

Frank Black, You Can't Crucify Yourself

While I sit and think of another song that we can sing
You can fret and think of another wrong I did bring
And I can't move the sun, babe, to make you shine
I'm the only one who can say that this light is mine

I think I'll close my eyes while you snap,
"Where's my map?"
I think I'll go
And did you know?

You can't crucify yourself
No, that takes two
Maybe you could use some help
And if you do just say you do

Every pickle comes from cucumber
You don't have to act appalled
Where's my door and where is my number?
I'm lost in these halls

And I'm not saying I don't like your carrion
But your preacher's pride is just like Marion

And when I felled a bird
Then you'd laugh at your half
That you let rot
Now doll, here's a thought

You can't crucify yourself
No, that takes two
Maybe you could use some help
And if you do just say you do

You can't crucify yourself
Now that takes two
Maybe you could use some help
And if you do just say you do