

Tin Drum

Toni Childs

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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