

# Inside a Crowd

Modestep

Living in a dead man's land, unconscious in my room  
On drugs from Malibu, I waste away for you  
Crying to my dirty hands with nothing left to say  
You're gone anyway, I made my last mistake

Is it so?  
Do I stare in the face of my doom?  
While I'm trying to fight with these dreams  
And I'm cursed to build my own team  
On the run  
Are the voices getting too loud?  
Am I rotten inside and out?  
I'm lost inside, lost inside a crowd

I'm crawling down a window  
I fall without a sound  
I'm crossing into limbo  
I'm lost inside a crowd

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Lost inside, lost inside a crowd

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