

1. When the mu-sic fades, — all is stripped a-way,  
 2. King of end-less worth, — no-one could ex-press

— and I sim-ply come, long-ing just to bring  
 — how much You de-serve. Though I'm weak and poor,

some-thing that's of worth that will bless your heart. —  
 all I have is Yours ev-'ry sin-gle breath.

I'll bring you more than a song, for a song in it-self

is not what you have re-quired. You search much

deep-er with-in, — through the way things ap-pear;

you're look-ing in-to my heart. —

I'm com-ing back to the heart of wor-ship, and it's

[Title]



all a-bout you, it's all a-bout you, — Je - sus.



I'm sor-ry, Lord, for the thing I've made it, when it's



all a-bout you, it's all a-bout you, Je - sus. —