

Common Rotation, The Crowd And I

The crowd and I caught you crawling across the floor,
Making your way to the bathroom door.
It was at that very moment. I didn't know who to hate less or more,
Myself, the angry crowd, or your soul that was poor.
Poor little soul, won't you pour me another drink, and....

Pass that girl, cause she doesn't seem to mind.
Pass that what's in your hand, cause we all need to kill some time
Better get drunk quick, cause our ride is leaving soon,
And maybe on that judgement day, I won't be in the room.

I saw the conversation, from miles away.
It was something like, hello, your name and the standard credential array.
It was a confirmation of an adoration smile, no strings attached, no bills to pay.
Laughing louder, you let out the false I'm hip hip hooray.
Well hip hip hip, hip hip hooray!
You know I always say...

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Look at what you get for all of your friction and your rubbing.
We've been waiting around now, for what seems like the eternal hour.
You can pray to the gods of your social clubbing,
While I'll wear my secret decoder ring, you know it has mystical powers.
You know it didn't cost a think.
You know it even sings...

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