

High Tide

Ten

It's getting hotter tonight,
We're riding high on wishing well time,
All in all we know the way it goes
When the fire comes alive.
But sailing into the night
I hear the waves below me cry
To look out below fo most of those
Who have sailed The Channel die

Throw back the staves we started,
Go back, the waves are calling me
To break myself free,
Roll back the maze we charted,
Hold back, the waves are warning me

It's high tide; this charade is over,
Too many lovers have been crossed in your wake,
No fine line stopped you stepping over,
Now any words I had to say
Are lost to the waves
For every light in the sky
There is a diamond set in your eyes,
As they shine, they glow, beguile me so
That they cannot be denied,
But you're a dangerous game,
I'm reaching out to touch the flame,
Though my fingers burnt, I never learnt,
I just could not turn away
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To break myself free,
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