

These Arms

Dwight Yoakam

These arms that hang here by my side
These arms that ache to open wide
Useless arms with nothing left to do
Since these arms stopped holding you

These arms are worthless now to me
They let you go, so how good could they be
Just foolish arms for which I have no need
A pair of arms that grew weak and set love free

Reaching out to embrace
A vacant memory
Finding just the empty space
Around what's left of me

Two arms that failed completely
Arms both scarred so deeply
Keep paying love's costs
With each tragic sway

Trying meekly to assist
My struggle with the truth
Unable to resist
What tears still make us view

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