

The Clothes Don't Make The Man

Keith Anderson

My brother's got a black an' white picture
With numbers 'cross his chest
An' he'll do 15 years
If his behavior stays at it's best
He took the blame to save his best friend's name
When a job that went bad down in Birmingham
Yeah, but he don't mind that orange suit 'cause he knows
That clothes don't make the man
Two cells down from where my brother lays his head
The walls that go, 'Amazing Grace' an' quotes of scriptures
That man once read
When he prayed upon the little souls of all those boys
That did not understand
But you can wear a robe that's laced with gold
But the clothes don't make the man
Designer names, rips and stains
Shouldn't tell you who I am
'Cause sometimes angels hide their wings
An' the Devil's dressed like a lamb
Yeah, the clothes don't make the man
They all laughed an called him names

When he said that he was sent to be their king
You don't even own a home
You got simple clothes an' sandals on your feet
Stripped of his pride, he was crucified
On a cross with nails of hatred in his hands
But he rose from the grave in 3 days
Yeah, the clothes don't make the man
Designer names, rips and stains
Shouldn't tell you who I am
'Cause sometimes Angels hide their wings
An' the Devil's dressed like a lamb
Yeah, the clothes don't make the man
Designer names, rips and stains
Shouldn't tell you who I am
'Cause sometimes Angels hide their wings
An' the Devil's dressed like a lamb
Yeah, the clothes don't make the man

They don't make the man
They don't make the man
They don't make the man, yeah
Oh don't make the man
Don't make the man, oh yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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