

He Sang

Peter Bradley Adams

Sunday morning on crowded road
I saw a man standing alone
He faced the mountains, his hands were raised
Like some prophet, his eyes in a blaze
Oh bring me the day
When the sun broke on his face
And he sang "glory"
And the sun would rise
He sang, "glory", with fire in his eyes

Above the engines and the shuffle of feet
His voice it carried over the trees
He sang for his children he sang for his home
And he sang for me though he didn't know
Oh bring me the day
When the sun broke on his face
And he sang "glory"
And the sun would rise
He sang, "glory", with fire in his eyes