

Brooks Garth

"Fit for a King"

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His pulpit's a corner on Nineteenth 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, a 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 drivin'
or the clothes that you wear.
Material possessions
won't matter up there.
And someday in heaven,
when the angels all sing,
these rags that I'm wearin'
will be fit for a king.

He's fightin' a fever,
but in spite of the chill,
he pulls up his collar
and speaks of God's 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 drivin'
or the clothes that you wear.
Material possessions
won't matter up there.
And someday in heaven,
when the angels all sing,
these rags that I'm wearin'
will be fit for a king.

Someday in heaven,
when 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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