

Tides Of Tomorrow

Cave In

Sleepy Sunday morning, afternoons in the sun
Monday is waiting, waiting its turn
Daylight has wilted,
And even though our sky has cleared
Time won't hesitate to burn away

Sleepy Sunday morning on an island far away
Nights spent gazing up at the stars
Tides of tomorrow, will they bring or wash away
Our love-filled dreams of paradise?

All the world around us is ocean blue
So tell me, dear, is it true:
The more that you know, the less you believe in?
Tides of tomorrow
How they ebb and they flow!

What a summer day, full of summer ways
It rains so warm here, I can't believe
Counting constellations in the tropical skies
Chimes like thousands of wet, teary eyes
Summer comes and goes, and who could ever know
If this, indeed, is our last one together!
Tides of tomorrow, will they bring or wash away
Our love-filled dreams of paradise?

All the world around us is ocean blue

So tell me, dear, is it true:
The less that you know,
The more you believe in?
Tides of tomorrow
How they ebb and how they flow!