

# 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 stikes 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 nieghbors 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.