

# Keith Anderson, The Clothes Don't Make The Man

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  
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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...