High Tide

Cara Dillon

Days, turning from red to green
It's hard to believe that spring
Is here so soon and I've been gone so longKeep, sending your letters on
Memories of home are still
Haunting my days and I am losing my wayHigh tide, changing moods
Familiar faces I know
High tide, changing light
Familiar places, I'll goKeep playing out favorite song
'Cause sometimes I sing it so loud
I'm praying that you might hear
And sing alongDays turning from sweet to dry
Memories of home are still
Haunting my days and I'll wait for your replyHigh tide, changing moods
Familiar faces I know
High tide, changing light
Familiar places, I'll go

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