

Garth Brooks, Fit For A King

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
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 aint 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
These rags that I'm wearin'
Will be fit for a king

He's fighting a fever
In spite of the chill
He pulls up his collar
And he 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 dar distant shore

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