

# Morning Tide

## The Little Ones

Oh, my morning tide  
You rise and fall aside  
On Sunday  
Sunday, Sunday

With every crash you make  
You pull and push away  
Against the rocky ground  
Though I stray for some time  
I know I'll come around

I hear the chimes that call  
Your ringing seaside crawl  
On Sunday  
Sunday, Sunday

As each layer folds  
The mist grows more and more  
There's an air that you declare  
I have wanted to tell you  
I hope to meet you there

By the shore, I'll be waiting for you  
Morning tide, I'll be waiting for you  
For I'll see you on the coastline in time  
That's something to think about  
That's something to think about

By the shore, I'll be waiting for you  
Morning tide, I'll be waiting for you  
For I'll see you on the coastline in time  
That's something to think about  
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The touch of midday sun  
Broke from the sky at once  
And echoed my own cheer  
I am waiting, waiting  
Waiting to see you here

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Morning tide, I'll be waiting for you  
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