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 thingWhoa ohh, whoa ohh
I want to hear a crescendoOn 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 againWhoa ohh, whoa ohh
I want to hear a crescendoCrescendo
Crescendo
Crescendo
CrescendoI 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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