

Rhode Island

The Innocence Mission

In June, we're washing in the water
We are walking to the sand
In the summer of a hard year
You are swinging both our hands
In Rhode Island. Rhode Island

Now we will go gleaming into tomorrow
I am leaning, leaning into tomorrow
From Rhode Island, cradled on the waves

I don't want to tell you sad news
I don't want to let you down
We drive away, (we don't know
What is going to happen now)
From Rhode Island. Rhode Island

Now we will go gleaming into tomorrow
I am leaning, leaning into tomorrow
From Rhode Island, cradled on the waves