

As soon as You stepped through my door,
I saw You for the first time all over again.
And time well spent seems
Lonelier than the way it used to go.

I smell You for the first time all over again
I'll begin to remember to feel alive
So if you don't mind
I think I'll wear my heart on my sleeve,
'Cause I'm tired of not being able to breathe.

All of us are searching for an open arm.
Well, it's a shame how I curl up in the dark.
When it's the same old word giving me the spark.
All of us are searching for an open arm.
Well, it's a shame how I curl up in the dark.

I failed the lost
For some time I slipped, stumbled,
But fell face first straight
In Your hand.
Then I hit my head on Your palm
And wakened up to the smell of
Tears drying up in the sand.

All of us are searching for an open arm.
Well, it's a shame how I curl up in the dark.
When it's the same old word giving me the spark.
All of us are searching for an open arm.
Well, it's a shame how I curl up in the dark.

I washed my wounds with tears of hope.
I washed my wounds with tears of hope.
I just ...

All of us are searching for an open arm
Well, it's a shame how I pull myself apart.
When it's the same words making me run for cover to Your arms.
All of us are searching for an open arm.
When it's the same words making me run for cover to Your arms.
All of us are searching for an open arm.