

# The Quiet Crowd

Patrick Watson

Would you rather be more than the things that you say  
Or just be the words that you sing to yourself in your head  
When nobody's around  
Or would you rather be a part of the crowd or just a single sound  
Waiting to be heard  
Do you know what I mean  
Well you could be one of the lovers or liars  
Hiding all the things that they do on the back of their hands  
Well it's just you and me  
'Cause everybody's got a little wrong in all the right places  
Just depends on where you are  
While you're hanging around

Ba ba babababab...

Dear Mr. Quiet who's got so much to say  
So much more than all of the sleeping parade  
If I could tie up a string to your mouths and make you scream  
All of the things that you keep to your self  
I'd love to get to know you better  
Dear Mr. Quiet I'd love to get to know you better  
When nobody's around  
While we're all staring at the end of the world  
Will everybody have their hands on their head while they say  
Well I told you so  
While everybody's walking their own way through the quiet crowd  
All thinking the same old things  
If they only knew