

Still Time "High Tide"

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Tell me lies, tell me sweet little lies
She says she knows me and
Iâ€™ve got that dreamy look in my eyes
I got a mind to make a dollar
Out of fifteen cents
And buy an island with a view
Of all the summer sets
You see I know where Iâ€™m going
And I know where Iâ€™ve been
I tell my lady that my shipâ€™s coming in
I got no time for fiasco and the last straw
Seems to be a long ways away

High Tide is coming with the world for me
My type is something that you wonâ€™t find

Summer skies keep on asking me why
This island dream and what it means
Has seemed to pass me on by
But itâ€™s just a matter of time,
Right now Iâ€™m headinâ€™ to find
That paper paper and the good life
No need for the grind
You see I know where Iâ€™m going
And I know where Iâ€™ve been
I tell my lady that my shipâ€™s coming in
I got no time for fiasco and the last straw
Seems to be a long ways away

High Tide is coming with the world for me
My type is something that you wonâ€™t find

Baby girl if you leave me
Youâ€™ll see me someday on the TV
Wish you hadnâ€™t left me for someone else
â€™Cause Iâ€™ll be gettingâ€™ that scrilla
Like the Don himself

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