

Time and Tide

^C Well, ^F time and ^C tide wait for no man, and they won't wait for me,
^C So I'll take my stand on a strip of sand between the mountains and the sea.
^F I'm with my ^C cousins, I'm with my daughter, ^G clams are necking, ^C edge of the surf.
^C The moon is tugging on the water, while the sun is tugging on the earth.

^F North coast morning, ^C north coast day, north coast shades of blue, ^G green and gray,
^C This place runs deep through my family bloodlines; ^F this place runs deep to my DNA. ^C

This rusty shovel, it was my father's; I watched him use it when I was a boy.
Well, he dug hard to fill our buckets with a bounty of love, mollusks, and joy.
My father's gone now, but he still guides me; he's still my father, I 'm still his son.
I'll do my best, Dad, to fill this bucket 'til the tide comes in and my time is done.

Intro/V1C1/break/V2C2C3/outro