

# These Arms Of Mine

Bruce Hornsby

Well, I'm walking on the floor  
Hanging right round the door  
Hoping you will come through  
Wanting you to, sweat on my brow  
I'm no saint  
Nothing left but a bad excuse  
The heat makes you do things  
You might just not do  
In your right mind  
But you'll do what you do  
You can be sure I'll be there

It's gonna take these arms of mine  
All that they've got to hold onto you  
All that I know is these arms of mine  
Are willing to try to keep hold of you  
Gonna take a whole, whole, whole lot  
A whole, whole, whole lot

Well I'm walking the line  
Between wrong and right  
I could go either way  
But now you don't want me to stay  
You're so tired of waiting  
Well I'm no saint  
Tried to have my cake and eat it too  
But nobody does what you do  
Now another wins and I lose  
I might deserve to  
Now you'll do what you do  
Might be too late but I'll tell you

It's gonna take these arms of mine  
All that they've got to hold onto you  
All that I know is these arms of mine  
Are willing to try to keep hold of you  
Gonna hold, hold, hold on  
Hold, hold, hold on