

# Heirlooms

[Amy Grant](#)

Up in the attic, down on my knees  
Lifetimes of boxes, timeless to me  
Letters and photographs, yellowed with years  
Some bringing laughter, some bringing tears  
Time never changes the memories, the faces  
Of loved ones who bring to me  
All that I come from and all that I live for  
And all that I'm going to be  
My precious family is more than an heirloom to me  
Wisemen and shepherds down on their knees  
Bringing their treasures to lay at His feet  
Who was this wonder, baby yet King?  
Living and dying, He gave life to me  
Time never changes the memory, the moment  
His love first pierced through me  
Telling all that I come from and all that I live for  
And all that I'm going to be  
My precious Savior is more than an heirloom to me  
My precious Jesus  
Is more than an heirloom to me

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