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
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