

# Arms of Love

[Amy Grant](#)

Lord, I'm really glad you're here  
I hope you feel the same when you see all my fear  
And how I fail  
I fall sometimes  
It's hard to walk in shifting sand  
I miss the rock and find, have nowhere left to stand  
I start to cry Lord, please help me raise my hands so you can pick me up  
Hold me close  
Hold me tighter I have found a place where I can hide  
It's safe inside  
Your arms of love  
Like a child who's helped throughout a storm  
You keep me warm  
In your arms of love Storms will come and storms will go  
Wonder just how many storms it takes until  
I finally know  
You're here always  
Even when my skies are far from gray  
I can stay  
Teach me to stay there

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