

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
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Would it
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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
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Would it
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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

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