

Silent Majority

"Cross Crowded Rooms"

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Cross crowded rooms we take our stand
Here in my corner alone
I'll draw up my plans
Cross crowded rooms we stake our claims
You take away all of these people
Only bitterness remains
And I just can't understand
This lack of communication
So much silence so much not knowing
Do you know how it feels
When you go from spending nights with someone
To absolutley nothing at all
To place them high up on this pedestal
Then realize one day it's too tall
To reach and to hold
So they jump and then you are told
That it's over for the while
As these feet stretch out into miles
And from miles into dead end streets
Cross crowded rooms and empty sheets
Take this finger take this thumb
Stretch them out to form a gun
Point to the left side of my chest
Just say bang then it's done

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