

Frank Sinatra

"The Man With The Golden Arm"

Visit "[The Man With The Golden Arm](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He makes his own dreams,
His own paradise
But paradise is just a false alarm.
And no one's really sadder than
The man with the golden arm.

He buys every thrill,
And pays any price,
And thinks he's having fun,
And what's the harm?
He's following the devil's plan
The man with the golden arm.

What is that strange desire
That sets his soul afire?
The hopeless need for it,
That makes him plead for it,
The walls start closing in,
The room begins to spin.
There's no escape,
And there's no friend
How did it start?
Where will it end?

The ending is clear.
And not very nice.
A nameless grave beside some prison farm.
There is no story sadder than
The man with the golden arm.

But there's a chance that he
Can shake the misery.
That's if he's strong enough,
And fights it long enough.
The ones who do are rare,
But with some hope and prayer,
The nightmare's gone,
And so's the end
You'll find the sun and walk among men.
And gone are the dreams.
The fool's paradise.

The heaven that was just a false alarm.
And no one's really gladder than
The man with the golden arm.
The man with the golden arm.

Visit [Frank Sinatra](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.