

The Quiet Crowd

Patrick Watson

Would you rather be more than the things that you say
Or just be the words that you sing to yourself in your head
When nobody's around
Or would you rather be a part of the crowd or just a single sound
Waiting to be heard
Do you know what I mean
Well you could be one of the lovers or liars
Hiding all the things that they do on the back of their hands
Well it's just you and me
'Cause everybody's got a little wrong in all the right places
Just depends on where you are
While you're hanging around

Ba ba babababab...

Dear Mr. Quiet who's got so much to say
So much more than all of the sleeping parade
If I could tie up a string to your mouths and make you scream
All of the things that you keep to your self
I'd love to get to know you better
Dear Mr. Quiet I'd love to get to know you better
When nobody's around
While we're all staring at the end of the world
Will everybody have their hands on their head while they say
Well I told you so
While everybody's walking their own way through the quiet crowd
All thinking the same old things
If they only knew