

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, Untitled (ebb tide)

First the tide rushes in

Plants a kiss on the shore

Then goes 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 loved

You are really, 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 heart's arms

Of your arms