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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