

Mama's Arms

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Going back to a tender age
So full of confusion and rage
Daddy says, "Boys, your Mama's gone."
There's a hand on your shoulder as you're throwing dirt
Someone says, "Time heals the hurt
Little man you got to keep on keepin' on."

But all you want is Mama's arms.

You ride back home in a limousine
The saddest car that you've ever seen
Your brother cannot look you in the eye
Lightning strikes and thunder roars
An early winter in that heart of yours
But you swear you won't let them see you cry

'Cause all you want is Mama's arms

The neighbors come and bring you pies
Endless words and futile sighs
And you run up to your room and lock the door
And there you are in your Sunday best
The way your Mama would have had you dressed
And you realize it doesn't matter anymore

'Cause all you want is Mama's arms

'Round and 'round and 'round it goes
The seasons change the young boy grows
To understand it's all part of some plan
You used to wonder what it's all about
Now those are questions you can do without
You laugh them off and do the best you can

But all you want is Mama's arms.

All you want in Mama's arms.