

# Smoking Popes, When He Was On The Cross

There's no one great among us  
We're nothing on our own  
We make mistakes and often slip  
Just common flesh and bone  
Someday I'll prove just what I say  
I'm of a special kind  
For when he was on the cross  
I was on his mind

(chorus)  
He knew me  
Yet he loved me  
He whose glory makes the heavens shine  
I'm not worthy of such mercy  
But when he was on the cross  
I was on his mind

A look of love was on his face  
The thorns upon on his head  
The blood was on that scarlet robe  
Stained it crimson red  
Though his eyes were on the crowd that day  
He looked ahead in time  
And when he was on the cross  
You and I were on his mind

(chorus)

When he was on the cross  
You and I were on his mind