

THE MAN:

Here I am again once more, Heavenly Father,
The worm of the dusk
Ready to bow this hour of the morning
On my bruised and bending knee.
Thank you, My Father, for your guardin' angel,
That guard me all night long
Until morning light appear.
And before he went from his watch,
He touch my eyes this morning with a finger of love,
And my eyes become open
And behold a brand new Sunday morning