

Gather Up

Peter Bradley Adams

Gather up in the arms of your pity
The sick, the depraved, the desperate, the tired
All the scum of our weary city
Gather up in the arms of your love
Those who expect no love from above

I ask you this, which way to turn
I ask you this, which sin to bear
Which crown to put upon my hair
I do not know, I do not know

I wait to take the hand of love, with every one you gather up
I wait to take the hand of love,
Come every one, come gather up

There's lonely people in the lonely night
They grab a lonely dream and they hold it tight
There's lonely people in the lonely day
Who work to sit their dream away

So I ask you this, which way to turn
I ask you this, which sin to bear
Which crown to put upon my hair
I do not know, I do not know

I wait to take the hand of love, with every one you gather up
I wait to take the hand of love,
Come every one, come gather up
Won't you gather in your arms, gather in your arms