

Hornsby Bruce

"These Arms Of Mine"

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(by Bruce R. Hornsby)

Well, I'm walking the floor
Hanging right round the door
Hoping you will come through
Wanting you to, sweat on my brow
I'm no saint
Nothing left but a bad excuse
The heat makes you do things
You might just not do
In your right mind
But you'll do what you do
You can be sure I'll be true

It's gonna take these arms of mine
All that they've to hold on to you
All that I know is these arms of mine
Are willing to try to keep hold of you
Gonna take a whole, whole, whole lot
A whole, whole, whole lot

Well, I'm walking the line
between wrong and right
I could go either way
But now, you don't want me to stay
You're so tired of waiting
Well, I'm no saint
Tried to have my cake and eat it, too
But nobody does what you do
Now another wins and I lose
I might deserve to
Now, you'll do what you do
Might be too late, but I'll tell you

It's gonna take these arms of mine
All that they've to hold on to you
All that I know is these arms of mine
Are willing to try to keep hold of you
Gonna hold, hold, hold on
Hold, hold, hold on

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