

## Matthew Morrison

### "Arms Of A Woman"

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I am at ease in the arms of a woman.  
Although now,  
Most of my days I spend alone.  
A thousand miles,  
From the place I was born.  
But when she wakes me,  
She takes me back home.

Now, most days,  
I spend like a child.  
Who's afraid of ghosts in my mind.  
I know, there ain't nothing out there.  
I'm still afraid to turn on the lights.

I am at ease in the arms of a woman.  
Although now,  
Most of my days I spend alone.  
A thousand miles,  
The place I was born.  
When she wakes me,  
She takes me back home.

A thousand miles,  
The place I was born.  
When she wakes me,  
She takes me back home.

I am at ease in the arms of a woman.  
Although now,  
Most of my days I spend alone.  
A thousand miles,  
From the place I was born.  
When she wakes me,  
She takes me...  
Yeah, when she wakes me,  
She takes me back home.  
When she wakes me,  
She takes me back home.

