

Ebb Tide

Matt Monro

First the tide rushes in
Plants a kiss on the shore
Then rolls out to sea
Then the sea is very still once more

So I rush to your side
Like the oncoming tide
With one burning thought
"Will your arms open wide?"

At last we're face-to-face
And as we kiss in our embrace
I can tell, I can feel
You are love, you are real
Really mine-in the rain, in the dark, in the sun!
Like the tide at its ebb
I'm at peace in the web of your arms

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