



I Can't Make It On My Own

Words and Music by
ROBERT W. MUNCIE

D7 G G maj 7 Am D

1. In - vest - ing all my mon - ey, I tried to gain some fame,
 2. This is the same old sto - ry you've heard time and a - gain,
 3. The house built on the shift - ing sand was not the one that stood,

Am Am-maj 7 D7/A G

I bet my life to reach the top, but on - ly heart - aches came;
 How God can make a wast - ed life a - live and free from sin;
 The things that seem to please to - day may not be ver - y good;

D7 G G maj 7 Am Cm

One day I turned to Je - sus and gave my all to Him,
 Yet it's not just a sto - ry, it's truth, as I now see,
 So if you would en - joy to - day and ev - 'ry day a - head,

G Em Am7 D G

The things my soul so long searched for were mine when He came in,
 For one life that He did it for was the life that I call "me".
 Just find your way to Je - sus Christ, and by His hand be led.

CHORUS

D11 G C G Am D

Oh, I, I can't make it on my own,

Am D7 Am D7 G

Too man - y times I've tried, and I can't live a - lone; I need a

G9 C Am7 D7

friend whom I can trust to go with me all the way, And that is

Am D7 G Am D7 G

why I've got my hand in Je - sus' hand to - day. Je - sus' hand to - day.

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