

Ben Harper, In The Lord's Arms

Like the wings stolen from an angel
Like petals gone from a rose
Like a dove caught in a storm
Tonight he is in the Lord's arms

The wind, it blew straight through us
And whispered to me in tongues
I was told I was warned
Tonight he would be in the Lord's arms
Tonight he is in the Lord's arms

So I'll drink this wine to him
With each glass a memory
He left me with his crown of thorns
Tonight he is in the Lord's arms
Tonight he is in the Lord's arms
Tonight he is in the Lord's arms