

# Who Loves You More

## Plankeye

I stir my cup and think of you  
It's just the little things that break me  
But it's not right to hold you so tight  
I end up wrestling with God over you Whose hands are safer?  
Who could steal you from His grip?  
It separates the ocean  
With a brush so effortless There is nothing to worry about  
Because who loves you more than Jesus?  
So here again I find myself and everything I've ever loved  
At the foot of the cross with three nails There is nothing to worry about  
Because who loves you more?  
If I hold on to you, will I let go of Christ?  
Will I end up denying Him in abundance of thrice? Will I end up in the end  
With less than what I started  
When I surrender? I stir my cup and think of you  
It's just the little things that break me  
But it's not right to hold you so tight  
I end up wrestling with God over you

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