

These Arms of Mine

Joan Osborne

These arms of mine
They are lonely, lonely and feeling blue
These arms of mine
They are yearning, yearning from wanting you

And if you would let them hold you
Oh, how grateful I will be

These arms of mine
They are burning, burning from wanting you
These arms of mine
They are wanting, wanting to hold you

And if you would let them hold you
Oh, how grateful I will be
Come on, come on baby
Just be my little woman, just be my lover, oh

I need me somebody, somebody to treat me right, oh
I need your woman's loving arms to hold me tight
And I...I...I need...I need your...I need your tender lip