

# 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&quot;