

Swell Season, The

"In These Arms"

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

Use the truth as a weapon to beat up all your friends
Every chink in the armor
An excuse to cause offense
And the boys from the hallway calling out your name
And true love will find them in the end

You were restless
I was somewhere less secure
So I went running to the road
And so now there's a long list of places I was
I quit my rambling and came home

'Cause maybe I was born to hold you in these arms
Maybe I was born to hold you in these arms

Use your saints and your mantra
And your things to keep you calm
If you stay with that asshole he's gonna do you harm
There's a voice singing loudly on the radio just for you
And good fortune will find him in the end

Maybe I was born to hold you in these arms
Maybe I was born to hold you in these arms

Maybe I was born to hold you in these arms
Maybe I was born to hold you in these arms

Visit [Swell Season, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.