

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