

Face in the Crowd

Rick Wakeman

Silly little man
Without a plan
How the hell do you know
What I want if you don't know
Who I am
I'm sitting in a place
Just another face
Can't see me
I guess you don't know who I am
I'm tired of walking
Sleeping, talking
Shouting off my head
To a man who thinks he's Uncle Sam
I'm sitting in a mass of confusion
In which I really don't matter at all
But if you ask me
Then I'm the solution
And the boss man
Who thinks he's the face
Well he's a fool
I'm sick to death
All that's said
Another day gone
And I'm still not dead, or so they say
I don't matter, so they don't mind
I've searched myself
But I still can't find a better way
I'm lost in space
Locked inside
My tiny world, my tiny mind
I'm here to stay
Confusion, confusion, confusion
Well he's a fool
Here we go
Another show
I'm not the star
But I play the most important role
I sing and shout
And round about, the time that you
Think you're in for drought
Then I let go
Silly little man
Without your plan
You can't expect to win
Because I know who I am