

# Iron And Wine, Arms Of A Thief

Mr. Henry and the muscle man, yeah, with shoes on a night there was no road to stand  
Like a letter in a stolen purse, she was bored of her weight, she was bored of her words  
The daughter of a soldier told the fallen priest "That's a cold, cold place in the arms of a thief  
And reaching out to touch the steering wheel she said, "Leave me alone but just don't leave me  
Aye, alr-i-ght

Mr. Henry and another guy gave her gold on a night that it fell from the sky  
And like a body when the buzzard came, she was bored of her look, she was bored of her name  
The daughter of a lawyer told the fallen priest "That's a cold, cold place in the arms of a thief  
And tapping at the air with her heel she said, "Leave me alone but just don't leave me here, a  
Aye, alr-i-ght

Mr. Henry was a dying man with a vice and a tongue that she didn't understand  
Like the water when the sea got rough, she was bored with the breeze, she was bored of her luck  
The winner and the loser told the fallen priest "That's a cold, cold place in the arms of a thief  
And holding everything he made her steal she said, "Leave me alone but just don't leave me  
Aye, alr-i-ght