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Flight Of The Conchords "When He Was On The Cross"

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Iâ€Â™ m not on an ego trip Iâ€Â™ m nothing on my own I make mistakes, often slip lust common flesh and bones But Iâ€Â™ II prove someday just what I say Iâ€Â™ 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 â€Â™ 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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