

# Open Arms

## Elbow

You're a law unto yourself  
And we don't suffer dreamers  
But neither should you walk the earth alone  
So with finger rolls and folding chairs  
And a volley of streamers  
We can be there for tweaks and repairs  
Should you come back home  
We got open arms for broken hearts  
Like yours my boy, come home again  
Tables are for pounding here  
And when we've got you surrounded  
The man you are will know the boy you were  
And you're not the man who fell to earth  
You're the man of La Mancha  
And we've love enough to light the street  
'Cause everybody's here  
We got open arms for broken hearts  
Like yours my boy, come home again  
We got open arms for broken hearts  
Like yours my boy, come home again  
Everyone's here, everyone's here  
The moon is out looking for trouble  
And everyone's here  
Everyone's here, everyone's here  
The moon wants a scrap or a cuddle  
And everyone's here  
We got open arms for broken hearts  
Like yours my boy, come home again  
We got open arms for broken hearts  
Like yours my boy, come home again  
We got open arms for broken hearts  
(Everyone's here, everyone's here)  
Like yours my boy, come home again  
(Everyone's here, come home again)  
The moon is out looking for trouble  
The moon wants a scrap or a cuddle  
The moon is face down in a puddle  
And everyone's here

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