

Cat Empire, The

"The 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. . .

CHORUS

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
whos 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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