

These Arms of Mine

Joan Osborne

These arms of mine
They are lonely, lonely and feeling blue
These arms of mine
They are yearning, yearning from wanting you And if you would let them hold, hold you
Oh, how grateful I would be These arms of mine
They are burning, burning from wanting you
These arms of mine
They are wanting, wanting, wanting to hold you And if you would let them hold you
Oh, how grateful I would be
Come on, come on baby
Just be my man, just, just be my lover 'Cause I need me somebody to treat me right
And I need somebody to hold me tonight
And I need tender lip to kiss me tonight These arms of mine
They are burning, burning from wanting you

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