

The Arms

Ty Segall

In the morning it is still
I think of them so that we both can breathe again
Fear is waking up endlessly in a bad dream
Thinking of our family

There's no color on the floor
I must forget so that we both can sleep again
So I jump into the ocean just like a baby
I wake up blue again

How did it go?
When they pushed you from home?
Pushed you from home, oh
And out of the arms

In the morning I can't hear
What you said inside my ears, dear
In my memories, fear wasn't just a dream
Thinking of our family

How did it go?
When they pushed you from home?
Pushed you from home, oh
And out of the arms

Out of the arms
Out of the arms
Out of the arms
Out of the arms