Fit For A King

Garth Brooks

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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