

Caedmon's Call, All My Life

Nobody has as many lives as I do
But I lose them all
My reluctance to be my version of me
Is all the writing on the wall I'll ever need

All my life
You can have all of my life
All my life
You can have all of my life

I can see a tree in the soft ground holding onto roots
And it's given me
And I think how you're saved
We're dumb and depraved
And dependant on a hand that opens each day

Chorus

How great the love of God,
The cause for who I am.

Chorus