

# There's a Rhythm

[Ron Sexsmith](#)

There's a rhythm under the song  
And it beats for the old and the young  
And it pounds in the back of the sun  
It's the sound of one drummer, one drum There's a rhythm, it's subtle yet strong  
And it moves all the wallflowers on  
To the dance floor that holds everyone  
To the sound of one drummer, one drum Dance, for the time marches on  
Off to a war that can never be won  
To the heartbeat of drums There's a rhythm, not cruel or kind  
Though you feel that it's left you behind  
Is it justice or you, that is blind  
When you don't see it coming, how come?

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