

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