## Alison Moyet, My Right A.R.M.

Don't be afraid of the dark my love What would old Hobbs do with this pure heart Where shadows inch like rising damp Their seaweed fingers will us all to be wakeful What a night for naming stars and parking cars Sink into our cloud of down and sleep with me Angel, angel - hold your head up high In no way let God's kingdom pass you by There's an open door and the lights are on And all the goings on, the shouting mouths are gone Thought why should I care anyway I'll see your sweet face everyday And that's everything A prayer that I may never find you there Folded up in an empty room Too tired to laugh at a vaulting moon Angel, angel - hold your head up high In no way let God's kingdom pass you by