

Crack The Sky, Safety In Numbers

There's so many people
Going to the races
They paint on their faces
And smile
They watch the days fly by
And don't even ask why
Meanwhile
The world that surrounds them
Looks withered and half dead
And even your own head's been there
You feel the depression
And join the procession
Nowhere
As you march in the madness
You crawl with the sadness
That you might not leave the parade
While the drummers are pounding
You hear this astounding voice say:
"Don't fear
Come here
Don't cry
Stand by
There's safety in numbers
And numbers don't lie
Don't lie"

As the troops keep progressing
You notice you've fallen behind
And you're calling in fear
But they're just too caught up
In the way they've been brought up to here
You halt for a minute
And consider this strange voice
Could this be your choice to lead?

You hold the depression
And watch the procession procede

As the stranger gets nearer
His image gets clearer
He calls out and you hear him say
"You've issued a May Day
And May will be home for the day
So
Don't fear
Come here
Don't cry
Stand by
There's safety in numbers
And numbers don't lie
Don't lie"

To yourself when yourself is
Telling you that you're all
That you have so just listen to
You

So exit the madness
And enter the gladness
And you will become quite aware
You can end the depression
And join the procession somewhere
And
"Don't fear

Come here
Don't cry
Stand by
There's safety in numbers
And numbers don't lie
Don't lie"