

## White Knuckles

Cloverton

Bright white knuckles, bright  
Holding on so tight  
Worries may, they might  
Be my end tonight  
And it feels like I'm losing control  
Cause it's so hard to let it go  
So I can be still and can know  
Sweet surrender, sweet  
When our two wills meet  
And mine is on its knees  
And it feels like I'm losing control  
But it's a joy to let it go  
So I can be still and can know  
You are God  
Don't worry about tomorrow  
Today has enough  
Bright white knuckles, bright  
Holding You so tight