

## Carpenters

### "The Moon Over Tucson"

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I've always had long arms and my sleeves never fit.  
And my mother would worry about my dangling wrists  
and  
I never grew to tall, but it did me no harm  
To never grow into the length of my arms  
What I have embraced, what I've carried for years  
Like a bucket of self doubt, like a basket of fears  
but we finally cherish what we got from the start  
Like the length of our own arms and the shape of our  
hearts  
I dreamt I was flying, and I dreamt of my mother  
She was walking in paradise with one saint or another  
and I looked out at my own arms they felt so strong  
and really quite lovely though ridiculously long

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