

# Broken Things

Matthew West

If grace was a kingdom  
I stopped at the gate  
Thinking I don't deserve to pass through after all the mistakes  
I've made  
Oh but I heard a whisper  
As Heaven bent down  
Said, "Child, don't you know that the first will be last and the last get a crown"

Now I'm just a beggar in the presence of a King  
I wish I could bring so much more  
But if it's true You use broken things  
Then here I am Lord, I am all Yours

The pages of history they tell me it's true  
That it's never the perfect; it's always the ones with the scars that You use  
It's the rebels and the prodigals; it's the humble and the weak  
All the misfit heroes You chose  
Tell me there's hope for sinners like me

Now I'm just a beggar in the presence of a King  
I wish I could bring so much more  
But if it's true You use broken things  
Then here I am Lord, I am all Yours

Grace is a kingdom  
With gates open wide  
There's a seat at the table just waiting for you  
So, come on inside