

# 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.