

Frank Sinatra, Ebb Tide

Writer(s): Sigman/Maxwell

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 real
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