

# 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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