

Caught In The Crowd

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There was a guy at my school when I was in high school
We'd ride side by side in the morning on our bicycles
Never even spoken or faced each other
But on the last hill we'd race each other

When we reached the racks we'd each go our own way
I wasn't in his classes, I didn't know his name
When we finally got to speak he just stared at his feet
And mumbled a sentence that ended with 'James'

I was young and caught in the crowd
I didn't know then what I know now
I was dumb, and I was proud
And I'm sorry
If I could go back do it again
I'd be someone you could call friend
Please, please believe that I'm sorry

Well he was quite a big guy, kinda shy and quiet
When the kids called him weird he didn't try to deny it
Every lunchtime he'd spend walking by himself
Round the boundary of the grounds til he heard the bell

Well one day I found him, joined him on his walk
We were silent for a while until we started to talk
I told him my family were fighting in court
He said his step-dad and him always fought

We talked about music, he was into punk
Told me all the bands that I liked were junk
I said I'd never heard the songs the sex pistols sang
I laughed back at him and then the bell rang

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It was after school in the afternoon
The corridors were crowded as we came out of the rooms
Three guys I knew pushed him into the cement
Threw away his bag and said he had no friends

He yelled that he did and he looked around
Tried getting up but they pushed him on down
That's when he saw me, called out my name
And I turned my back, and just walked away
Yeah I turned my back, and just walked away

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