

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 long
Keep, sending your letters on
Memories of home are still
Haunting my days and I am losing my way
High tide, changing moods
Familiar faces I know
High tide, changing light
Familiar places, I'll go
Keep playing out favorite song
'Cause sometimes I sing it so loud
I'm praying that you might hear
And sing along
Days turning from sweet to dry
Memories of home are still
Haunting my days and I'll wait for your reply
High tide, changing moods
Familiar faces I know
High tide, changing light
Familiar places, I'll go

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