

John Kay, Sound Of The Crowd

Words and Music by John Kay

Every night you are lyin' in a different bed
Every mornin' you don't know where you're wakin'
Everyday you drag yourself from place to place
Tryin' to find the time to keep your body fed

There are times when you'll wonder what your travelin' for
Never reaching a final destination
There are times when you're lonesome and you long for home
And you feel you just can't take it any more

Well there'll be times when you'll fall asleep while standing up
And you can't recall your name or station
Just about the time you think you've had enough
You gotta go, time to do your show

But the sound of the crowd makes you feel all right
When the building is full and they turn down the lights
When the fans starts to roar and there's magic in sight
I would trade places with no one tonight
The sound of the crowd makes it all worth while
When the place starts to shake and they dance in the aisle
When they're up on their feet and the music is right
I would trade places with nobody else alive

Yonder comes the hawkshaw
I wish I knew why he gets paid
To criticize what other people do
Well some are kind in what they write
They're fair in what they say
But he's gone blind in both his ears
Because his head got in the way
After all is said and done
A poison pen will fail
But he who writes with pick in hand
Will finally prevail

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