Arms

Deportees

I don't like it when you're cynical
You don't like it when I'm not
We get into an argument
You always end on top

If no one's here to save us now
No one's here to judge us now
We'll be staying good enough
Good for goodness sake

Where will I be?
When your arms are out of hope
Where will I be?
When your arms are out of hope

If you see me in a crowd somewhere
I hope you'll meet my eyes
Maybe I will smile at you
And maybe you'll reply

Now that you decided what
To keep and what to throw away
Save me in your heart somewhere
Or leave it till the dream

Where will I be?
When your arms are out of hope
Where will I be?
When your arms are out of hope
Not many things
Leaves a mark upon the soul
Where will I be?
When your arms are out of hope

I heard you got a kid now
Did you know that I have two?
They both have their mothers eyes
I hope that yours look just like you

Where will I be?
When your arms are out of hope
Where will I be?
When your arms are out of hope
Not many things
Leaves a mark upon the soul
Where will I be?
When your arms are out of hope

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