

Tad Dreis, Hair In The Tide

Oh, don't write
It's too soon
To say anything for sure

Oh, I'm right
I know for sure
I can feel my heart, I can feel the moon

My hair in the tide

Oh, don't sigh
It's not June
Still I'm green, wanton, true

Oh my
Western isles
I kick to them and I pull to you

My hair in the tide

So there are islands, I can see
Kisses blowing, wind, sun, trees
But there are islands under me
And dinosaurs beneath my feet

They're in the tide

Oh, don't sigh
It's still June
There's time to dive and visit dry lands, too

Oh my
Westing eyes
I kick to them and I pull to you

My hair in the tide