

# Crucified, Give It Up

I don't need drugs  
I don't need drinks  
I don't need things that make me  
so I can't think  
all I need is Jesus  
he keeps me holding on  
when satan attacks  
he (Jesus) makes me strong

I was out of luck  
I gave it up

I don't need money  
I don't need cars  
I don't need things  
that "make you who you are"  
to Jesus I am famous  
that's my only strife  
I know my name is written  
in the book of life

(chorus)

all the stupid things  
of this world  
will do you no good  
when you're in hell  
I'm talking 'bout Christ  
life for free  
I'm talking 'bout Christ  
can't you see

you're outta luck  
give it up