

## Limitless Arms

The Rosebuds

I've carried too much, limitless arms hold tight  
Buried in yarn, carry it in a jar for a light  
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time  
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time

Color in sounds, worn-out maps and travel phones  
Feed it to birds, try and be there on my own  
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time  
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time

And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time  
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time  
But I feel I'm reaching out like a child  
But I feel I'm reaching out for the last time  
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time  
In a field