Joan Osborne "These Arms Of Mine"

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These arms of mine
They are lonely, lonely and feeling blue
These arms of mine
They are yearning, yearning from wanting you

And if you would let them hold, hold you Oh, how grateful I would be

These arms of mine
They are burning, burning from wanting you
These arms of mine
They are wanting, wanting, wanting to hold you

And if you would let them hold you

Oh, how grateful I would be Come on, come on baby Just be my man, just, just be my lover

'Cause I need me somebody to treat me right And I need somebody to hold me tonight And I need tender lip to kiss me tonight

These arms of mine
They are burning, burning from wanting you
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