

Ebb Tide

Frank Sinatra

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 oncoming 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, 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