Morning Tide

The Little Ones

Oh, my morning tide You rise and fall aside On Sunday Sunday, Sunday

With every crash you make You pull and push away Against the rocky ground Though I stray for some time I know I'll come around

I hear the chimes that call Your ringing seaside crawl On Sunday Sunday, Sunday

As each layer folds
The mist grows more and more
There's an air that you declare
I have wanted to tell you
I hope to meet you there

By the shore, I'll be waiting for you
Morning tide, I'll be waiting for you
For I'll see you on the coastline in time
That's something to think about
That's something to think about

By the shore, I'll be waiting for you
Morning tide, I'll be waiting for you
For I'll see you on the coastline in time
That's something to think about
That's something to think about

The touch of midday sun Broke from the sky at once And echoed my own cheer I am waiting, waiting Waiting to see you here By the shore, I'll be waiting for you
Morning tide, I'll be waiting for you
For I'll see you on the coastline in time
That's something to think about
That's something to think about

By the shore, I'll be waiting for you
Morning tide, I'll be waiting for you
For I'll see you on the coastline in time
That's something to think about
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