

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 thinkin what's this world comin to
Bad as it is it's not as bad as it could be
It's a whole lot better on account of you
Lord I know
As sure as I know anything and no one does it all by theirselves
But it seems to me that the neediest people
Are the last ones to ask you for help
Now some things you're born knowing
Some you only learn from living
I miss a lot of them
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
Sure as I know anything
And no one does it all by theirselves
But it seems to me that the happiest people are the first ones to offer their help
And that alarm clock goes
And I'm already up this morning
I find myself searchin for some good that I can do
Maybe some day I'll 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>