

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