

Tom Jones, Ebb Tide

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

So I rush to your side
Like the on coming tide
With one burning thought Will your arms open wide
At last we're face to face And as we kiss through an embrace

I can tell, I can feel You are love, your 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