

Riptide

A wave breaks,
A boat tilts listlessly on the glassy Manchester sea.
A shout rings out,

A harsh opposition, to the slow summer day.
The shout is gone, the air once again free.
A wave breaks

The beach is full of people frozen, unsure of what to say,
A woman remains on her knees, crying a desperate plea.
A shout rings out.

Her boy was ripped under the supposedly calm bay,
Now he lies still as could be.
A wave breaks.

One. Two. One. Two. That's the only way,
She's pushing on his small chest, begging that's the key.
A shout rings out.

She's sure he's gone, his once-tan skin a pale grey,
Covered in salt-sea and desperate tears, the boys eyes open and they see:
A wave breaks.
A shout rings out.