

The Professionals

"Crowded Room"

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Friend, where did you go?
And how did you end up here
At the place that i call home?
Maybe you should leave again
Maybe you don't see
Since you showed up
All there's been is this suffering
What do you say when I leave the room?
Who do you think you're feeling?
I see it in your every move
As even in motions of solitude
No, you can't hide the real you for that much longer
Broken hearts, lost hopes
All the skeletons and ghosts line your closet
They're knocking on your door
Such a crowded room, I feel so alone
Friend, when will you show your face?
Know that having more than one
Doesn't make the past easy to erase
It doesn't keep you from throwing it away
You've missed the can and a mess is made
I know that you'll never clean this up
Real friends will stick around
I found the answer
To why you just seem to fade right out
I see it in your every move
Even in motions of solitude
You can't hide the real you
For that much longer
It's such a crowded room
I feel so alone, and I can't
Bare the sight of all the ghosts
I feel so cold, I feel so alone
I can't bare the sight of all the ghosts

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