

Rankin Family, The

"Saved In The Arms"

Visit "[Saved In The Arms](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

They carried my old friend to
the church yard
My eyes cast slowly to the ground
The preacher read him his last words
Then they lowered his body down

Saved in the arms of my loved one
Saved on his gentle breast
Saved in the arms of my loved one
I lay my weary head down to rest

The church bell tolled for the rich man
The church bell tolled for the poor
I shed a final tear for my old friend
For never will I see him no more

Saved in the arms of my loved one
Saved on his gentle breast
Saved in the arms of my loved one
I lay my weary head down to rest

Gone are the days of Black Diamond
Gone is the beer and whiskey too
I said a final prayer for my old friend
Then carried my body home to you

Saved in the arms of my loved one
Saved on his gentle breast
Saved in the arms of my loved one
I lay my weary head down to rest

Saved in the arms of my loved one
Saved on his gentle breast
Saved in the arms of my loved one
I lay my weary head down to rest

I lay my eary head to

