

## Someone's Arms

Eilen Jewell

Snow blankets the city in a cover of white  
I wish someone's arms were holding me as tight  
But the devil wind blows harder on me, cold and bare  
And someone's arms won't be reaching for there's nobody there.

I guess there are some who love long and true  
Who never go wanting for loving to do  
But others try always in vain just to find  
Someone's arms to hold them and ease their mind

Love is a raven, feathers dark and long  
She perches by moonlight and is gone before dawn  
The lover is a babe in the woods full of harm  
To be laid down or gathered by someone's arms