

# Caught in the Crowd

*by Kate Miller-Heidke*

There was a guy at my school when I was in high school  
We'd ride side by side in the morning on our bicycles  
Never even spoken or faced each other  
But on the last hill we'd race each other

When we reached the racks we'd each go our own way  
I wasn't in his classes, I didn't know his name  
When we finally got to speak he just stared at his feet  
And mumbled a sentence that ended with 'James'

I was young and caught in the crowd  
I didn't know then what I know now  
I was dumb, and I was proud  
And I'm sorry  
If I could go back do it again  
I'd be someone you could call friend  
Please please believe that I'm sorry

Well he was quite a big guy, kinda shy and quiet  
When the kids called him weird he didn't try to deny it  
Every lunchtime he'd spend walking by himself  
Round the boundary of the grounds til he heard the bell

Well one day I found him, joined him on his walk  
We were silent for a while until we started to talk  
I told him my family were fighting in court  
He said his step-dad and him always fought

We talked about music, he was into punk  
Told me all the bands that I liked were junk  
I said I'd never heard the songs the sex pistols sang  
I laughed back at him and then the bell rang

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It was after school in the afternoon  
The corridors were crowded as we came out of the rooms  
Three guys I knew pushed him into the cement  
Threw away his bag and said he had no friends

He yelled that he did and he looked around  
Tried getting up but they pushed him on down  
That's when he saw me, called out my name  
And I turned my back, and just walked away