

Andreas Johnson, This Ain't My Crowd

Down at the chambers she waves at the waiter
while talking about a play that she read.
She is painting her words like some old Russian poet
forgotten of course, but ahead.

Ooh yeah!

She is at the top of the world now.
Upon the hill there's a man with a view
and he is talking about the book that he's writing
from his window to the world he sees more
than you do and it's all so very frightening.
So he talks and he spits at society changes
and people too big for their minds.

The mirror of life is the God in his struggle
but still he's walking around blind.

Hey, this ain't my crowd no more
Now wait, wait, wait, this ain't my crowd no more.

Thru a bottle of wine she is seeking a thrill
from a man who calls himself Ted
a brand new religion is up on the table and
Ted is soon to be dead.

An intellectual puppet with marshmallow shoes
to step on every subject you bring.

Now she travelled the world and she met all the famous
but still she doesn't get a thing.

Hey, this ain't my crowd no more
Now wait, wait, wait, this ain't my crowd no more.

No, this ain't my crowd

Out from the cold came a girl born in Silence
making her way thru the crowd
words ain't her weapon, and she doesn't have to
justify everything to walk proud
so brother believe me, ain't doin' no harm

I'm just glad to be out of this place
So before we decide to leave them all behind
let's take a good look at her face

Hey, this ain't my crowd no more
Now wait, wait, wait, this ain't my crowd no more.

Hey, this ain't my crowd no more
Now wait, wait, wait, this ain't my crowd no more.
this ain't my crowd no more, this ain't my crowd no more
this ain't my crowd no more