

On Account Of You

Mac McAnally

That alarm clock goes like it does most every morning
I don't feel near as bad as the things I've been through
I'm a work in progress, lots of room for improvement
But I'm a whole lot better on account of you

I pour me a cup, I thumb through the paper
It sets me to thinking what's this world coming to
And bad as it is, it's not bad as it could be
It's a whole lot better on account of you

Lord, I know, as sure I know anything and no one does it all by
themselves
But it seems to me that the neediest people are the last ones t
o ask you for help

There are some things you're born knowing
There are some you only learn from living
I miss a lot of 'em but I picked up a few
I'm a little more patient, a little more understanding
I'm a whole lot better on account of you
On account of you

Lord, I know, as sure I know anything and no one does it all by
themselves
But it seems to me that the happiest people are the first ones
to offer their help

That alarm clock goes and I'm already up this morning
I find myself searching for some good that I can do
Maybe some day I hear from a friend or from a stranger
It's a whole lot better on account of you

It's a work in progress, lots of room for improvement
But it's a whole lot better on account of you