

HOW HE LOVES

John Mark Mcmillan

C – Am – G – F

He is jealous for me. Loves like a hurricane I am a tree,
bending beneath the weight of His wind and mercy.
When all of the sudden I am unaware of these afflictions eclipsed by glory,
and I realize just how beautiful You are and how great Your affections are for me.

Oh how He loves us so. Oh how He loves us, how He loves us so.

He is jealous for me. His love is like a hurricane I am a tree
bending beneath the weight of His wind and mercy.
When all of the sudden I am unaware of these afflictions eclipsed by glory,
and I realize just how beautiful You are and how great Your affections are for me.

Oh how He loves us so. Oh how He loves us, how He loves us so.

Yeah He loves us, whoa how He loves us, whoa how He loves us, whoa how He loves!
Yeah He loves us, whoa how He loves us, whoa how He loves us, whoa how He loves!

So we are His portion and He is our prize, drawn to redemption by the grace in His eyes,
if grace is an ocean we're all sinking.
So heaven meets earth like a sloppy wet kiss and my heart turns violently inside of my chest
I don't have time to maintain these regrets when I think about the way!

Yeah He loves us, whoa how He loves us, whoa how He loves us, whoa how He loves!
Yeah He loves us, whoa how He loves us, whoa how He loves us, whoa how He loves!