

Nothing But the Blood

Jars of Clay

What can wash away my sin?
What can make me whole again?
For my pardon this I see
For my cleansing this my plea Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
No other fount I know
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus Nothing can for sin atone
Not of good that I have done
This is all my hope and peace
And this is all my righteousness Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
And no other fount I know
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus Now, by this I'll overcome
Now, by this I'll reach my home
Glory, glory, this I see
All my praise for this I bring
All my praise for this I bring
All my praise for this I bring Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
And no other fount I know
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, aha, aha It's nothing, it's nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing

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