

# Broken Things

[Matthew West](#)

If grace was a kingdom  
I'd stopped at the gate  
Thinking I don't deserve to pass through  
After all of the mistakes that I've made  
Oh but I heard a whisper  
As heaven bent down  
Said, "Child, don't you know that the first will be last  
And the last get a crown?" Now I'm just a beggar in the presence of a King  
I wish I could bring so much more  
But if it's true  
You use broken things  
Then here I am Lord, I am all Yours  
Oh-oh-oh  
The pages of history  
They tell me it's true  
That it's never the perfect  
It's always the ones with the scars that You use  
It's the rebels and the prodigals  
It's the humble and the weak  
All the misfit heroes You chose  
Tell me there's hope for sinners like me Now I'm just a beggar in the presence of a King  
I wish I could bring so much more  
But if it's true  
You use broken things  
Then here I am Lord, I am all Yours  
Oh-oh-oh  
Grace is a kingdom  
With gates open wide  
There's seat at the table just waiting for you  
So, come on inside  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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