

## **Cave-In**

# **"Tides of Tomorrow"**

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Sleepy Sunday morning, afternoons in the sun  
Monday is waiting, waiting its turn  
Daylight has wilted,  
And even though our sky has cleared  
Time won't hesitate to burn away

Sleepy Sunday morning on an island far away  
Nights spent gazing up at the stars  
Tides of tomorrow, will they bring or wash away  
Our love-filled dreams of paradise?

All the world around us is ocean blue  
So tell me, dear, is it true:  
The more that you know, the less you believe in?  
Tides of tomorrow  
How they ebb and they flow!

What a summer day, full of summer ways  
It rains so warm here, I can't believe  
Counting constellations in the tropical skies  
Chimes like thousands of wet, teary eyes  
Summer comes and goes, and who could ever know  
If this, indeed, is our last one together!  
Tides of tomorrow, will they bring or wash away  
Our love-filled dreams of paradise?

All the world around us is ocean blue

So tell me, dear, is it true:  
The less that you know,  
The more you believe in?  
Tides of tomorrow  
How they ebb and how they flow!

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