

Tin Drum

The New Mastersounds

There's an old man talkin'
To a young boy weepin'
An old man shaking his headThere's a cool gentle breeze
In the night full of light
As the red glow wavers insteadThere's a black man crying
And a white man dyin'
A black mans head in the airAnd the shock of life
Feeds the night
Beats what's in my headHolding tight in the stillness of the night
In the stillness of my thoughts
Yet, I know I've only startedBeating on a tin drum, marching to a sound
What is it I think?
Am I beating on a tin drum marching to a cause
When I don't know what it is I believe
I believe, I believe, beating on lifeLonely peeping chick
Calling to his mother
Runs amuck
In a sunken black ditchAnd Williams with the widow
While Martha's in the meadow
And the lamb is layin' in sickAnd the boy in black
Is talking some slack
To the king of Auld Lang Syne
And my heart goes out
But I cannot spout what I do not know insideHolding tight in the stillness of the night
In the stillness of my thoughts
Yet, I know I've only startedBeating on a tin drum, marching to a sound
What is it that I think?
Am I beating on a tin drum marching to a cause
When I don't know what it is I believeBeating on a tin drum, marching to a sound
What is it that I think?
Am I beating on a tin drum, marching to a cause
When I don't know what it is I believe
I believe, I believeBeating on a drum
Beating on the life
Beating on the cause
Beating in the nightBeating on a drum
Beating on the life

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