

# 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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