

# 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