

## Soft Cell

# "Crucified"

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Look down at your hands  
At the stake your about to drive  
Feel the tears on your cheeks  
Empty needle in your mind

Look into your blood red sky  
Where your feeling fly so high  
Every once in a while friend  
Everyone needs a helping hand

Don't crucify me  
I'm not ready to die just yet  
I've got something to say, to see, to be  
Crucified

Theive me one last chance  
To prove what I can  
Not made of brittle glass  
I'm not a broken man.. no

[CHORUS]

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