

The Tubes, Arms Of The Enemy

(Cambra/Waybill/James)

Gazworks/ASCAP/

Feesongs/BMI

Take a look in the mirror

what do you see

staring back at the lines of life

so wishfully

Could it be any clearer

who earned the pain

Everytime that you ask the price

you'll have to pay

How many lies do I tell myself

so I won't go back

Back to the arms of the enemy

Back to be held by the demons of my soul

Back to the arms of the--arms of the enemy

Could be cursed to repeat

the same mistake

Wandering through a blinding fog

that never fades

Knew it wouldn't be easy

to bend the bars

Better off than a homeless dog

but not by far

How many lies do I tell myself

so I won't go back

Back to the arms of the enemy

Back to be held by the demons of my soul

Back to the arms of the enemy

Back to the bosom of my baby

and someone to hold

I'm the last one to yell, "Go to hell,"

preaching doom and gloom

And I'm not just a hack with a gun in your back

too soon