

# Crowded Solitude

[Rick Springfield](#)

One, two, three, four, five reasons  
A man for all seasons  
Wouldn't be inclined to want to stay  
I'd love to leave this big bad town  
The power and the glory daily grind  
As we all fade away  
And I'd rather be alone in a crowd When my soul needs resurrection  
And I fly the wrong direction  
You will find me climbing  
A mountain of gratitude  
Take a ride on the lonely highway  
Reconnect to my heart my way  
Happy as the man is on the moon  
In my crowded solitude A, B, C, D, E goes everywhere  
We tilt at windmills in the  
Self importance of the day  
And all around the crushing hordes  
Of just too many people  
As the precious minutes tick away  
And I'd rather not live humbled or proud When you find that I am missing  
You will know that I've gone fishing  
In an ocean blue as a fountain  
True latitude  
Through the crashing sounds of silence  
On my knees I search for guidance  
Looking for a quiet interlude  
In this crowded solitude When they find that we've gone missing  
They will know that we've gone fishing  
In an ocean blue as a fountain  
We're a multitude  
Through the crashing sounds of violence  
Fly a kite here in the silence  
Happy as the man is on the moon  
In our solitude When our soul needs resurrection  
And we fly the wrong direction  
You will find us climbing  
A mountain of gratitude  
Through the crashing sounds of silence  
On our knees we search for guidance

Looking for a quiet interlude  
In this crowded solitudeIn this crowded solitude  
In this crowded solitude  
In this crowded solitude  
In this crowded solitude

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