

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