

# Thankful

## Caedmans call

You know I ran across An old box of letters  
When I was bagging up some clothes for goodwill

But you know I had to laugh At the same old struggles  
That plagued me then are plaguing me still

'Cause I know the road is long From the ground to glory  
But a boy can hope he's getting some place

But you see I'm running from The very clothes I'm wearing  
And dressed like this I'm fit for the chase

You know there is none righteous  
Not one who understands  
There is none who seeks God no not one  
No not one

**So I am thankful that I'm incapable  
of doing any good on my own  
Said I'm so thankful that I'm incapable  
of doing any good on my own**

'Cause we're all stillborn  
Dead in our transgressions  
Shackled up to the sin we hold so dear  
What part can I play  
In the work of redemption  
'Cause I can't refuse and I cannot add a thing

'Cause I am just like Lazarus  
And I can hear your voice  
And I stand and rub my eyes and walk to you  
Because I have no choice

'Cause it's by grace I have been saved  
And through faith it's not my own  
It is a gift of God and not by works  
Lest anyone should boast