The Crowd

Roy Orbison

I go out with the crowd, I play the game
Pretending out loud but it don't seem the same
For the heart of the crowd is gone from sight
My part of the crowd is not with me tonightI remember the prom, every dance with you
All the crazy things that we used to do
Sometimes we'd wait for a chance
And then we'd steal away
From the crowd and the dance to our hideawayAww, but you're gone and it's not the same old game
I fall apart each time I hear your name
Guess I'll go along with the crowd, I'll make believe
That you'll come back to me, run back to me
Hurry back to the crowd a-and me.

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