

# Climb On the Cross

## Shakey Graves

Well tell the televangelist he's out of a job  
'Cause I look good on a cross and I can sure sing along  
Overrated, under-educated, simple and dry  
Who knew a man's fate was such a hard thing to find I never listened to my teacher  
Trusted every word my preacher would say  
Always thought the crosshair was simply the sun on my face If nothing dies tomorrow  
Why remember yesterday  
When an hour or more of sleep might do you good  
It's the wish I can't remember  
Yeah it's the things you'll never say  
And I'd do it all again oh if I could  
Fight your family and friends and let them know you're the best  
Tattoo "radical" right across your chest  
No need for a lover, you were born to impress Everybody always told me if I made a funny face it would stay  
So you better get hip, and take a liking to me looking this way So many years without a memory  
Just ears, a nose, a face  
Oh, to find out fucking up was in your blood It's the wish I can't remember  
It's the things you'll never say  
And I'd do it all again, oh, if I could  
If nothing dies tomorrow  
Why remember yesterday  
When an hour or more of sleep might do you good  
It's the wish I can't remember  
Yeah it's the things you'll never say  
And I'd do it all again oh if I could And I'd do it all again oh if I could  
I'd do it all again, I'd do it all again  
I'd do it all again, I'd do it all again

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