

God is So Good to Me

Brother Bear

Verse 1



Now I've been a be-liev - er all of my life.



Grown up in a Christ - ian home; saved when I was five. I went to



church eve-ry Sun - day, and on Wednes-day too. I've al-ways thought I was a good



— boy, hum - ble and true. But I lived a lie. I's

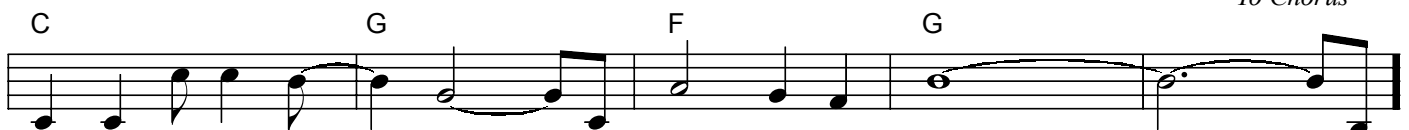


fil - thy in - side. I was a dirt - bag, a frown with a smile.



I lived a death in my own pri - son, in chains to my own flesh. I did-n't

To Chorus



real - ize till I's four - teen how much sin hurts. But

Chorus

C Em Am C Am Em C Em

God is so good to me, _____ and I can't get it out _____ of my

F G C Am F G

head. _____ God is so good _____ to me, _____ no, I

C Em F Dm F Am

can't get it out _____ of my head. _____ So _____

G F Am F Am G F Am

good. _____ So _____ good. _____

go to v.3 after 2nd Chorus

Interlude (skip after 2nd Chorus)

last time to Coda

⊕ Coda *repeat as desired*

fade out

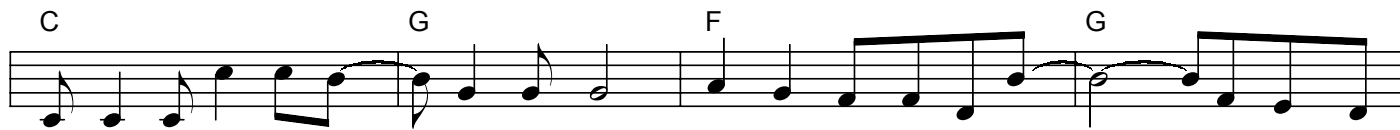
Verse 2



I owed a debt___ I could___ not pay,___ not with my life._____



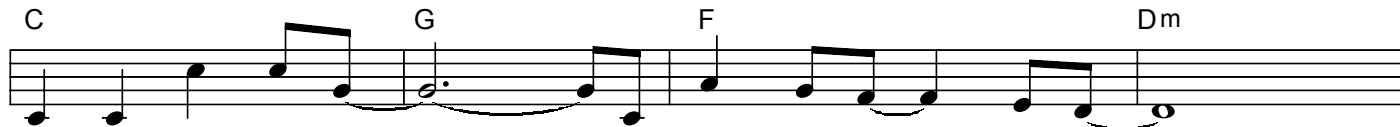
I de - served_____ God's for - sake___ for the kind of guy I's like.____ I should - a been



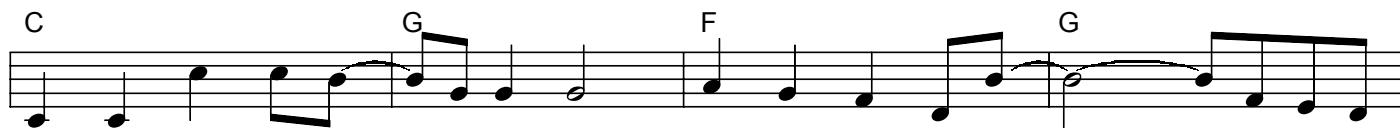
hung out to die a slow,___ pain - ful death. My just sen - tence it was._____ I should have



borne the scorn_____ and re - buke___ from the ones I thought___ I loved._____ But



Je - sus paid my debt!_____ He gave His life___ for me._____



Je - sus was for - sak - en by God, all for me y' see._____ Je - sus was

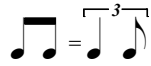


hung out to die a slow___ pain - ful death. To take my gnash - ing He chose._____ Je - sus, He



bore the scorn_____ and re - buke___ from the ones that He___ loved most._____ Yes

Verse 3



Now, my friends, I'd like to tell you of the joy that came to me. God

gave me all the vic - to - ry, set me ab - so - lute - ly free! God gave me

peace like a ri - ver. The love of God is sweet. I tell you

this Bear's been for - giv - en. He does - n't have to weep. And

prayer is so sweet! I love to talk to God. I

love to read my Bi - ble; speaks right to my heart. I see the

won - der of those old hymns I now love; the pow - er of praise in song. I see what

fun it is to com - mune with God, and live a - bove what's wrong. Oh,