

## Crowds

Bauhaus

What do you want of me  
What do you long from me  
A slim Pixie, thin and forlorn  
A count, white and drawn  
What do you make of me  
What can you take from me  
Pallid landscapes off my frown  
Let me rip you up and down

For you I came to forsake  
Lay wide despise and hate  
I sing of you in my demented songs  
For you and your stimulations  
Take what you can of me  
Rip what you can off me  
And this I'll say to you  
And hope that it gets through

You worthless bitch  
You fickle shit  
You would spit on me  
You would make me spit  
And when the Judas hour arrives  
And like the Jesus Jews you epitomize  
I'll still be here as strong as you  
And I'll walk away in spite of you

And I'll walk away  
Walk away