

Dwight Yoakam, These Arms

These arms
That hang here by my side.
These arms
That ache to open wide.
Useless arms
With nothing left to do
Since these arms
Stopped holding you.

These arms
Are worthless now to me.
They let you go
So how good could they be
Just foolish arms
For which I have no need
A pair of arms
That grew weak and set love free.

Reaching out to embrace affect now Marie
Finding just the empty space
Around what's left of me.

Two arms that failed completely
Arms both scarred so deeply
Keep paying loves cost with each tragic sway

Trying meekly to assess my struggle with the truth
Unable to resist what tears still make us new

Two arms that failed completely
Arms both scarred so deeply
Keeps paying loves cost with each tragic sway

These arms
That hang here by my side.
These arms
That ache to open wide.
Useless arms
With nothing left to do
Since these arms
Stopped holding you.

Since these arms
Stopped holding you.