

# Crescendo

## The Professionals

Keep on moving between the lines  
Keep on walking time after time  
Don't nothing get to you to make you want to scream?  
If you won't try, that's fine, cause you won't hear a thing

Whoa ohh, whoa ohh  
I want to hear a crescendo

On the tourists, you can hear the voices  
What goes on the road, it's really noises  
You need a five star holiday on the coast of Spain  
I need five thousand voices again, and again  
Again, and again

Whoa ohh, whoa ohh  
I want to hear a crescendo

Crescendo  
Crescendo  
Crescendo  
Crescendo

I saw you out there the other night  
So much silence, it gave me a fright  
You look so lost and trapped surrounded on those sides  
I just had to laugh; I really wanted to die