

# Reba McEntire, Empty Arms

(Ivory Joe Hunter)

Empty arms  
That long for you  
And they wait  
Dear just for you  
And these arms  
Will stay this way  
Till you return  
To them someday

Each lonely night  
I go to bed  
I hug the pillow  
Where you used to lay your head

Empty arms  
But not for long  
Cause my baby's coming home  
And when he  
Walks through the door  
These empty arms  
I'll have no more

And when he  
Walks through that door  
These empty arms  
I'll have no more

These empty arms  
I'll have no more