

## High Tide

Cara Dillon

Days, turning from red to green  
It's hard to believe that spring  
Is here so soon and I've been gone so long

Keep, sending your letters on  
Memories of home are still  
Haunting my days and I am losing my way

High tide, changing moods  
Familiar faces I know  
High tide, changing light  
Familiar places I'll go

Keep playing out favourite song  
Cause sometimes I sing it so loud  
I'm praying that you might hear  
And sing along

Days turning from sweet to dry  
Memories of home are still  
Haunting my days and I'll wait for your reply

High tide, changing moods  
Familiar faces I know  
High tide, changing light  
Familiar places I'll go