

## Empty Arms

Robert Finley

Looks to me like there could be  
A new employee at the desk  
I bet that she's got a heart of gold  
Just like all the rest

No matter where I been  
They never fail to take me in  
Where a fallen star is still a star  
Down at the Empty Arms

Follow me and you will see  
How low a man can get  
But through those doors I'm tellin' ya'll  
Even I still find respect

It's the closest thing to home  
For a man who'd rather roam  
Sleep through the alarm, it won't do no harm  
Down at the Empty Arms

When I fly to my home on high  
Please store my ashes in a jar  
In room 219 by the ice machine  
Down at the Empty Arms