

The Crowd

Waylon Jennings

I go out with the crowd, I play the game
Pretending out loud but it don't seem the same
For the heart of the crowd is gone from sight
And my part of the crowd is not with me tonight.

I remember the times, each dance with you
All those crazy things that we used to do
Sometimes we'd wait for the dance and then steal away
From the crowd and the dance till I hide away.

Oh, but you're gone and it's not the same old game
I fall apart everytime I hear your name
I'll go on with the crowd of make believe
Till you come back to me.

Run back to me
Hurry back to the crowd and me...