

**Peter Bradley Adams****"Gather Up"**

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Gather up in the arms of your pity  
The sick, the depraved, the desperate, the tired  
All the scum of out 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

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