

## Grace

### Jars of Clay

God, I admit I haven't changed  
Playing card houses still covering my landscape  
I never expected You to stay  
When I'm grabbing for these crumbs and cold loose change

I feel Your grace come running over every road  
I love the way You're calling overflow  
I feel Your grace come running over every road  
You break the floodgates down and carry all

God, I admit that I've loved these chains  
And crawling around this cage sometimes has its advantages  
I know someday this could get old  
And I'll need Your healing water to find my home