

Crescendo

The Professionals

Keep on moving between the lines
Keep on walking time after time
Don't nothing get to you to make you want to scream?
If you won't try, that's fine, cause you won't hear a thing Whoa ohh, whoa ohh
I want to hear a crescendo On the tourists, you can hear the voices
What goes on the road, it's really noises
You need a five star holiday on the coast of Spain
I need five thousand voices again, and again
again, and again Whoa ohh, whoa ohh
I want to hear a crescendo Crescendo
Crescendo
Crescendo
Crescendo I saw you out there the other night
So much silence, it gave me a fright
You look so lost and trapped surrounded on those sides
I just had to laugh; I really wanted to die

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