

# Caedmon's Call, There You Go

Is this the strange feeling  
Of You working all to good  
'Cause I am so confused  
I don't even ask for what I should

When I asked for and deserved a stone  
You broke and gave Your body as bread  
And even the stone that  
Dropped down and rolled away  
Spoke of the one who bled

There You go  
Working good from my bad  
There You go  
Making robes from my rags  
There You go  
Melting crowns from my calves  
There You go  
Working good of all I have  
Till all I have is not that bad

When I asked for and deserved a serpent  
You gave a net full of fish  
And even the serpent that told the lie  
When lifted high foretold the gift

There You go  
Working good from my bad  
There You go  
Making robes from my rags  
There You go  
Melting crowns from my calves  
There You go  
Working good of all I have  
Till all I have is not that bad

For you so loved the unlovable  
That you gave the ineffable  
That who so believes the unbelievable  
Will gain the unattainable

There You go  
Working good from my bad  
There You go  
Making robes from my rags  
There You go  
Melting crowns from my calves  
There You go  
Working good of all I have

There You go  
There You go  
There You go  
There You go  
Till all I have is not that bad  
It's not that bad