

Ebb Tide

Vic Damone

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 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.