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Caedmons Call
"There You Go"

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Is this the strange feeling
Of you working all to good
'Cause I am so confused
I don't even ask for what I should

When I asked for and deserved a stone
You broke and gave your body as bread
And even the stone, dropped down and rolled away
Spoke of the one who bled

There you go working good from my bad
There you go making robes from my rags
There you go melting crowns from my calves
There you go working good of all I have
Till all I have's not that bad

When I asked for and deserved a serpent
You gave a net full of fish
And even the serpent that told the lie
When lifted high foretold the gift

There you go working good from my bad
There you go making robes from my rags
There you go melting crowns from my calves
There you go working good of all I have
Till all I have's not that bad

For you so loved the unlovable
That you gave the ineffable
That who so believes the unbelievable
Will gain the unattainable

There you go working good from my bad
There you go making robes from my rags
There you go melting crowns from my calves
There you go working good of all I have

There you go
There you go
There you go
There you go
Till all I have's not that bad

It's not that bad

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