

# Tin Drum

## The New Mastersounds

There's an old man talkin'  
To a young boy weepin'  
An old man shaking his head  
There's a cool gentle breeze  
In the night full of light  
As the red glow wavers instead  
There's a black man crying  
And a white man dyin'  
A black mans head in the air  
And the shock of life  
Feeds the night  
Beats what's in my head  
Holding tight in the stillness of the night  
In the stillness of my thoughts  
Yet, I know I've only started  
Beating 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 life  
Lonely peeping chick  
Calling to his mother  
Runs amuck  
In a sunken black ditch  
And Williams with the widow  
While Martha's in the meadow  
And the lamb is layin' in sick  
And 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 inside  
Holding tight in the stillness of the night  
In the stillness of my thoughts  
Yet, I know I've only started  
Beating 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  
Beating 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 believe  
Beating on a drum  
Beating on the life  
Beating on the cause  
Beating in the night  
Beating on a drum  
Beating on the life

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