

# The Rhythm

## Ryan Cassata

I've got the rhythm in my heart, it's fueling me yeah.

I've got the rhythm in my spine, but I'm afraid I'm wasting time.

I'm a little bit worn out, a little bit homesick,

I've run dry of the super sparks of it,

Whatever it is, what's the use? Can you name a better fix? Been on the run for 3 months or so, and I book and book and I go and go and go,

Living in a disco, to frisco, with the beats and the tea flow, does my fatigue show?

Let me tell you 'bout the blast in PA, they took our money and they sold our pride that day, And when we headed to Boston, I swear I lost and found my mind that day. I can tell I'm a little bit homesick but I like life on the run

I can tell I'm a little bit used to it lifes the trigger I'm the gun

I can tell I'm a little bit homesick but I like life on the run

I can tell I'm a little bit used to it lifes the trigger I'm the gun Packing it fragile on the aircraft, hit the bumps and all the evil laughs,

And it spewed from it's mouth and shouts all the horrors and dangers of flying south that year, the guitar made it to the window, I hit the door, and headed to the weird show, Unregular radio, my life broadcasted on the go I can tell I'm a little bit homesick but I like life on the run

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I can tell I'm a little bit homesick but I like life on the run

I can tell I'm a little bit used to it lifes the trigger I'm the gun Drop the change in my hat my man, I can tell were living in a freak show

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I've got the rhythm in my heart.

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