

In The Lord's Arms

Ben Harper

Like the wings stolen from an angel
Like petals gone from a rose
Like a dove caught in a storm

Tonight he's in the Lord's Arms

The wind it blew straight through us
And whispered to me in tongues
I was told I was wrong

Tonight he would be in the Lord's Arms
Tonight he is in the Lord's Arms

So I dranked this wine to him
With each glass of memory
He left with his crown of thornes

Tonight he's in the Lord's Arms
Tonight he's in the Lord's Arms
Tonight he's in the Lord's Arms