

# Unforgiving Arms

Polly Scattergood

Harm you to fall into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms

He's a typical writer  
Always in love with what is gone  
And I am a, a typical sinner  
With a knife inside my back jean pocket  
And a weather girl  
With a pretty little pearl or two  
To keep him happy  
In a unforgiving world  
Full of cheats and creeps  
Who lick the crumbs up  
They lick the crumbs up  
And steal the magic

So would it  
Harm you to fall into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms

Would it  
Harm you to fall into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms

I'm a typical bitch some day's  
I hate to say that I'm sorry  
So I just I just go away  
'Cause I try my best to make him happy  
But it's not a piece of cake  
When you feel so bitter  
You're still untwisting  
Like something that you ain't  
Trying to turn things round an make life easier  
Today

So would it  
Harm you to fall into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms

Would it  
Harm you to fall into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms

He's like a second hand bookshop  
He won't let me in in case I crease his pages  
So I get I get all stuck up  
'Cause he thinks I don't care when I want to fix things  
Today

So would it  
Harm you to fall into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms

Would it  
Harm you to fall into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms  
Into my unforgiving arms