

# 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