

Cold Arms

Mumford & Sons

Weekend wreckers take the streets
With abandon in their eyes
But in our bedroom we're bloodshot and beat
And never so alive

And I know what's on your mind
God knows I put it there
But if I took it back
well you'd be nowhere
You'd be nowhere again

Now look at you all torn up
I left you waiting to bleed
I guess the truth works two ways
Maybe the truth's not what we need

But in my cold arms
You don't sleep
In my cold arms
Your fear beats
In my cold arms
You stay