

Thankful

Caedmon's Call

I ran across an old box of letters
While I was bagging 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 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

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 that's not my own
It is the gift of God and not by works
Lest anyone should boast