

# Waylon Jennings, Crowd

I go out with the crowd I play the game  
Pretending out loud but it don't seem the same  
For the heart of the crowd is gone from sight  
And my part of the crowd is not with me tonight  
I remember the times each dance with you all those crazy things that we used to do  
Sometimes we'd wait for the dance and then steal away  
From the crowd and the dance till I hide away  
Oh but you're gone and it's not the same old game  
I fall apart everytime I hear your name  
I'll go on with the crowd of make believe  
Till you come back to me run back to me hurry back to the crowd and me