

# Legacy

Nichole Nordeman

I don't mind if you've got something nice to say about me  
And I enjoy an accolade like the rest  
And you can take my picture and hang it in a gallery  
Of all the "who's who's" and so-and-so's  
That used to be the best at such and such  
It wouldn't matter much

I won't lie, it feels alright to see your name in lights  
We all need an "atta boy" or "atta girl"  
But in the end I'd like to hang my hat on more besides  
The temporary trappings of this world

I want to leave a legacy  
How will they remember me?  
Did I choose to love?  
Did I point to You enough  
To make a mark on things  
I want to leave an offering  
A child of mercy and grace  
Who blessed Your name unapologetically  
And leave that kind of legacy

I don't have to look too far or too long awhile  
To make a lengthy list of all that I enjoy  
It's an accumulating trinket and a treasure pile  
Where moth and rust, thieves and such will soon  
enough destroy

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Not well-traveled, not well-read  
Not well-to-do, or well-bred  
I just want to hear instead  
Well done, good and faithful one

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