

# 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.

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