

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