

## In These Arms

The Swell Season

Use the truth as a weapon  
To beat up all your friend  
Every chink in the armor  
An excuse to cause offense  
And the boys from the hallway calling out your name  
And true love will find them in the end

You were restless  
I was somewhere less secure  
So I went running to the road  
And so now there's a long list of places I was  
I quit my rambling and came home

Cause maybe I was born to hold you in these arms  
Maybe I was born to hold you in these arms

Use your saints and your mantra  
And you things to keep you calm  
If you stay with that asshole  
He's gonna do you harm  
There's voice singing loudly on the radio just for you  
That good fortune will find him in the end

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