

Sweet Arms of a Tune

Missy Higgins

He told her when she played,
Wings sprouted from her shoulder blades
And every bone inside her seemed to change.
So on her fingers moved, over notes she hoped would soothe,
His jagged soul caressing every groove.

Oh and how she longed to say, that she'd missed his troubled ways,
And if she could she'd do it all again.

Cause sometimes every word has been used,
And there's nothing left to do
But hold the one you can't have in the sweet arms of a tune.

A year ago today New York City seemed to fall away,
To leave only the bed in which they laid.
But an island is just there
Oh and when the world came flooding back
Oh the pillars underneath them began to crack

Now he's sitting on her floor
She's playing all the minor chords
Wishing so damn hard he'd kiss her like before.

Sometimes every word has been used,
And there's nothing left to do
But hold the one you can't have in the sweet arms of a tune.
Yeah hold the one you can't love in the sweet arms of a tune.

Cause sometimes every inch of you is bruised,
And there's nothing left to prove
So just hold the one you can't have in the sweet arms of a tune
. .
Yeah hold the one you can't love in the sweet arms of a tune.