

She was born in Carolina, spent her time in Manteo along the beach  
And at church on Sunday morning she would hang on every word her  
daddy preached

After he had blessed his daughter

She would run back to the water

Where she took in every lesson that the ocean had to teach

The waves come in

And then they seem to leave again

The tides return

There is a rhythm you can learn

Life is long, there are regrets that you will never comprehend

Each tomorrow lies unborn until today comes to an end

In that tiny congregation there were some who felt they had to speak  
their mind

They feared for her mortal soul, and in their own way they were trying  
to be kind

And she did not have the heart

To see her father torn apart

So she went away and left her mother ocean far behind

The seasons come

The birds returning to their home

The seasons go

A summer lies beneath the snow

There is one thing to remember but so many to forget

All the ones who know the answers haven't heard the questions yet