

Fit for a King

Joe Diffie

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
While he offers salvation from the Savior on high

His khakis are tattered and he ain't bathed in weeks
His bouts with the bottle show up on his cheeks
He looks like a scarecrow, a sight to behold
But he works for the Shepherd, bringing 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
Someday in heaven with the angels I'll sing
And these rags that I'm wearing will be fit for a king

He's fighting 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
He's filled with conviction for the mission he's on

'Cause a mansion is waiting, he'll be homeless no more
And his words will soon echo from that far distant shore

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