

## Arms Around A Memory

Beth Orton

Oh for them New York City summer streets  
All of the hours lost between  
There was always a beautiful sky  
And you on your contact high  
And me with my broken bottle smile

I put my arms around a memory  
Though you'd always told me not to try  
Didn't we make a beautiful life  
In your 8th floor walk-up that night  
The way two words they make a rhyme

And I got to questioning my credibility  
Like you're the reliable witness to what I feel  
Tho I can still taste all the sweetness of what we had  
And there's no one will kiss me as deep as you know you have

Once that I saw how to see  
All if that love was looking back at me  
It was hard not to full fill the prophecy we'd always been

Oh but bow California's out of reach  
All of those colours bleed between  
There's always a beautiful sky  
Me on my contact high  
And you, with your broken bottle dreams

And if you get to questioning my credibility  
Like you're the reliable witness to what I feel  
Tho I can still taste all the sweetness of what we had  
And there's no one will touch me as deep as you know you have  
Once that I saw how to see  
All of your love was looking back at me  
It was hard not to full fill the prophecy we'd always been