

Fit for a King

EXE

His pulpit's a corner on 19th and Main

His grip on the gospel, his one claim to fame

He hurls fire and brimstone at the cars passing by

And he offers salvation for the savior on highHis khakis are tattered and he ain't bathed in weeks

His 'bout with the bottle shows up on his cheeks

He looks like a scarecrow, s sight to behold

As he works for the shepherd bringin' lambs to the foldHe points to the Bible, he holds in his hands

Says I'm proof that the good Lord can save any manSon, it ain't what you're driving or the clothes that you wear

Material possessions won't matter up there

And someday in Heaven when the angels all sing

Well these rags that I'm wearin' will be fit for a kingHe's fighting a fever but in spite of the chill

He pulls up his collar and he speaks of Gods will

His body is weakened but his faith is still strong

For he's filled with conviction for the mission he's onHe knows soon in Heaven he'll be homeless no more

As his work will soon echo from that far distant shoreSon, it ain't what you're driving or the clothes that you

wear

Material possessions won't matter up there

And someday in Heaven when the angels all sing

Well these rags that I'm wearin' will be fit for a kingSomeday in Heaven when the angels all sing

Well these rags that I'm wearin' will be fit for a king

Will be fit for a king

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