

Isn't It Love

Andrew Peterson

Lost my luggage out in Kalamazoo --
Same way I tend to lose my conscience, too.
Another day in these dirty old blues, and I don't seem to mind.
This is a thing that confounds me;
You can find me; You surround and remind me.
I lose my way and I forget about You
But You still remember me.
Oh, isn't it love:
This rain that falls on the sinners and the saints?
Isn't it love:
This well that won't run dry?
And when I think about that prodigal son,
I've got to smile when I see the old man run.
And I know that You love us the same,
'Cause the sun came up today;
Just as if we deserved it --
Just as if any one of us fools was worth it;
Truth is that we'll never be perfect, but You love us just the same.
Well, isn't it love:
This rain that falls on the sinners and the saints?
Isn't it love:
This well that won't run dry?
Isn't it love? Isn't it love?
Isn't it love to look down from the sky
And see Your only Son on the cross asking "Why?"
And somehow let Him die that way
And not call the whole thing off?
All for this man stuck in Kalamazoo
Who loses his bags and his way sometimes too.
But that was something that You already knew,
And still You died for me.
Isn't it love? (2x)
And isn't it love:
This rain that falls on the sinners and the saints?
Isn't it love:
This well that won't run dry?
Isn't it love?
His mercies are made new every morning.
Isn't it love?
Isn't it love?
And isn't it love?