

Tom Jones, Ebb Tide (The Sea)

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 on coming 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, your 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