

Listen to me, just hear me out; if I could have your attention
Just quietin' down for a voice in the crowd.
I get so confused; I don't understand.
I know you feel the same way; you've always wanted to say,
But you don't get the chance; just a voice in the crowd.
I don't know the score anymore; it's not clear anymore.
I can't tell right from wrong anymore; I just don't understand.
I was sitting here thinking of exchanging a new world for old,
Like changing channels on the tv, or the dirt we stand in to gold.
When I was young, my father told me just the bad guys die;
At the time just a little white lie.
It was one of the first, but it hurt me the most,
And the truth stung like tears in my eye;
That even the good guys must die.
There's no reasoning, no crimes, and I never knew why;
Even now it still makes me cry.
If there's somebody up there could they throw me down a line?
Just a little helping hand, just a little understanding.
Just some answers to the questions that surround me now.
If there's somebody up there could they throw me down a line?
Just a little guiding light to tell wrong from right.
Just some answers to the questions that I'm asking you.
I keep a vigil in a wilderness of mirrors
Where nothing, here, is ever what it seems.
You stand so close, but you never understand it.
For all that we see is not what it seems; am I blind?
And you sit there and talk revolution,
But can you tell me just who's in command?
When you tell me the forces we are fighting
Then I'll gladly join and make plans.
But for now, only, our t-shirts cry freedom,
And our voices are gagged by our greed.
Our minds are harnessed by knowledge
By the hill and the will to succeed.
And if that's not what you believe,
Would you let me know I'm not standing alone;
That I'm not just a voice in the crowd.
If there's somebody up there, could they throw me down a line?
Just a little helping hand, just a little understanding.
Just a little understanding to the questions that I'm asking you.
If there's somebody up there, could they throw me down a line?
Just a little guiding light to tell wrong from right.
Just some answers to the questions that I'm asking you.
I'll keep a vigil in a wilderness of mirrors
Where nothing, here, is ever what it seems.
I'm scared to shout in case I draw attention from the powers
That preside over our minds and our lives.
When they find what I want is the deadliest weapon; that is truth;
Day by day it's getting louder,
And day by day it's getting stronger.
But when I can't scream no more, and I need reassurance,
I listen to the crowd.
(And the boy stood, and stared at the hill. And the hill stared back.)