In the Lord's Arms

Ben Harper

Like the wings stolen from an angel
Like petals, gone from a rose
Like, a dove caught in a storm
Tonight He is in, the Lord's armsThe wind, it blew straight through us
And whispered to me in tongues
I, was told, I was warned
Tonight He would be in the Lord's arms
Tonight He is in, the Lord's armsSo I drink this wine to Him
With each glass, a memory
He left with His crown of thorns
Tonight He is in the Lord's arms
Tonight He is in the Lord's arms
Tonight He is in the Lord's arms

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