

I Can

Skillet

Looking on the sad times, the guilt and all the shame
I have learned to submit my existing hurts and pains
All the grief I've learned to set aside
'Cause I am, I am, I am, I am

Feeling under rooted, feeling undermined
Can this grace of God cover me this time?
And when I feel the pain I know why I feel strange
And when I hear the rooster crow I am ashamed

Jesus on the cross and this cross upon my back
I have learned to submit then I whine about my lie
Sometimes I drop my cross deserve a little rest
That's when I run to you and I nail your feet and your wrist

I'm feeling under rooted, feeling undermined
Can this grace of God cover me this time?
And when I feel the pain I know why I feel strange
And when I hear the rooster crow I am ashamed

And when I feel the pain I know why I feel strange
And when I hear the rooster crow I am ashamed
And do you really love my soul, even after I hated you?
And do you really know my name, can I really come to you?

Are you really more faithful than
The changing of the seasons and the morning sun?
And do you really know my name, can I really come to you?
I can, I can, I can, I can, I can, I can, I can, I can
I can, I can, I can, I can, I can, I can, I can
I don't care if the rooster crows, if the rooster crows
If the rooster crows, if the rooster crows, I can