10,000 Maniacs, Just As The Tide Was A-Flowing

On one morning In the month of may When all the birds Were singing

I saw a lovely maiden stray Across the fields at break of day She softly sung her roundelay

The tide flows in The tide flows out Twice every day returning

Her cheeks were red Her eyes were brown Her hair in ringlets hanging down Upon her face to hide the frown

Just as the tide was a flowing The tide flows in The tide flows out Twice everyday returning

A sailor's wife at home must bide She halted heavily she sighed "he parted from poor me, a bride I'm widowed by the sea" she cried

Just as the tide was a flowing

The tide flows in The tide flows out Twice every day returning