

Wanda Jackson, Empty Arms

(These empty arms I'll have no more)

Empty arms that long for you and they wait dear just for you

And these arms will stay this way till you return to them someday

Each lonely night I go to bed I hold the pillow where you used to lay your head

Empty arms but not for long cause my baby is coming home

And when he walks through that door these empty arms I'll have no more

(These empty arms) I'll have no more (I'll have no more)