

Gratitude

Brandon Lake

All my words fall short
I got nothing new
How could I express
All my gratitude?

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 singing
Hallelujah, hallelujah

I've got one response
I've got just one move
With my arms stretched wide
I will worship You

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 singing
Hallelujah, hallelujah

So come on my soul, oh, 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, oh, 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
Come on my soul, oh, 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, hey
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord
Praise the Lord

So I throw up my hands
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 singing
Hallelujah, hallelujah