

# Cool Hand Luke, A Thank You

You've gone and done it again  
Taken everything I have and multiplied by ten  
Here I'm the lepper you washed clean  
1/9 of the citizens who never stopped to say a single thing  
And this is how I treat the one who gave me everything  
I count my blessings  
but never turn to see their origin  
Here I stand a blessed man  
Back turned to my benefactor  
and my only friend  
How does it feel to be denied The friendship that you wanted so much  
you would bow to me and even die  
And this is how I treat the one who gave me everything  
I count my blessings  
but never turn to see their origin  
Who Am I?  
Who am I that you would bow and put your knees to dirty ground?  
Who am I to meet the king and have him wash my soiled feet?  
You met me here, whispered in my ear  
Now I melt into you x2  
And this is how I treat the one who gave me everything  
I count my blessings  
but never turn to see their origin  
Jesus, I feel you changing me  
This is a thank you  
This is a thank you  
This is a thank you  
This is I'm sorry