

Arms Of The Enemy

The Tubes

Take a look in the mirror
What do you see
Staring back at the lines of life
So wishfully
Could it be any clearer
Who earned the pain
Everytime that you ask the price
You'll have to pay

How many lies do I tell myself
So I won't go back

Back to the arms of the enemy
Back to be held by the demons of my soul
Back to the arms of the-arms of the enemy

Could be cursed to repeat
The same mistake
Wandering through a blinding fog
That never fades

Knew it wouldn't be easy
To bend the bars
Better off than a homeless dog
But not by far

How many lies do I tell myself
So I won't go back

Back to the arms of the enemy
Back to be held by the demons of my soul
Back to the arms of the enemy
Back to the bosom of my baby
And someone to hold

I'm the last one to yell, "Go to hell,"
Preaching doom and gloom
And I'm not just a hack with a gun in your back
Too soon