

Limitless Arms

The Rosebuds

I've carried too much, limitless arms hold tight
Buried in yarn, carry it in a jar for a light
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time

Color in sounds, worn-out maps and travel phones
Feed it to birds, try and be there on my own
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time

And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time
But I feel I'm reaching out like a child
But I feel I'm reaching out for the last time
And I feel I'm reaching out for the last time
In a field