

Annie

"The Boy With The Golden Arm"

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There used to be a romance in the air
Now every day that passes brings him a panic
He used to feel there is nothing more than within the
plastic
With a fragile heart the soul is losing feel

When he gets out he knows what how could do
When he finds you he know he might pull through
He will find you and you will be
The only exit for
The boy with the golden arm

He used to hold such substantial passions
Now the passions lie with the substance
Is it a monumental boredom or a love of all things
Sweet, it starts right here

The anaesthetic starts to heal

When he gets out he knows what how could do
When he finds you he know he might pull through
He will find you and you will be
The only exit for
The boy with the golden arm

This sickness stops feel
The anaesthetic starts to heal
This sickness stops feel
The anaesthetic starts to heal

When he gets out he knows what how could do
When he finds you he know he might pull through
He will find you and you will be
The only exit for
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