

Ben Harper - In the Lord's arms (Capo 4th)

Like the w-i-n-g-s stolen from an angel

Like petals gone from a rose

Like a dove caught in a storm

Tonight, he is in the Lord's Arms

The 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 Arms

So I drink this wine to him

With each glass a memory

He left with his crown of thorns

Tonight he's in the Lord's Arms

Tonight he's in the Lord's Arms

Tonight he's in the Lord's Arms