

Call Caedmon's "Thankful"

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I ran across an old box of letters
While I was baggin up some clothes for Goodwill
You know I had to laugh that the same old struggles
That plagued me then are plaguing me still
I know the road is long from 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

No, there is none righteous
Not one who understands
There is none who seek God
No not one, no not one

I am thankful that I'm incapable
Of doing any good on my own
'Cause we're all stillborn and dead in our
transgressions
We're shackled up to the sin we hold so dear
So what part can I play in the work of redemption
I can't refuse, I cannot add a thing

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

I am thankful that I'm incapable
Of doing any good on my own
I'm so thankful that I'm incapable
Of doing any good on my own

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

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