

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