

# Fit For A King

## Visa

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 high  
His 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 fold  
He points to the Bible, he holds in his hands  
Says I'm proof that the good Lord can save any man  
Son, 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 king  
He'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 on  
He knows soon in Heaven he'll be homeless no more  
As his work will soon echo from that far distant shore  
Son, 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 king  
Someday 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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