

# Joan Osborne, These Arms Of Mine

These Arms of Mine  
by Joan Osborne

These arms of mine  
They are lonely, lonely and feeling blue  
These arms of mine  
They are yearning, yearning from wanting you

And if you would let them hold you  
Oh, how grateful I will be

These arms of mine  
They are burning, burning from wanting you  
These arms of mine  
They are wanting, wanting to hold you

And if you would let them hold you  
Oh, how grateful I will be  
Come on, come on baby  
Just be my little woman, just be my lover, oh

I need me somebody, somebody to treat me right, oh  
I need your woman's loving arms to hold me tight  
And I...I...I need...I need your...I need your tender lip