Keith Anderson, The Clothes Don't Make The Ma

My brother's got a black an' white picture
With numbers 'cross his chest
An' he'll do 15 years if his behavior stays at it's best
He took the blame to save his best friends name
When a job that went bad down in Birmingham
Yeah, but he don't mind that orange suit cause he knows that clothes don't make the man

Two cells down from where my brother lays his head
The walls that go Amazing Grace an' quotes of scriptures that man once read
When he prayed upon the little souls of all those boys that did not understand
But you can wear a robe that's laced with gold
But The Clothes Don't Make The Man

Designer names
Rips and stains
Shouldn't tell you who I am
Cause sometimes angels hid their wings
An' the Devil's dressed like a lamb
Yeah, The Clothes Don't Make The Man

They all laughed an called him names when he said that he was sent to be their king
You don't even own a home
You've got simple clothes an' sandals on your feet
Stripped of his pride
He was crucified
On a cross with nails of haterd in his hands
But he rose from the grave in 3 days
Yeah, The Clothes Don't Make The Man

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They don't make the man
They don't make the man
They don't make the man
Woo...
Yeah...
Whoa, don't make the man
Don't make the man, yeah
Ohh...
Yeah-eahh...