

Heirlooms

Amy Grant

Up in the attic, down on my knees
Lifetimes of boxes, timeless to me
Letters and photographs, yellowed with years
Some bringing laughter, some bringing tears

Time never changes the memories, the faces
Of loved ones who bring to me
All that I come from and all that I live for
And all that I'm going to be
My precious family is more than an heirloom to me

Wisemen and shepherds down on their knees
Bringing their treasures to lay at His feet
Who was this wonder, baby yet King?
Living and dying, He gave life to me

Time never changes the memory, the moment
His love first pierced through me
Telling all that I come from and all that I live for
And all that I'm going to be
My precious Savior is more than an heirloom to me

My precious Jesus
Is more than an heirloom to me