

Ebb Tide

Regine Velasquez

First the tide, rushes in you
Is a kiss from the shore
A voice softly speak
And the sea is fairer still
Once more
So I rushed to your side
Like the arm coming tide
Ever stunning hope
With your arms opened wide
At last, with face to face
And does we kiss to warm embrace

I can tell, I can fell
You are there, you are real
Really mine
In the rain,
In the dark
In the sun

Just by holdin' tight heaven sent
Oh, I loved these
In the warmth of your arms...