

## **These Arms Are Snakes**

### **"At The End"**

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I am a man, but that's not all I am  
There is more here than the smiles in old photographs  
The memories trapped under glass  
When times are good or bad the moments came and  
passed so fast

So here I am  
Just a tired, broken man  
And I hope, I hope that someone, somewhere  
understands  
I try to do the best I can  
But nothing ever, ever goes according to it's plan

As I look back at what went wrong  
I wonder if I had been strong  
Enough to face this on my own  
But that was it, never again

So here I am  
Just a tired, broken man  
And I hope, I hope that someone, somewhere  
understands  
I try to do the best I can  
But nothing ever, ever goes according to it's plan

I don't think I should be alone right now  
I need a chance to make it right somehow  
So if it feels like I'm dragging you down  
And you don't want me around, then just say so

So here I am  
Just a tired, broken man

I've always been the first to volunteer all of my time  
The last to leave it all behind  
The life I lived I thought was mine  
But now I feel it slipping through my hands  
Right through my hands  
And I don't know where to go  
And I don't know what to do  
Between just me and you it's overwhelming

And here I stand  
Just a tired, broken man  
And I hope, I hope that someone, somewhere  
understands  
I try to do the best I can  
But nothing ever, ever goes according to it's plan

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