

No Cross

Mark Lanegan

No cross to carry, no cause to cry
We'll walk streets of gold in time
And when those shadows crawl in run go get the priest
And I won't miss a thing but you my little freak

The million dollar arms and real blue heartache kids
Stroll to rock and roll dead slow
Put on their coats and go

And all these empty arms ain't got nothing to do
But play some rock and roll dead slow
Put on my coat and go

No cross to carry, no grinding wheel to ride
No cross to carry and no nails to drive