

Jesus Loves the Church

Phil Keaggy

You say that You believe in us, at times I wonder why
You say You see the Father in our eyes
But I think if I were You, Lord, I'd wash my hands today
And turn my back on all our alibis

For we crucify each other, leaving a battered, wounded bride
But Jesus loves the church
So we'll walk the aisle of history towards the marriage feast
For Jesus loves the church

We fight like selfish children, vying for that special prize
We struggle with our gifts before Your face
And I know You look with sorrow at the blindness in our eyes
As we trip each other half-way through the race

And we crucify each other, leaving a battered, wounded bride
But Jesus loves the church
So we'll walk the aisle of history towards the marriage feast

For Jesus loves the church

I want to learn to love like You, I don't know where to start
I want to see them all but through Your eyes
For You believed enough to live amidst the maddened crowd
Enough to die before our very eyes

And we crucify each other, leaving a battered, wounded bride
But Jesus loves the church
And so we'll walk the aisle of history towards the marriage feast
For Jesus loves the church
Yes, we'll walk the aisle of history towards the marriage feast
For Jesus loves the church
And as He hung in naked grief, bleeding for our crimes
You saw our fickle hearts and cried, I love You, I love You
You are mine, all mine
I love you ...