

# Arms

Lady Lamb

Tender heart  
How I miss your arms  
I don't feel like the cliff  
So much as the drop  
And our love hides away  
In a cave til it's safe  
For the light of day  
For the light of day

And I can't recall  
Anything at all  
Before or beyond you  
Into sleep I will fall  
In any bed, in any room  
The length of me  
Lying the length of you

And I'll take my bite of the apple  
And you'll take yours  
'Til we get to the core  
Swallow the seeds  
'Til an orchard grows  
We'll climb our trees  
And there at the peak  
We will see  
Just what we are  
What we are

Trading our soft serve cones  
For the rest of time