

When He Was On The Cross

Smoking Popes

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

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

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