

## Rising Tide

Chew Lips

Distant city taken from a plane  
Lights like home and people look the same  
In the streets you cannot read the signs  
Find the face you know and came to find

Something like love and you started a page  
Feeling so young but we act our age  
Carried away on a rising tide  
Here we go, here we go holding tight  
Sitting up late with the fireworks  
You slip your hand inside my shirt  
Gentle and wild are the words we paint  
Holding on, holding on start again

Over-thinking every little thing  
Start again with barely chance to win  
Black ash peels like cities from a book  
Evening lasted longer than i could

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Start again  
Start again

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