

# Ebb Tide

[Phil Spector](#)

First the tide rushes in  
Plants a kiss on the shore  
Then rolls out to sea  
And the sea is very still once more  
So I rush to your side  
Like the oncoming tide  
With one burning thought  
Will your arms open wide?  
At last we're face to face  
And as we kiss through an embrace  
I can tell, I can feel  
You are love, you are real  
Really mine in the dark  
In the rain, in the sun  
Like the tide at it's ebb  
I'm at peace in the web of your arms  
Ebb tide

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