

Gratitude

Benjamin William Hastings

Oh, my words fall short
I got nothing new
How could I express
All my gratitude?
Like I could sing these songs
As I often do
But every song must end
And you never do
So I throw up my hands
And praise you again and again
'Cause all that I have is a hallelujah
Hallelujah
And I know it's not much
But I've nothing else fit for a king
Except for a heart singin' hallelujah
Hallelujah
I got one response
I got just one move
With my arms stretched wide
I worship you
I'll throw up my hands
And praise you again and again
'Cause all that I have is a hallelujah
Hallelujah
And I know it's not much
But I've nothing else fit for a king
Except for a heart singin' hallelujah
Hallelujah

Halle-hallelujah
Oh, come on my soul
Don't you get shy on me
Lift up your song
You've got a lion
Inside of those lungs
Get up, and praise the Lord
Oh, come on my soul
Don't you get shy on me
Lift up your song
'Cause you've got a lion
Inside of those lungs
Get up, and praise the Lord
Oh, come on my soul
Don't you get shy on me
Lift up your song
'Cause you've got a lion
Inside of those lungs
Get up, and praise the Lord (Lord)
Praise the Lord
Praise the Lord
Oh, my soul
Oh, my soul
Get up, and praise the Lord
Oh, my
Oh, my heart cries
I throw up my hands
And praise you again and again

'Cause all that I have is a hallelujah
Hallelujah
And I know it's not much
But I've nothing else fit for a king
Except for a heart singin' hallelujah
Hallelujah
So I throw up my hands
I praise you again and again
'Cause all that I have is a hallelujah
Hallelujah
And I know it's not much
But I've nothing else fit for a king
(Not a thing)
Except for a heart singin' hallelujah
Hallelujah

Hallelujah