Waiting, How Do You Do That

Will I reveal a sky heavy and gray? Will last night be a memory sweetly fading? How I hate a morning starting out this way On these lonely, raging mornings I wouls whip You if I could But You're on the mighty side of strong And the perfect side of good If I raise my hands will You grab me by the wrists And will You try to pull me from the fray? And even if my fingers join together into fists Will You hold me firmly anyway? Because I would try to escape You But for everyday I'm sure That You're on the huge side of big And the holy side of pure Okay, hear what I say As I raise my hands in surrender today Okay, here I will stay Hands in the air, singing have Thine own way If I raise my hands so weak and thin and frail Will You reveal the light of mercy in Your eyes? If I cry to You faintly will my feeble whisper fail Or will it find its way to a reply? Because, now that I'm exhausted I think I'm ready to admit That I have spent all my resistance on someone I can't resist Light from my window sill, make my way to the door I hang my head and still, I know You're wanting more Over the threshold now, I move across the yard All that my will allows, my every step is hard Now in the garden I carve out six feet of space There make my will comply, lie down upon my face Been toe to toe too long, I'm tired of fighting You I see You were too strong, cause I am black and blue But now I understand a losers due to win How every dying man is sure to rise again So I raise my left hand one, I raise my right hand too Under the morning sun, my spirit cries to You Okay, hear what I say As I raise my hands in surrender today Right here Under the sun

Hands in the air, singing Thy