

## And The Tide Rushes In

The Moody Blues

I've been searching for my dream  
A hundred times today  
I build them up, you knock them down,  
Like they were made of clay,

Then the tide rushes in  
And washes my castles away.  
Then I'm really not so sure  
Which side of the bed I should lay,  
I should lay...

You keep looking for someone  
To tell your troubles to,  
I'll sit down and lend an ear  
Yet I hear nothing new.

Then the tide rushes in  
And washes my castles away.  
Then I'm really not so sure  
Which side of the bed I should lay,  
I should lay...

Blackbird sitting in a tree  
Observing what's below  
Acorns falling to the ground,  
He'll stay and watch them grow.