

## **Annie Christian**

# **"The Boy With The Golden Arm"**

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There used to be a romance in the air  
Now every day that passes brings him a panic  
He used to feel there is nothing more than within the  
plastic  
With a fragile heart the soul is losing feel

When he gets out he knows what how could do  
When he finds you he know he might pull through  
He will find you and you will be  
The only exit for  
The boy with the golden arm

He used to hold such substantial passions  
Now the passions lie with the substance  
Is it a monumental boredom or a love of all things  
Sweet, it starts right here

The anaesthetic starts to heal

When he gets out he knows what how could do  
When he finds you he know he might pull through  
He will find you and you will be  
The only exit for  
The boy with the golden arm

This sickness stops feel  
The anaesthetic starts to heal  
This sickness stops feel  
The anaesthetic starts to heal

When he gets out he knows what how could do  
When he finds you he know he might pull through  
He will find you and you will be  
The only exit for  
The boy with the golden arm

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