

# Mama's Arms

Ronan Keating

Going back to a tender age,  
So full of confusion and rage,  
Daddy says, "Boys, your Mama's gone."  
There's a hand on your shoulder as you're throwing dirt,  
Someone says, "Time heals the hurt.  
Little man, you got to keep on keepin' on,"  
But all you want is Mama's arms.

You ride back home in a limosine,  
The saddest car that you've ever seen,  
Your brother can not look you in the eye.  
Lightning strikes, thunder roars,  
An early winter in that heart of yours,  
But you swear you won't let them see you cry  
'cause all you want is Mama's arms.

The neighbors come and bring you pies,  
Endless words and futile sighs,  
And you run up to your room and lock the door.  
And there you are in your Sunday best,  
The way your Mama would have had you dressed  
And you realize it doesn't matter anymore  
'cause all you want is Mama's arms.

'Round and 'round and 'round it goes.  
The seasons change the young boy grows  
To understand it's all part of some plan.  
You used to wonder what it's all about.  
Now those are questions you can do without.  
You laugh them off and do the best you can  
But all you want is Mama's arms.  
All you want is Mama's arms.