

Andrew Peterson, Isn't It Love

Lost my luggage 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.

Isn't it love?
The rain that falls on the sinner and the saint.
Isn't it love?
The well that won't run dry.
Isn't it love?
These mercies are made new every morning.

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 every one of us fools was worth it
truth is that we'll never be perfect, but You love us just the same.

Isn't it love?
This rain that falls on the sinner and the saint.
Isn't it love?
This well that won't run dry.
Isn't it love?
These mercies are made new every morning.

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 a man here 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.