vibrant about a harbour city, sparkling in the darkness of night And seeking belonging in a sanctuary of throng.

Take me home Country Road to the place that I belong Ulladulla, just past Milton...to dream my ballad, one more time.