

Jericho Jones, Man In The Crowd

He the kind of man
At roughness in the crowd
And he's standin' on the corner
Get died time
He's the kind of guy
Who only talk of love
But he never speak
Of quality or right time.

He no sadly walk
And he no sadly talk
But he never fight upon
To keep time
He will never find
When his friends on the rock side
And he's standin' all alone
At the nighttime, yeah.

He's a kind of guy
Whose whiskers on the gin
Night it has a lot to find
Into somebody else
He's a kind of guy
Who never gonna win
'Cause he always stand alone
In the moonlight, yeah.

Oh, yeah, oh, yeah
Oh, oh.

We only can offer
What we have to give
We only can offer
What we give.

We only can offer
What we have to give
We only can offer
What we give.