

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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