

## 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