

## 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