

Flight Of The Conchords

"When He Was On The Cross"

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I'm not on an ego trip
I'm nothing on my own
I make mistakes, often slip
Just common flesh and bones
But I'll prove someday just what I say
I'm of a special kind
When He was on the cross
I was on His mind
A look of love was on His face
The thorns on His head
The blood was on that scarlet robe
And stained a crimson red
Though His eyes were on the crowd that day
He looked ahead in time
Cause when He was on the cross
I was on His mind
He knew me, yet He loved me
He whose glory makes the Heaven shine
So unworthy of such mercy
Yet when He was on the cross
I was on His mind
Yet when He was on the cross
I was on His mind

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