

# Sweet Arms of a Tune

[Missy Higgins](#)

He told her when she played,  
Wings sprouted from her shoulder blades  
And every bone inside her seemed to change.  
So on her fingers moved, over notes she hoped would soothe,  
His jagged soul caressing every groove. Oh and how she longed to say, that she'd missed his troubled ways,  
And if she could she'd do it all again. 'Cause sometimes every word has been used,  
And there's nothing left to do  
But hold the one you can't have in the sweet arms of a tune. A year ago today New York City seemed to fall  
away,  
To leave only the bed in which they laid.  
But an island is just there  
Oh and when the world came flooding back  
Oh the pillars underneath them began to crack Now he's sitting on her floor  
She's playing all the minor chords  
Wishing so damn hard he'd kiss her like before. Sometimes every word has been used,  
And there's nothing left to do  
But hold the one you can't have in the sweet arms of a tune.  
Yeah hold the one you can't love in the sweet arms of a tune. 'Cause sometimes every inch of you is bruised,  
And there's nothing left to do  
But hold the one you can't have in the sweet arms of a tune.  
Yeah hold the one you can't love in the sweet arms of a tune.

Songwriters

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