## Caedmon's Call, Thankful

You know I ran across an old box of letters
While I was bagging up some clothes for Goodwill
But you Know I had to laugh at 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

'Cause no, there is none righteous Not one who understands There is none who seek God No not one, I said no not one

So 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

'Cause by grace I have been saved Through faith that's not my own It is a gift of God and not by works Lest anyone should boast