And The Tide Rushes In

The Moody Blues

I've been searching for my dream
A hundred times today
I build them up, you knock them down,
Like they were made of clay,

Then the tide rushes in
And washes my castles away.
Then I'm really not so sure
When side of the bed I should lay,
I should lay...

You keep looking for someone
To tell your troubles to,
I'll sit down and lend an ear
Yet I hear nothing new.

Then the tide rushes in
And washes my castles away.
Then I'm really not so sure
When side of the bed I should lay,
I should lay...

Blackbird sitting in a tree
Observing what's below
Acorns falling to the ground,
He'll stay and watch them grow.

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