

## The Cat Empire

### "Crowd"

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Lord unchain my hands  
Let me sing inside the crowded trams  
Let me dance among the traffic jams  
We're going to sleep  
On the St Kilda sands

Lord unbind my feet  
Let me mingle with the good people  
We meet  
Water rising up into the street  
Unbind my feet

'The apparition of these faces in  
The crowd;  
Petals on a wet black bough"  
Ezra Pound found the formula  
Our houses are rectangular  
But life is curved not angular  
So when things start to strangular  
Remember  
Rain still falls on the halls of power  
New babies being born every hour  
And the eagle keeps watch on the old clock tower  
Over me...

On the train I refrain from sitting with head and  
shoulders bowed  
They told me time is of the essence  
No wandering allowed  
But then I saw a pretty girl  
Whose features stood out in the crowd  
Went ten minutes past my stop waiting for her to look  
around  
I'm just another clown kicking around in Melbourne  
town  
Cooling out, relaxing watching the  
World go round  
So if you ever have the time  
And you want to go drink some wine  
I'd rather greet you with a smile  
Than greet you with a frown...

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