

Younger Years

The Milk Carton Kids

Above the plains of Omaha
I think of all the suffering I saw
The soaking of the pavement
Sprawled upon a land without a law
Everything I loved, everything I found or I hoped for
Frightened, I'm surrounded
Who else is there to turn to anymore?

Oh I held out my arms
Oh I held out my arms
Held out my arms

There was a time I spoke the truth
But my younger years were wasted on my youth
Somewhere I awakened
With a crack to a pounding on the roof
Sure I heard the sound
As evidence, or better yet as proof
I was as naked as the day that I was born
Beneath the fullness of the moon

Oh I held out my arms
Oh I held out my arms
Held out my arms

Far away I hear singing
Far away, a song

The blinding light of morning came
Flooding through the window like a friend
Like a wild revelation
Like a shining invitation to attend
Spoken as a prayer
Unbroken by despair I make amends
The love inside our hearts
Is the only kind of savior we've been sent

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Oh I held out my arms
Held out my arms