

# The Crowd

## Sleepy Malo

Wrenched into the world, deanesthetized,  
Blurry images fight their way through halway opened eyes  
Awakened by alarm, fifteen minutes of hygiene  
Twenty minutes of eating, thirty seconds to the door.  
I looked outside, I looked into the eyes  
Of the impersonal mob I've seen a thousand times before  
Feeling under covers like books on a shelf,  
If we're scared of one another,  
Must be scared of ourself,  
More than just another crowd, we need a gathering instead.  
Drink drink in the badland, liquid bread for the poor  
Another member of the crowd goes down to drown at the liquor store  
Choose your escape in the heartland  
Of products and demand when you feel like a wasp in the swarm  
You gotta get away any way that you can.  
(Chorus)

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