

Three Degrees, The "Ebb Tide"

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(Robert Maxwell/Carl Sigman)

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 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
It's just like the tide at its ebb
I'm at peace in the web of your arms

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